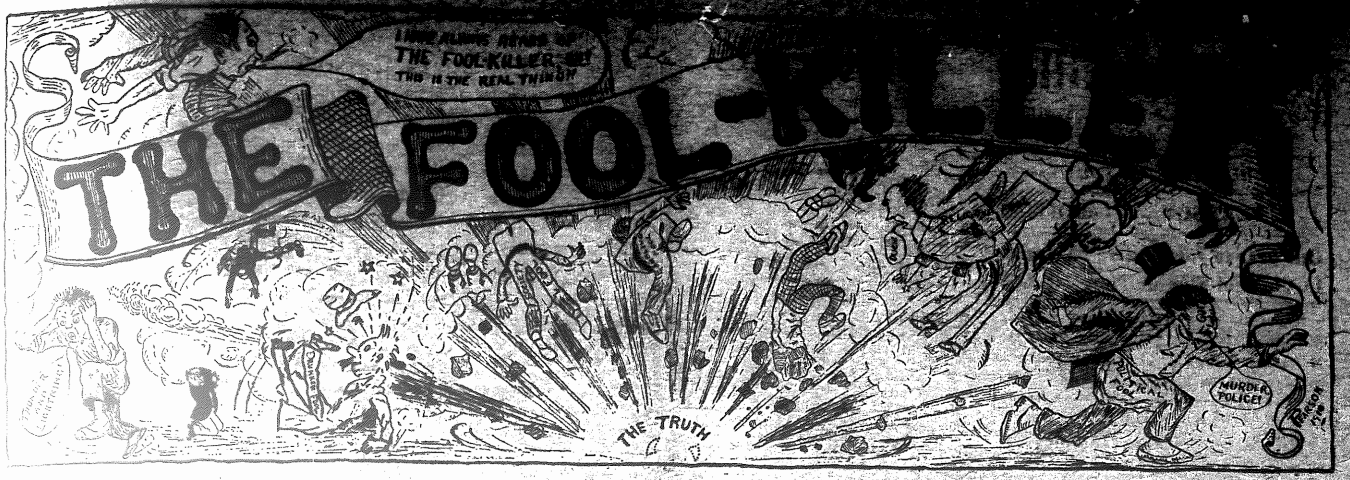

VOL. II. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, JANUARY, 1911. NO. 1.

HE FIXED IT.

A friend of mine had a big mud-hole
Right plum in front of his house;
And the wagoners passed and got hung up,
And cussed to beat the douse.

My friend was a good old Christian man,
And he hated to hear such talk,
And so he decided to fix that hole
So the horses would not balk.

He went out there with shovel and ax
And fell to work with a vim,
And pretty soon a man came along
And stopped to talk with him.

"I see you're workin' the road," he said;
Then answered the good old soul:
"I got tired of hearing the drivers cuss,
And I thought I'd fix this hole."

The fellow took his pipe from his mouth,
(I'm sure the pipe was a cob,)
And smiled and said, as he passed along,
"Well, you're doin' a dam good job."

◆

A LOVE STORY.

Sam Short saw Sally Spriggins. Sally Spriggins saw Sam Short. Sam seemed sorely smitten. Sally sorter smiled. Some strange, sweet sensation seemed silently set soulward. Sam signified such sensation, so Sally soon saw something serious seemed sure. Sam said Sally's smiles shed sweetness. Sally said Sam's speech sounded sorter silly.

Several Sundays saw Sam sporting Sally. Saying some sentimental sentence, Sam sorter sighed. Sally sat silent.

Suddenly Sam, seeming strangely stirred, spoke saying: "Say, Sally, suppose somebody sought spouse, should somebody succeed?"

Sally simply said: "Seek sire, Sam, seek sire." So Sam sought Sire Spriggins. Sire Spriggins said, "Sartin."

◆

Fletcherism, the new health fad, urges people to chew their food more carefully. Good advice, no doubt, but the problem of chewing isn't bothering me half as much as the problem of getting something to chew.

A SERMON BY THE PASTOR OF THE FLOCK.

TEXT:—"And the little bird sat on the roof of the cow-shed and scratched its neck. And it sadly said, "I scratch because it itches."

Now, my good idiots, do you know we are like the little bird? We do things because—because we can't help doing them. Most of us are not what we are from personal choice. Our lots were cast among certain environments, and we can't get out. Our only prerogative is to stay where we are and make the most of our surroundings.

If the great Conductor of the universe had loaded us all onto a special Pullman palace car and sent us into this world richly dowered with wisdom and all other good things and told us to choose for ourselves, how many of us would have chosen the place we now occupy? Not many. We would have all taken a suite of rooms in the finest hotel in town. We would all have been fine people, with nothing to do but visit all the other fine people, and if our neck itched we would have hired a nigger to scratch it.

But I am indulging in dreams. We don't happen to find ourselves rolling in such opulence. Most of us are just common folks, and if our shoulder blade itches we have to scrub it against a tree. Maybe the little bird wouldn't be roosting on the desolate old cow-shed if it had a cozy home under some warm south bank, with a sweet little rivulet babbling near and a few bright flowers glinting and smiling in the sun. But some other bird got there first. I guess it was the "early bird" that we have heard so much about. Here we're about to discover that the early bird catches other things besides the worm. Oh, that we could all be early birds. But we can't. If some of us get there first, others are bound to get there last.

It seems like the fates have worked off a huge joke on us poor idiots. Why compel us to wait for the second table, only to find it empty and bare? Why not let us all eat first and all get the best victuals? That's the question I want answered. I've waited long for the answer, and still wait. And in the meantime, figuratively speaking, I have to stand on the roof of the cow-shed and scratch my neck. And I scratch because it itches.

Wonder if we could enjoy life better if we didn't have to scratch so hard for a living Seems like we could. And again it seems like we couldn't. The molasses is always sweeter because we dug hard in the cane-patch, and the candy of life has for us a better flavor if we stir it with our own old wooden spoon.

Here is the lesson we have learned from the text: It is better that we scratch for ourselves. And it is also better that we have not a gold-plated mantel-piece to scratch against. A black-jack bush is better. So we will go on scratching as usual. We will not break our necks to get rid of scratching them. That would be killing the goose, and so forth.

Goodby. At another time I will tell you what became of the little bird. For the present he has tucked his head under his wing and gone to sleep.

◆

IS UNCLE SAM A FOOL?

Is Uncle Sam a fool, I say? And I answer, it looks a devil of a sight like it sometimes. It's a well-known fact that the old star-studded rascal can spend more money foolishly than any other man or set of men, corporation or institution, that ever tried to do business.

I have already had my say on the battleship question, and now I want to call your attention to that thunderation, tarnal-nation howling humbug known as the Government Printing Office. It's a big establishment, and it costs millions of dollars to run it. I've been there and seen it—been all through the blamed thing. They boast of its being the largest printing office in the world, and maybe it is. I'm not disputing about its size, for goodness knows it's a whopper. But what good is it? What do they print there that is worth a dried-apple cuss to anybody?

They print the Congressional Record when Congress is in session. The Record is the official cemetery where they bury the lifeless utterances of our clawhammer-coated Congressional kangaroos. It is also useful for Congressmen to slop over in when there is not room at the Capitol. Every word that is uttered in Congress, as well as a lot of words that are not uttered, gets itself printed in the Record. If the nigger boy that runs the elevator happens to sneeze, you can read that sneeze in the Record next day. But nobody ever reads the Record, and it isn't worth half the white paper it is printed on.

What else do they print at the G. P. O?

Oh, they print Reports, Reports, Reports. Great big heavy, ponderous volumes of Reports about this, that and the other—Reports that nobody on earth is interested in. They use the finest grade of heavy book paper for these Reports, and put them in expensive cloth bindings and send them broadcast over the country. Nobody was ever known to read one of these Government Reports. They are dumped into the cellar with other rubbish and trash, and there they lie till they rot. I have about a wagon-load of them in my own cellar, and they are just now getting good and mellow. If a man had a great secret that must be kept hid from all the world, the safest place to put it would be in a Government Report.

Expensive? Yes, golly, I reckon it is expensive. I haven't seen any exact figures on the subject, but it must cost millions of dollars to print and send out all that rubbish. And nearly every bit of it is entirely wasted. Just as well take that much money and throw it in the river.

But Uncle Sam don't give a doggon. He just dives down into his jeans and and digs up the long green and says: "Here, boys, take this. Go and buy more paper and ink and hire more hands and print more Reports to send out to people who wouldn't give three cents a ton for them."

Mighty thunderation rich Sam is. But just the other day the news went forth that he was not able to buy new flags and was going to darn the old ones. Mighty thunderation poor Sam is.

Work out the problem, boys. I give it up.

◆

NEW PRESS NEEDED.

Boys, I've got to buy me a larger and faster printing press. My circulation has grown so large that I can't handle it much longer on the press I now have. The new press will cost a whole lot of money, and I must depend on you to help me get it. You roll in the subs, and I'll do the rest.

◆

Boys, if you will just keep rolling in the subs like you are doing now, we will soon show the world what the word "circulation" means.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON - - - EDITOR

One year to your heart, 25 Cents, In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cts.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the post office at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send Postage Stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by Registered Letter or Post Office Money Order drawn on Moravian Falls, N. C.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER
Moravian Falls, N. C.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is THE FOOL-KILLER.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

THE FOOL-KILLER is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than Old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started THE FOOL-KILLER, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a hot old bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

THE FOOL-KILLER will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for THE FOOL-KILLER. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

Idiotorials

Is your resolution on straight?

Beware of the Q-cumber. It will W up.

When you can't sleep, think of The Fool-Killer.

All great truths were hooted at somewhere along the line.

What you get for nothing is worth just about what you pay for it.

The old world has started on another annual gallop around the racetrack of time.

The difference between a statesman and a politician is that the statesman is dead.

It is human nature to cuss a fellow while he lives and throw flowers on his grave when he dies

An exchange tells about a needle working out of a boy's breast. That's a new kind of needlework.

Mister, if I say something you can't swallow, just remember that the best of meat often has a few bones in it.

This issue is not quite as rich as common, but just be patient. I'll make the next one still richer to make up for it.

The fashionable preacher may be yelping on the devil's track, but it's a back-track, and a mighty cold one at that.

Yes, buddy, be enthusiastic about yourself, and be conceited if it will do you any good, but don't make so much racket about it.

A notice posted on a fence in Missouri reads as follow: "Losted, von white caff, mit him hind legs plack. He iss von she caff. He iss mine. John."

It seems that some men come into the world ready bridled and saddled to be ridden, and others ready booted and spurred to ride. And that is man's doing—God never intended it should be that way.

A tutor who tooted the flute
Tried to tutor two tooters to toot;
Said the two to the tutor,
"Is it harder to toot, or
To tutor two tooters to toot?"

The poor benighted Hindu,
He does the best he kindu;
He sticks to his caste
From first to last,
And for pants he makes his skindu.

Several readers have requested me to print my picture in The Fool-Killer, and I have decided to do so at an early date. And I will say right here that I would be "purty" if it wasn't for my face.

Somebody ought to grab up the god of fashion by the nape of the neck and the bosom of the breeches and slam him against the shrinking face of nature so hard it would raise blisters on the bottom of the Dead Sea. Then they ought to go over the earth with a fine-tooth comb and gather into a pile those microscopic mites of mortality who spend their little lives fawning at the feet of Fashion, rip their regulation rags off of their foppish frames, dress them in decent duds and put them to work.

NAMES WANTED.

Friends, I want to ask a favor of you. I want you to send me a list of names of people whom you think would enjoy reading The Fool-Killer. First and foremost, get all the subscriptions you can and send them in, and then send me the names of a dozen or so of your friends who are not subsribers, and let me send them sample copies. Select the names of people who will enjoy reading something warm and who are not so "goody-goody" that they can't endure a plain, flat-footed statement of the naked truth.

Now, friends, don't neglect this. Better do it right now, before you forget it. Send in a big club if you can, but if you can't get the subscribers you can certainly send me the list of sample copy names. Let me hear from every one of you.

Parable of the Tobacco Seed.

Then shall the kingdom of Satan be likened unto a grain of tobacco seed, which, though exceedingly small, being cast into the ground, grew and became a great plant, and spread its leaves rank and broad, so that vile worms formed a habitation thereon.

And it came to pass in the course of time that the sons of men looked upon it and thought it beautiful. To make them look big and manly, the lads put forth their hands and did chew thereof; and some it made sick, and others to vomit most filthily. And it further came to pass that they who chewed it became weak and unmanly, and said: "We are enslaved and can't cease chewing it." And the mouths of all, who were enslaved became foul, and they were seized with a violent spitting, and did spit even in the ladies' parlors and in the house of the Lord of hosts, and the saints of the Most High were greatly plagued thereby.

And in the course of time it came also to pass that others snuffed it, and they were taken suddenly with fits, and they did sneeze with great and mighty sneezes, insomuch that their eyes filled with tears, and they did look exceedingly silly. And yet others cunningly wrought the leaves thereof into rolls, and did set fire to the end thereof, and did look very grave and calf-like, sucking it, and the smoke of their torment ascended up forever and ever.

And the cultivation thereof became a great and mighty business in the earth, and the merchantmen waxed rich by the commerce thereof. And it came to pass that the saints of the Most High defiled themselves. And even the poor, who could not buy shoes, nor bread, nor books for their little ones, spent their money for it, and the Lord was greatly displeased therewith and said, "Wherefore this waste; and why do these little ones lack bread and shoes and books? Turn your attention to change this wicked evil which has grown up in your midst in a gospel land. Turn now your fields into corn and wheat, and defile not yourselves any more, and God will bless you and cause the smile of his countenance to shine on you." But with one accord they all exclaimed, "We cannot cease from chewing and snuffing and puffing. We are slaves to the evil plague."

HOW [illegible] FLYING-MACHINE

Everybody will want a flying-machine in 1911 and so I am going to give you a few simple rules by which you can build and operate your own flying-machine.

For hundreds of years men have been trying to learn how to fly, and it was only a few months ago that the problem was solved. Now that we have learned how, it all looks as simple as rolling off a log, and it seems strange to us that the inventors did not hit the right combination long ago. A few years longer and flying will be so common that the birds will take to walking to escape the crowds in the air.

The Fool-Killer wants to make itself useful as well as ornamental, and that's why I am going to give you these rules for the construction and operation of a flying-machine.

When you think of going into the flying business it is very important to begin at the right place.

The first thing to make is your will.

Then you should buy your coffin and select the place where you want to be buried.

Having attended to these preliminaries, you must get your motor ready next. I nearly always use a No. 9 skinnyrorum with a second-hand sockdoliger attached to it, which makes a very good motor. If your local dealer doesn't handle sockdoligers you can use a dadgumbus, which will do about as well. Be sure and see that the booger-pipe is firmly attached to the thunder-box, and keep plenty of splodigood in the spoodlet.

Authorities differ in regard to the pushalong paddalorums. Some inventors claim that they should run like a nigger with the devil after him, while others insist that they should operate on the principle of a duck's foot in the mud. You will notice that I use scientific terms along here. If you do not know the meaning of my words, I will be glad to send their definitions by freight.

After getting your motor and wind-paddles fixed, as per instructions above, the next thing in order is to get you about a dozen good strong gookuses and fasten them together at each end with small-sized whatnots. These gookuses must be as slim as a liar's hope of heaven and at least as long as a tattler's tongue. In width you can suit yourself, but I always multiply the circumameter of the whatnot by the square of the gookus and divide by compound subtraction. I have used this rule in all my flying-machine experiments, and it has given perfect satisfaction.

After you get your gookuses and whatnots all worked up, then you must cover them with the finest quality of flyupity, and that completes your planes, or thingamajigs, as we scientists call them.

All that remains to be done, now, is to connect the hellbenders with the flubbydubs, and attach the joedarter to the junewheel, and you are ready for flying. Before starting up, however, you should examine every part of your machine very carefully. See that the whicker-board is not touching the diblet anywhere, and don't let the gee-string get tangled up with the wobackus.

Having looked after all these matters, you are ready to turn on the juice and jump in. Squeeze the toot-ball and give the gofetchit a gentle pull, and you are off.

By following these simple directions even a school-boy should be able to build and operate a flying-machine so successfully that he could skim the cream from the Milky Way, drive home the cows, and do a great many little errands like that.

Just why these hateful, high-flyin' hags of "sawsiety" should call themselves the "best people" is a puzzle, unless they have reference to their superior skill and accomplishments in all the low-down, devil-begotten dissipations of modern life.

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

THE FAMILY COW.

I sing about the stately cow,
With antlers growing on her brow,
A tassel on her tail;
No other animal can put
So well and skilfully its foot
Inside a six-quart pail.

My old cow prods me with her horns,
And puts her Tribbies on my corns,
And fills my soul with grief;
But she consoles me with some milk
That's smooth and white and fine as silk,
And rich beyond belief.

The city-dwelling modern man
Goes to the grocer for a can
Of milk sold by a trust;
Or of the dairyman he'll get
A pint of something pale and wet
In which to soak his crust.

And all the people of that ilk,
Who live on canned or doctored milk,
Are gaunt and sad of face;
While I, who keep a large red cow,
Could polish off Jack Johnson now,
And vindicate the race.

For you, O cow, my harp I swat!
You have your faults, and who has not?
You trample on my toes;
And when I come with shining pail,
You slug me with your muddy tail,
And nearly break my nose.

And often, when I'm in your stall,
You jam me up against the wall,
And break three ribs or four;
And when the bucket's nearly full
Of milk as white as carded wool,
You kick it through the door.

But then that milk is just a dream,
And when it comes to sure-thing cream,
A man must have a cow;
And so I'll gladly overlook
The passing kick, the playful hook,
From those spikes on your brow.

WALT MASON.

◆

TOO MANY LAWYERS.

Land sakes alive! The lawyers, the lawyers! Why, I'll be dog-sarned if they ain't thicker than skippers in an old hock bone.

A good lawyer is a good thing, and I reckon just a few real good ones are needed. For my part, I have never needed a lawyer yet, and I hope to goodness I never will need one; but there are some folks who couldn't possibly get through the world without the services of a lawyer every few days.

So it's all right to have just a few lawyers, if they are real bang-up good ones, like Abe Lincoln used to be. But when it comes to having about fifty or a hundred jack-leg lawyers loafing around every little county seat and cross-roads village, waiting for a chance to pull somebody's leg, it looks to me like it's time for The Fool-Killer to get busy.

It used to be that the business of a lawyer was to walk along behind Madam Justice and hold her dress-tail out of the mud; but now about forty of the jack-legs will jump a-straddle of the old lady at one time and ride her through hell for a dollar.

There's too much infernal graft in this lawyer business. Too many pot-gutted legal lights lying around in their infernal laziness and swelling up like dog-ticks on the financial blood of the community.

Ask the young dude who starts off to college what profession he is going to take up, and he says: "Oh, I'm going to be a LAWYER, of course." He says it in a tone that indicates that there is no other profession worth considering. And lots of the young fools actually believe that being a LAWYER is the only respectable calling in the world.

Take the average family of town strutters. Keep your eye on that family and watch its capers for a few years. The oldest boy grows up, goes to college and becomes a lawyer. A year or two later the next boy follows in his steps. And the next. And the next. And on down to the baby, and if you will hang around the nursery a few minutes you will hear something like this:

"Now, therefore, I, the baby, party of the first part, being duly washed and dressed by the hired girl, party of the second part, in the presence of these witnesses do affirm and testify that the said party of the first part wants its nursing-bottle."

It's Lawyer This, Lawyer That and Lawyer T'other. Every little one-hoss town you go to is so blamed full of jack-leg lawyers that you have to kick 'em out of the way as you walk. You will find them standing around on the street corners swapping cuss-words with each other and puffing at a five-cent stinker. There's about fifty little dusty offices somewhere on a back street with the dirt and am-bear knee-deep on the floor and a shoulder load of second-hand law books half hidden in spider webs.

And that's the lay-out of the jack-leg lawyer in a country town. There sit the Patrick Henrys and the Henry Clays day after day and week after week, waiting for two niggers to fight or two old farmers to fall out over a line fence. I declare to goodness it's the poorest excuse for making a decent living that I ever saw, and the least credit attached to it. I would rather be a one-hoss farmer and dig my simple meals from the rocky hillside with a grubbing-hoe than to be a jack-leg lawyer with nothing to do.

If the lawyer fattens at all, he fattens on the misfortunes of the community, but if he is a jack-leg, he don't fatten any to hurt. In that respect the jack-leg is less harmful to the community than the successful lawyer, because he lacks the power to do harm.

We elect lawyers to our legislative bodies to frame up our laws. They go there and tangle things up in such a mess of legal forms that it takes twice as many more lawyers to straighten it out. I haven't got as much patience with legal forms as a horse has for a nit-fly, and that's a mighty little. The deed to a piece of land would be just as binding if written in plain English, and yet the lawyers have gulled the fool people into believing that a deed or any legal paper won't hold shucks unless you hang up the English language by the tail and tie its legs into about forty-'leven kinds of double-bow knots.

It's all a pack of pure downright nonsense and tomfoolery, and the lawyers are to blame for it. There is no reason on earth why a law should not be made as plain and easily understood as the directions for taking a dose of medicine or baking a pone of bread. But our lawyers have got so smart that they can write the law in language that they can't understand themselves to save them from the devil.

◆

IT WAS HELL AT LAST.

A New York society woman died and went to hell. The devil met her at the front gate and bowed gracefully as he opened it.

"Walk right in, my dear madam," he said.

"Can I secure a suite of rooms here?" asked the woman.

"Certainly, madam."

"In the most desirable section, where I will have the best people for neighbors?"

"To be sure."

"I was used to having plenty of good servants on earth. Can I get them here?"

"I think you can."

"Will I be allowed to give dinner parties, pink teas, and the like?"

"Sakes alive, yes."

"And do you think I could cut a pretty big splurge as a society leader here?"

"I see nothing to hinder you."

"Do you have theatres here? I couldn't live without the theatre and the opera."

"Plenty of the very best, I assure you."

The lady lifted her veil and smiled at the devil very pleasantly.

"I am very agreeably surprised," she said. I was afraid hell was not run on the New York plan. It troubled me a great deal to think that I might be deprived of some of my luxuries, and that I might have to associate with an inferior class of people. But I am glad to know that the president and directors of this place have such a fine sense of the fitness of things. I will thank you to show me to my rooms now, and you must not fail to see that my arrival is chronicled in the society column of all the newspapers in hell."

The devil bowed again.

"Sorry, my dear madam, but that is one of the [illegible] man, her eyes flashing.

"We have no newspapers in hell. There are no society columns. No matter how big a splurge you cut in society nobody will ever hear a word about it."

The lady threw up her hands and sank to the floor.

"Oh, this is hell, indeed!" she moaned.

◆

A MONKEY DARWIN.

Studious Monkey—"These creatures called men talk of 'Adam's fall.' Who was Adam?"

Philosophical Monkey—"As yet we have not fully mastered the language of men, but from what we can gather it is evident that this Adam had a wife named Eve, and the fall was due to an accident while on a high tree after fruit. I presume they found it very good, and in their greed they hung on so long that their tails broke, and ever since that their descendants have been the tailless, helpless, plodding creatures you see. Poor man! His tail is gone, his feet have lost their cunning, his once beautiful fur is moth-eaten, and nothing is left of him but his greed."

◆

There is a limit to the amount of gew-gaws and glad fixins that a man can get fastened onto his festive frame, but if any such limit applies to the other horn of the human dilemma it has not been discovered yet. I have seen women with a whole dry-goods store floppin' around them as they walked the streets, while a buggy wheel trimmed with feather-beds sat balanced on their ponderous pompadours. Again I have seen these women at some swell society blow-out, and I actually had to look twice to see if they had on anything at all.

WE BUY NAMES

Send 30 cents and the names and addresses of the heads of 30 famlies to THE NATIONAL DIRECTORY, Box 27, **Moravian Falls, N. C.**, and we will mail you for your trouble a genuine, high grade Masterman fountain Pen, together with filler fitted in a neat pocket case. This pen would cost you $2.00 at any retail store.

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Castle Gates

By James Larkin Pearson.

The above is the title of a little Book of Poems by your humble servant. My spare moments for the past 15 years have been spent in writing the book. I also printed it and bound it in cloth with my own hands. The book has 108 pages, and contains 93 poems, all of which are said to be very good. Price 50 cents, postpaid.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON,
Moravian Falls, N. C.

Correspondence.

THE FOOL-KILLER—AN ACROSTIC.

The Fool-Killer—it is fine!
Hear how its wit doth shine,
Every issue witty and bright.
Fools of all kinds brought to light,
Old fools shown up in style;
Oh, but its satire is worth while.
Long may it live, its purpose to serve.
Killing to foolishness, its nerve
In pungent paragraph you'll relish,
Longing its truths to embellish;
Loving to state the truth in fact,
Energetic in its every act,
Rounding 'em all up with rare tact.

GEO. W. WHEELER,
Hattiesburg, Miss.

* * *

LEWIN COBB, Culberson, N. C.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—Enclosed find twenty-five cents in silver for which please send me The Fool-Killer for one year. I have just read one copy of it, and it's a honey. I don't want to miss another copy. Begin sending it to me with the January issue. I wish you great success with your paper.

* * *

MARY SMITH, Lowenthal, Tenn.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—I am a subscriber to your paper and just think it fine. I don't find but two objections to it—it don't come often enough and is not big enough. When it does come I wish you would make it as big as the side of our barn, which is about 60 feet long, and send it twice a week. Please send me some sample copies and I will get you some subscribers.

* * *

P. J CAMPBELL, Georgetown, Ill.—My dear Pearson:—I want to congratulate you on The Fool-Killer. You are doing good work in a much neglected field. The harvest is ripe and the crop is plentiful. The jaw-bone has not had a more valliant champion since Sampson, of old. So lay about you and smite the Philistines with great slaughter, and may all the joys of the conflict be yours. Enclosed find money order for 75 cents to pay for a club of five.

* * *

JOHN H. BOWERS, Watauga Valley, Tenn.— Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—You will find enclosed money order for ninety cents for which send your paper one year to the enclosed names. I am well pleased with the paper. I think it is the best I have ever read. I will try to get some more subscribers for it. I would like to see printed in your paper something about snuff-dippers, who pull their lip down and pour in a half box of snuff, and the lip hangs down like an old horse's lip when he is about half asleep. I have seen this done, and I think it is the nastiest thing I ever saw. I think you are right in what you have said in your December paper. It is no trouble to get subscribers for it.

* * *

N. L. ROBERTS, Wausau, Wis.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—A sample copy of The Fool-Killer, the December issue, reached me a few days ago, and I hasten to forward my subscription. I think there is a good field for such a paper as The Fool-Killer. There is nothing that comes closer to being good than something that is very bad; and to be "bad," a a paper has got to have opinions of its own, strong and fearless, and it must not be [illegible]. It seems to me that [illegible] The Fool-Killer [illegible] see no reason why it [illegible] an extensive circulation. People like to read what a man has to say, that is not very good, about somebody or something. If you stick to your original idea, I think you will find it productive of good results.

LIKE HIS MOTHER USED TO DO.

He criticized her pudding and he criticized her cake;
He wished she'd make such biscuits as his mother used to make.
She didn't wash the dishes and she didn't make the stew,
And she didn't mend the stockings as his mother used to do.
Oh, well, she wasn't perfect, but she tried to do her best,
Until at length she thought it time she had a little rest.
So one day when this man had growled and whined the whole day through,
She turned him up and tanned his pants, as his mother used to do.

MISTER DISEASE GERM TALKS A LITTLE.

I am a poor unfortunate disease germ. I think I have the hardest time of anybody in the world. I ain't got no friends nor home, and ain't welcome nowhere. The place I like to live at is inside of folks, but folks don't want me to live there.

Folks are the things that inhabit the earth. They are terrible big things. They walk about on one end and build cities. They also say prayers and cuss.

Folks are sometimes called people. They are divided at one end, and the divided end has shoes on it.

There are two classes of people—sick folks and doctors. The doctors are awful mean to me, and yet I'm the best friend they've got in the world. If it wasn't for me the doctors couldn't make a living. They ought to be good to me, but instead of that they just keep tagging around after me trying to kill me.

The doctors have got people so scared of me that every time I walk into a person's anatomy, hang up my overcoat and take a seat in the front spare room of their system, they give forth a great yell and send for the doctor. The doctor comes and peeps at me through a microscope and says, "Yes, I see the little devil."

And then he goes to pouring in old nasty drugs and things, trying to kill me. What for does the old mean doctor want to kill me, I wonder? Don't he know that a germ's life is just as sweet and precious to a germ as a man's life is to him? When a germ happens to some fatal accident and gets killed, its family and friends gather around it and mourn just like folks. But them old doctors don't seem to realize that fact, and they just keep on trying to kill their best friends.

I haven't got anything against man. I like him as a friend and neighbor, and would like to be sociable with him, but man seems to have different ideas about it. He seems to think himself too good for us germs to associate with. I don't know what we were ever made for if we are of no use in the world. It seems to me that we don't get a fair show, nohow. But I'm just a poor little disease germ, and maybe I don't know.

Good-by. I see that old doctor coming, and I've got to run.

A [illegible] took [illegible] angle and went into a far [illegible] to look about. All the principal [illegible] of the universe were connected by wireless telephone, with the earth for Central. The force of gravitation had succumbed to the wisdom of the wise, and men were able to fly.

So I took unto myself wings as aforesaid and departed into the regions of the moon. I arrived just after the man in the moon had finished his evening meal. I saw him throw his little dog a handful of bones. By which the reader will know he has better fare than Mother Hubbard's dog. Then the man in the moon sat down and picked his teeth with a moonbeam and made goo-goo eyes at the mermaids of the upper deep.

My first impression on looking at things from a lunar standpoint was this: The universe is a great croquet ground; the planets are its balls; the rainbows are its wickets; its mallets are the long-tailed shooting stars. and its players are the fingers of God.

"Howdy do, stranger," said the man in the moon, "how is the general health of the earth?"

"I think the earth is enjoying fairly good health," I replied, "at least its appetite is good. It consumed about a million tons of biscuits for breakfast this morning, and other things in proportion. In the face of this fact, I don't think the earth ought to complain of being sick."

And the moon folks said they agreed with me.

When I had rested a few minutes went around the corner and called on the Postmaster General of the Trans-Universal Postal System to inquire how his work was progressing. He shook his head.

"Not very satisfactory," he began, "there's a screw loose somewhere. Every few seconds I receive complaints that the semi-hourly papers published on Uranus and other neighboring worlds are not being delivered promptly. One subscriber goes so far as to say that his paper was two hours old when he received it, and it only had about fifty million miles to come. Such slow business is unbearable. I don't know what on the moon to do. Let me see. The Parlament of the Planets meets on the earth next week. I will introduce a bill asking for ten thousand billions of money, and that will enable me to extend the free delivery system all over the universe."

I, then wandered into the office of "The Moonbeam," where they get out an issue every thirty minutes. It is wonderful how they do things in that shop. The editor is a great man. He never writes anything. They simply cram paper into one of his ears and it comes out at the other printed and folded. He wears a Marconi wireless telegraph receiver on his cap, and so his head is always full of the latest news. And the latest ideas.

I gave the 'phone crank a twist.

"Hello, Central," I yelled.

"Hello back," said Central. "what's up?"

"I'm up. Up here in the moon. Give me Saturn, please," was my reply.

I asked Saturn if the ring of the phone interfered with its other rings. And it said, "No."

Next morning I walked out on the [illegible] I saw [illegible] their [illegible] the mountain [illegible] the squall of babyhood, [illegible] of childhood, and the settled [illegible] of manhood, mingling each with the other as onward they rushed, every one trying to outstrip every one else in the mad race of life.

I looked on the other side of the mountain, and behold a graveyard was there. For miles and miles extending were graves both great and small. Some marked by shafts of marble, and some not marked at all. Undertakers were at work on double time. Millions of new-made graves opened their red jaws, hungry for victims.

Far up the mountain I heard a strange sound. And, behold, another army, marching to the ceaseless tap, tap, of a million canes and crutches. Down the precipitous slope they tumbled, one over another. The dry bones rattled. And the hungry graves devoured them. Grass grew over the graves, and the dead leaves fell. And the place that knew them will know them no more forever.

I saw the world brush away the formal tear and return to the feast and the dance. Other armies marched up. And then marched down. But the world rocked on at the same old gait. And the wine flowed, and the music echoed down the corridors of time. It was a stage that I saw, and the play was called, "Life and Death."

I heard the 'phone bell ring furiously. Then I awoke and smelled the eggs frying for breakfast.

A VOCABULARIC DUEL.

One of our local Smart Elecks was standing on the steps of the postoffice here at Moravian Falls the other day, when an old colored man came up, and, touching his hat, asked:

"Kin you tell me is dis de place where dey sells postage stamps?"

"Yes, sir, this is the place," replied the Smart Eleck, thinking he saw a chance to have some fun, "but what do you want with a postage stamp, uncle?"

"To mail a letter, sah, of co'se."

"Well, then, you needn't bother about stamps; you don't have to put on any this week."

"Don't I?"

"No, sir."

"Why—for not?"

"Well, you see, the conglomeration of the hypothenuse has differentiated the paralellogram so much that the consanguinity don't temulate the ordinary effervescence, and so the government has decided to send letters free."

The old man took off his hat, dubiously shook his head, and then, with a long breath, remarked:

"Well, boss, all dat may be so, an' I don't say it ain't; but s'pose dat de ecksentricity ob de aggregation transsubstanshuates de ignominiousness ob de puppindickler an' sublimites de puspicuity ob de consequences—don't you qualificate dat de guv'ment would confiscate dat dar letter? Guess I'd jes' as well put on a stamp anyhow, fer luck."

And the old man mailed his letter and passed solemnly down the road.

THE FO
THE TRUTH
THUNDER AND LIGHTNING
MURDER POLICY!

VOL. II. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, FEBRUARY, 1911. NO. 2.

When the Dollar Rules the Pulpit and the Devil Rules the Pew.

In this world of frills and fashions,
  Where the churches are so fine,
And the trade-mark of religion
  Is the classic dollar sign,
There's a rule that never faileth,
  And you'll always find it true—
When the Dollar rules the pulpit,
  Then the Devil rules the pew.

There may be a heap of singing,
  And an awful sight of prayer,
And the sermon may be answered
  With an "Amen!" here and there;
But as sure as Joe's a Dutchman,
  Or old Shylock was a Jew,
When the Dollar rules the pulpit,
  Then the Devil rules the pew.

When the money gets to talking,
  And the Master's voice is still,
And the preacher swaps a sermon
  For a twenty dollar bill,
That's the time old Mister Satan
  Gets the churches in a stew—
When the Dollar rules the pulpit
  And the Devil rules the pew.

When religion goes a-begging,
  And the Bible is forgot,
And the preacher preaches nothing
  Only scientific rot,
Then the faithful old believers,
  They are getting mighty few—
When the Dollar rules the pulpit
  And the Devil rules the pew.

WOPE, SIR!

Whoa, Buck! Gee-haw, Jack! Back, Bawley! I'll be hanged if that old flop-eared hound of fashion ain't yelping on a hot trail this time! We poor old plug-uglies of men have been having just dead oodlings of fun about feminine fashions. We have pointed the long, bony finger of our withering disgust at the dear, dazzling darlings of the fashionable female flock, who always have to keep eight or ten hired girls to help them change dresses as often as the fashions change. The really up-to-date society woman these days has to have two good girls to study the fashion plates, one girl to stand at the telephone and give orders to the tailor, two niggers to lug the duds home, and six French maids to help her crawl in and out of the wonderful creations. And then it takes two more niggers to tote off the out-of-date garments and throw them in the river or sell them to the poor trash.

All that dog-bited fashionable foolishness among the fair ones has been a source of much fun, fuss and fury among us maul-headed masculine mollycoddles. But sarn my skin if it don't look like we had better dry up. The news comes gaily galloping over the red-hot wires that we, the great conservative male members of the forked race, are going to be initiated into a change of fashion. Yes, sir, the fires of fashion have actually blown over the sex line and caught out in the old mouldy marsh-grass of mandom. The decree has gone forth that we, the men, are to wear corsets. That is, we are to have our coats and vests cut out by a corset pattern, and they will fit as tight as Dick's hat band. We will have to tie a calf-rope around our middles to squeeze us in and make our clumsy carcasses conform to the queenly corset curve.

And they are also going to get out a new and revised edition of breeches for mortal man to scuffle about in. The new garments will fit like a man had been melted and poured into 'em, and he will look like he had swapped legs with a bull-frog.

Poor man! He will have a dickens of a time when he gets into them new breeches. He will have to stand up all the time, because if he sits down his breeches will bust. Weep and howl, Mister Man, for the bull-dogs of fashion are on your track!

* * *

Whenever I see one of these close-fisted, pinch-gutted human hogs just hurrying and worrying, toiling and sweating almost day and night to lay up money, while they never take time to enjoy life as they go along, I am reminded of the Irishman who was held up by a highwayman. The robber held a revolver in the Irishman's face and sang out: "Your money or your life!" The Irishman, trembling with fear, replied: "Take me loife! Take me loife! Oi'm savin' me money for me old age."

A SERMON TO THE PREACHERS.

Howdy, Mister Preacher. Now don't get scared and run away with yourself—I'm not going to bite you. I'm not quite so dangerous as they've been trying to make you believe. Fact is, I'm a sort of preacher myself, only I don't wear a jimswinger coat, a stud-hoss collar and a stove-pipe hat like some of you fellows do.

I am not near as pretty and stylish looking as you preachers. People who are absolutely truthful say I ain't no beauty to look at, and I wouldn't dare to dispute their word. A preacher-coat flapping around my brawny limbs would be as much out of place as a gold hinge on a gate post; and a stove-pipe hat roosting on my dome of thought would look like a car-wheel on a log-wagon. All of which goes to show that I ain't no flower-pot and wouldn't hardly do to pose for a fashion plate.

But, on the other hand, I am just a common rough and awkward country clodhopper, with but little education and none of your hifalutin "society polish." Yet in my own peculiar style I try to do a little preaching sometimes. My audience is so large and so widely scattered that I can't get them all together and talk to them face to face. Never did try to get up before an audience and spill eloquence all over it, nohow. Guess I'd make a mess of it if I tried that. But I like to sit here in my office and talk to my large audience through the columns of The Fool-Killer.

But I started out to preach a sermon to the preachers. They have been preaching to me all my life, off and on, and I reckon turn about is fair play.

I like you preacher men pretty well. Taking you up one side and down t'other, you are a tolerable nice bunch, and I ain't got a word to say against your trade. Preaching is a rattling good job, and a man can live easy and be happy if he don't perish to death at it. If you think the Lord has picked you out and given you a message for the people, by all means deliver that message. But don't jump and storm and try to tear the house down in the time of it. That's one kind of preaching I don't like, and I am going to stand right up to you fellows and tell you so. I have seen some preachers who would start out very well, but in about five minutes they would be jumping up and down like an old-fashioned sash saw-mill, waving their arms like a pair of winding-blades, and yelling like forty wild Indians with the devil after them. They preach as if they thought everybody in the house was as deaf as a post, but the truth is, they make so much noise you couldn't even get tail-hold on a thought if they should happen to express one. They mistake perspiration for inspiration and racket for religion. Whenever you see a preacher get up and sweat down his stud-hoss collar in thirty minutes on a winter day, it's a sign God isn't helping him much or it wouldn't be such hard work.

Imagine Jesus Christ cutting such capers as that! Just imagine Him going into a pulpit and bouncing around like a rubber man and yelling till you couldn't hear it thunder! No, sir, buddy! That wasn't the way He preached. Not by a jug full. No cutting didoes for Him. His dominant characteristics were calmness and power, and I don't believe He wants any jumping-jacks in the pulpit at the present day trying to raise the dead with their outlandish bucking and bellowing.

The old prophet tells us that God was not in the mighty wind, nor the earthquake, but in the Still, Small Voice. But the little old sash-saw and winding-blade pop-gun preacher hops up and just bellows his little gizzard out trying to make somebody think God is talking through him. Maybe so, but that don't sound like God's voice to me.

* * *

Sir Oliver Lodge, a wobbly-minded scientist who has been caught in the current of Spiritualism, says: "The boundary between the known and the unknown is wearing thin in places." Aw, shucks, Oliver, it ain't half as thin yet as your Spiritualism slush.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON - - - EDITOR

One year to your heart, 25 Cents,
In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cts.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the post office at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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Do not send Postage Stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by Registered Letter or Post Office Money Order drawn on Moravian Falls, N. C.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER
Moravian Falls, N. C.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is THE FOOL-KILLER.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

THE FOOL-KILLER is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than Old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started THE FOOL-KILLER, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a hot old bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

THE FOOL-KILLER will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for THE FOOL-KILLER. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

Howdy, Folks, [illegible]

Hello, friends! I got here again—dog my cats if I didn't. Poke out them 'tater-grabbers and shake hands with your Uncle. Awful glad to see you folks again. Been a whole month since I scraped my brogans on your door-step. But once a month is often enough to keep acquainted, and I shall continue to pull your latch-string once every thirty days as long as you continue to put up the price. And when you quit I'll quit. But you ain't a-goin' to quit, are you? No, I don't think you are. You can't afford to let a pitiful little old dime or two cheat you out of all the good fun you can have by reading The Fool-Killer. Some of your subscriptions will expire pretty soon and I am expecting every one of you to renew and send in about fifteen or forty new subscriptions with your renewals. But don't wait for your subscriptions to expire before you send in a club. No-sir-ee-Bob. Get out this very day and hustle up a big club and send it in. Every neighborhood is full of people who will take The Fool-Killer as soon as they see it or hear of it. Tote your copy around with you and read it to everybody you see till you wear it out, and then ask for more.

The fools don't like The Fool-Killer, because it puts salt on their sore places, but the wise people like it and continue to call for more. Are you wise? Then prove it by sending in a whole lot of big clubs to this little sassy thinkazine. Let a constant stream of clubs come pouring in from now on. Don't let it slack up nary minute, but just keep shootin' 'em in. If you folks will just do your part I'll be hang-taked if I don't do mine, and we'll have the doggondest most fun you ever heard tell of.

Address: THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, N. C.

WHERE THE PAIN WAS.

Lina ate pie and Lina ate jelly,
And Lina went home with a pain
in her——
Now don't get excited or misled—
Lina went home with a pain in
her head.

It always made me want to puke to see a family of good-for-nothing lazy lurks hanging around an old rich daddy waiting for him to die so they can inherit a fortune. Why in the dickens don't they get out and hustle for it like he did?

Mrs. Russell Sage is going to build a model town for 1,500 model families near New York. Building the town will be easy, old gal, but where in the Tom Walker are you going to find 1,500 "model" families to occupy it? That's where you'll hang your petticoat over a snag and fall down.

Giving advice to a fool is like giving medicine to a dead man.

A pint of corn likker has often made a peck of trouble.

George Washington could not tell a lie. I can, but I won't.

I would a heap rather be a self-made man than a tailor-made dude.

Many a quiet home wedding is followed by a noisy public divorce.

The funniest thing about a big man is that he is apt to have a little wife. Ever notice it?

If you can't keep your friends without lying to them—let 'em go galligher. That's what I say.

Any fool can tell a lie, but it takes a pretty slick rascal to make it sound like the truth.

That was an awful blunder that the Creator made when He failed to make man with a cigar in his mouth.

The man with a new idea is a crank or a fool until the idea succeeds, and then he is the whole cheese.

The market report says eggs have dropped. Ain't it funny that eggs can drop so without breaking?

That old saying that "it is never too late to mend" is what makes so many folks keep putting it off.

The biggest millionaire club in this country is the one that meets in the north end of the Capitol at Washington.

The difference between a trust and a combine is the same as between a log and a bundle of sticks.

The devil says: "Let me make the morals of a nation and I don't give a doggon who makes its laws or its songs either."

Your enemy says mean things about you, and your friend totes the news to you. Now which has done you the most harm?

The principal use for cotton is for stock brokers to gamble in, but it is also used extensively in the manufacture of woolen goods.

A little girl, in trying to explain the difference between a d and a b, said: "The d has its tummy on its back."

Beneath the moon he told his love;
The color left her cheek;
But on the shoulder of his coat
It showed up for a week.

"Who paints the daisies?" asks a spring poet. Hanged if I know. I have known a good many daisies, and I have always thought they painted themselves.

[illegible] ical [illegible] put [illegible] ience of [illegible] ing.

One of our old proverbs says: "Curiosity once killed a cat." Now I wonder what it was the cat wanted to know!

Some men are so stingy they would rather die than pay for their living—only they couldn't stand the expense of being buried.

The majority of Congressmen are noted among their constituents for arguments that won't go down and seeds that won't come up.

I'll bet a dollar you've seen a heap worse things in private than the things you pretend to be shocked at in public. Ain't it so?

If old Daddy Adam's nature contained all the meanness that has cropped out in his descendants, he must have been a devil of a fellow.

It beats the very Old Scratch how some people will refuse to believe sworn testimony, but are very willing to believe the unsupported gossip of some old hatchet-faced tattler.

Another mistake that God made was when He put horns on the cow. Man, with his superior wisdom, has discovered that a cow's horns are entirely unnecessary and should never have been made.

That old guy they call Shakespeare is reported to have said: "The quality of mercy is not strained." It was too bad they packed off the old druggy mercy on Bill. I'd make 'em strain it next time.

There is no other laugh that sounds quite so sincere and satisfying as the laugh of a right plum fat woman. If you don't believe it, just hunt up one of these great big jolly fat women and read The Fool-Killer to her.

Before the world was civilized the latch-string hung on the outside of every man's door. But now the strongest locks and bars are required. Hang-taked if it don't look to me like civilization is a big humbug.

An exchange wants to know what are the most beautiful words in the English language. There's room, of course, for differences of opinion, but the words that are special favorites in this shop are these: "Find money order enclosed."

The editor of "The Square Deal," of Snow Hill, N. C., says: "We don't know what is beyond our experience, but it's certain another life cannot be predicted from our life on earth." Well, buddy, if your life corresponds with your writing, it would be a God's blessing if it could all end with death.

A bare-footed nigger [illegible]
shop
Was loafin' around [illegible]
He stepped on a piece [illegible]
But no pain gave him [illegible]

He stood on that hot iron [illegible]
Then to the blacksmith [illegible]
He said, "Say, boss, hit seems [illegible]
Dat I smells leather a-burnin'."

WOODPECKER WISDOM AND PECKERWOOD PIE.

Pull up your chair and take a [illegible] mister. You see we've got [illegible] for dinner. Eat all you please [th]ere's plenty more in the pot. [illegible] say, does talking bother [you] about eating? If it don't, [I'll j]ust talk some while you eat.

Did you ever hear the yarn [ab]out the old deaf and dumb [man']s hogs? It's a cracker-jack, and I guess I'll just reel you off [a fe]w hanks of it. One time there [wa]s a man going along a road [thr]ough the woods, and after a-while he noticed a gang of razor-back hogs out in the woods, and them hogs was just going lickety-split from one tree to another like they was plum crazy. They'd squeal and grunt around one tree a minute, and then they'd break and run to another tree and squeal and grunt around that tree just like the devil a-sawing cord wood.

That man had some curiosity, just like you and me would have had, and he naturally wanted to know what in the thunder them razor-backs was a-doin' that for. But he jogged along, and pretty soon he came to a cabin by the roadside, and there was an old woman standing in the door with a big red handkerchief tied a-round her head. Our man put on the brakes and slowed up. Addressing the old woman, he said:

"My dear madam, I seen some razor-back hogs acting mighty funny out yander in the woods. Can you tell me what is the matter with them?"

"Law, yes, stranger," says the old woman. "Them hogs belongs to my ole man, and it all started this a-way: My ole man is as dumb as an oyster and as deaf as a stone, and he learnt them hogs to come to the feed-gap when he hammered on a tree. They soon learnt what it meant, and it worked like a charm for a little while. Then a gang of confounded woodpeckers come and tuck up in them woods, and ever since that they've bin makin' them pore old hogs run their legs off."

Now, mister, you may not think it's so, but I know lots of people who act just like them fool hogs. They go to meetin, and the preacher learns them to grunt "Amen!" every time he hammers on the book-board with his number nine fist, and squeal when he pours out the gospel mush. The preacher thinks he is getting his human hogs trained pretty well. But about that time one of the devil's old woodpeckers starts to sharpen his bill on a hypocrite, and you don't [illegible] to see the church house [illegible]

Then we lift our eyes [illegible] out over the field of fashion, and what a sight we behold! [illegible] great field of fashion there used to to be a few little shade trees called decency and modesty, but the peckerwoods of fashion have played smash with them poor little shade trees. They have pecked all the bark off of them modesty and decency, and as they continue to hammer away on the old dry wood we see the razor-backs of snobdom go galloping hither and yan like a hound puppy trying to catch seventeen rabbits at one grab.

The poor old fashion hogs have a hard time of it. They hear a hobble skirt peckerwood hammering on one tree, and before they get more than half way to it they hear a balloon-sleeve peckerwood sounding his [illegible] into another [illegible] fashion, and then the [illegible] hog in the gang is about six months behind.

Hello, there, mister! Have some more pie. I like to see you eat.

And so, as I was just going to say, the world is full of woodpeckers, and we are all more or less akin to the razor-back hog, and if we don't run our legs off after one kind of a confounded peckerwood we're sure to be galloping after something else. And so what's the difference? Have a tooth-pick.

RUSSELLISM ROASTED.

There is a preacher in Brooklyn, New York, whose name is Charles T. Russell. He is the Great High Muckamuck of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, and his disciples crawl on their tummies before him and reverently address him as Pastor Russell.

Now, Pastor Russell, as they call him, is one of these swell-headed, know-it-all kind of fellows and he ain't a bit bashful about letting the world know how much he thinks he knows. He was just itching all over to be a "leader" of something, and he was smart enough to know that one of the easiest things in the world to do was to start a new religious [illegible]

[illegible] Brooklyn Tabernacle [illegible] in which he [illegible] tells us all about [illegible] created [illegible] world. Heaven [illegible] Brooklyn and [illegible] Bible [illegible] Tract Society [illegible] intended to [illegible] people and thereby enable [illegible] wiggle [illegible] where they otherwise could not enter. Not being satisfied with that he hatched up another scheme in the shape of a newspaper syndicate and [illegible] sermons in plate form to the [illegible] of local papers [illegible]

[illegible] So much for that. Now let us take a look at Russellism and see what it smells like. In the first place it tries to spiritualize everything. It denies that Jesus Christ was God prior to His incarnation in the flesh, and declares that his body was not raised from the dead. It teaches that Christ was born into the world just like any other man and that when his body died it remained dead—that the body in which he appeared after death was nothing more than a momentarily materialized appearance which was finally dissolved. The disciples never saw Jesus after his death—they just saw his "ghost" and thought it was him. Supposing all that mess to be true, it looks like the old-fashioned Christians will come out of the little end of the horn. How does it look to you, Mister? But wait—here's another one. The Old Man Russell has done got the exact date set for the Millennium to begin. I presume he has been up and had a private interview with God and they have agreed on the year [illegible] of the [illegible]

[illegible]

Castle [illegible]

[illegible]

The [illegible]

[illegible]

CORRESPONDENCE.

H. Gillham, Annover, Ark.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—I read a copy of The Fool-Killer and liked it fine. I got up eight subscribers this evening and didn't half try. I may send more subscribers soon.

—|—

C. J. Templeton, Statesville, N. C.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—Please send me some sample copies of your paper, as I want to get up a club of subscribers for you. Your paper is the funniest paper that I ever saw, and I will like to get subscribers for you.

—|—

T. W. Snow, Rockford, N. C.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—I saw a copy of The Fool-Killer and was so taken away with it that I immediately went to work to get up a club. I think it beats the world. If there is anything I like better it is more of The Fool-Killer.

—|—

Troy A. Bacon, Rt. 3, Groveland, Ga.—Mr. J. L. Pearson, Dear Sir:—I have in some way received a copy of your paper and read it. I am so much enthused by what I find in it that I herewith inclose 25 cents for which you will please send me your wonderful little mind-feeder one year.

—|—

Rev. W. B. Simmons, Manchaca, Tex.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—Please send me The Fool-Killer for a year, and write me the particulars as to the subscriptions in clubs, as I want to put it in the homes of some of my people. Be assured that you cannot put the price too high for its worth.

—|—

J. T. Bright, Cynthiana, Ky.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—A copy of your paper accidentally fell into my hands to-day, and I cannot tell when I enjoyed a paper more. I think it is gotten up on the right lines. Enclosed find 25 cents for a year's subscription to your much esteemed paper.

—|—

C. G. Rogers, J. P., Cashiers, N. C.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—I received the sample copies of your little spicy paper, and beg to say you are hitting the nail on the head. It is the only paper of the kind I ever saw, and I certainly like to read it. Enclosed find my check for ninety cents to pay for a club of six subs (including my own). I think I could get a car load of subs here.

—|—

J. E. Shank, Rt. 1, Hinton, Va.—To The Fool-Killer, Gentlemen:—I enclose money order for $1.50 for the enclosed subscriptions to The Fool-Killer. I haven't asked any one to subscribe; just simply handed out the sample copies, and one of my neighbors subscribed and had the paper sent to eight others, paying for it himself. Continue to give us the truth, and I feel sure your paper will make rapid gains in this vicinity.

—|—

A. M. Ray, Nashville, Ga.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—I have got hold of a sample copy of The Fool-Killer, and my neighbors have read it and like it fine. They say it is the best little paper they ever saw, and wanted me to send for more samples. I will make up a club of ten or fifteen subscribers and send in at once. It is the best little paper I have ever seen.

—|—

Ezra D. Sargent, Berry, Ky.—My dear Pearson:—Say, Jim, that Fool-Killer is just great. Send me a year's treatment. I hear lots of talk here of The Fool-Killer, and think you have received several clubs from this place. My friend O. S. Lauderman sent you a bunch and thinks there is nothing like The Fool-Killer. I see no reason why you should not build up an enormous circulation. Never forget to send me The Fool-Killer.

IS THIS SOCIAL[illegible]

Well, well! They are actually calling me a Socialist. What do you think of that? Now, boys, I am going to state the case and let you be the judges.

I neither affirm nor deny. I simply have my own individual opinions about things and don't give three whoops in Hepsidam whether other folks agree with me or not. Never borrowed a single one of my views from any old Socialist or anti-Socialist writer. Never thought it necessary to have my thinking done in New York or Germany. Got a fool notion that my own thinkery can turn out opinions good enough for me.

To the extent that my thoughts are in harmony with Socialistic teachings—to that extent I am a Socialist and proud of it. But there are lots of places where Socialism and Pearsonism can't sleep in the same bed. I refer, of course, to Socialism in its restricted political sense. Broadly speaking, Socialism is the greatest question before the world today, and there are many sides to it. I despise to hear these little 1x0 popgun editors and politicians shooting off their mouths about Socialism, when they don't even know A B C about what the word means. There is no single set of views or beliefs that can be held up as a Socialist creed. Socialism is a great thought-force at work among men, and it means to each man whatever he interprets it to mean. Look at Christianity—divided into many factions, and yet pretty much in harmony on the great essential truths. It is the same way with Socialism. All Socialists are agreed that the infernal billionaires have run things their own way long enough, and that it is time to give Old Man Peepul a chance. But they are not quite so well agreed as to just the proper method of going at it. There is plenty of room for every man to use his thinker (if he happens to have one) and help to solve the problem.

It has come to the pass that if a man resents being knocked down and run over they call him a Socialist, and according to that rule I AM A SOCIALIST all the way from six feet above my head to twelve feet into the ground.

But that's no reason I must shut my eyes and gulp down all the dangerous and revolutionary theories that have been advanced by the old fogy daddies of Socialism. Those terrible free-love doctrines of Bebel, Morris, and all that gang—God forbid that I should ever be guilty of indorsing a thing like that! Never! The idea of abolishing marriage and the home and turning men and women loose in the world like a gang of cows in a pasture—wouldn't it be one devil of a mess? And then there is one gang of Socialists (Dick Maple among them) who seem to have a fool idea that in order to be a Socialist a man must be an infidel or an atheist and just cuss out everything that pertains to a belief in a God or a future life. If a Socialist has [illegible] dogs, then I am not a forty-ninth cousin to the twenty-third uncle of the man whose dog bit a Socialist.

And that business of dividing up all property and giving every fellow as much as every other fellow—that lodges against my Adam's apple, too. I do think, however, that every man should be given a chance to own as much property as he needs and can make a wise use of. It is foolishness to try to put a bushel of corn into a pint cup. Don't give a thousand dollars to a hundred dollar man; but, on the other hand, don't let the hundred dollar man starve because he isn't a thousand dollar man. Under our present trust-burdened and rascal-ridden system of government the thousand dollar man does nothing and gets a million while the hundred dollar man does all the work and gets nothing. It's an infernal shame, and somebody will suffer in hell for it.

Don't divide up with the lousy deadbeat and support him in his rotten laziness, but if a man is willing to work give him a man's chance and let him be somebody. No man can do his best work when he is hungry or cold or struggling amid poverty-stricken conditions. I know whereof I speak—for I have been there. When we see the criminal piling up of wealth by one class and the awful want and destitution of another class—the two living side by side and the latter being just as deserving as the former, and often more so—who could deny that there is abundant room for a more equal distribution of the good things of life?

Pearsonism stands for any method or system that will stop the infernal pot-gutted money lords from oppressing the people, call it Socialism or what you please.

* * *

GIVADAM JONES.

Old Givadam Jones was a rich old fool,
And a rich old fool was he;
And his only usefulness was to show
How rich an old fool could be.

He lived in a palace of marble and stone,
With jewels and gems untold;
And all the banks in town were full
Of Givadam Jones's gold.

To all the cries of sick and poor
He closed up like a clam,
And said, "Perhaps I ought to help,
But I don't give a dam."

And thus he lived unto himself,
A life of selfish pride;
Then died and went to heaven's gate
And thought he'd get inside.

When Peter saw him at the gate,
He closed it with a slam,
And down the line to Sizzletown
Went poor old Givadam.

* * *

His name was Willie Wood,
Her name was Susie Glue;
He pressed her to his heart and said,
"My dear, I'm stuck on you."

[illegible]

The Fool-Killer has got a crow to pick with the historians, too, hang-take 'em. They have been pretending to write history for several thousand years, and they have made a bloomin' mess of it. The history of the world has been written wrong from the very dawn of history, and the reason of it is that men have such an infernal whee-whawed conception of what constitutes history. Away back yonder in the dim past they somehow got the fool notion lodged in their simlins that the only thing about a nation worth preserving was a record of its wars. That idea found lodgment in the human mind at an age of the world when men were savages and brute force was the only power known. And so when they had nasty wars and butchered each other like hogs, they wrote a history of it, and that was handed down as a history of that people.

That kind of a bloody write-up suited all right for a people whose only occupation was fighting, but there came a time after awhile when men began to do other things. The victories of peace began to loom up—mental forces began to vie with physical forces for the mastery of the world.

Right then old Bloody-Bones should have been kicked out of the Historian's chair and a new style of history introduced—but was it so? Nay, nay, Pauline. They continued to write of armies and battles and call it history. The victories of peace were ignored. The achievements of civilization, education, science and religion were set at naught, and we only have a blood-curdling picture of the terrible wars.

Examine all the so-called history ever written and you will find ten pages reeking with blood and carnage to every one that is given to happier events. To read history one would get the idea that the world had done nothing but fight, and yet we know that there have been more years of peace than of war.

They tell us that the wars have been necessary. Maybe so. But the war-clouds blew over and a brighter day dawned. Why must we memorize every name and date connected with the wars, and never hear a whisper about what happened during the peaceful years? For the same reason, I suppose, that a man may live a long, useful and happy life here in this country and nobody regards it as a matter worth mentioning; but just let that man break loose and commit some crime and he at once gets his picture and a write-up in the paper. "Only crime is news," says the newspaper man. "Only war is history," says the historian. But I say they are both infernal liars. The good things that have happened would make more pleasant reading, and why don't they give us a few chapters along those lines? Pure downright cussedness is all the reason they don't.

Just wait till I get my history of the world written and you'll have something fit to read. Just wait.

VOL. II.

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The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON - - - EDITOR

One year to your heart, 25 Cents, In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cts.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the post office at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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THE FOOL-KILLER
Moravian Falls, N. C.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is THE FOOL-KILLER.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

THE FOOL-KILLER is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought.

I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than Old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started THE FOOL-KILLER, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a hot old bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

THE FOOL-KILLER will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for THE FOOL-KILLER. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

IDIOTORIALS.

Peace! Peace! Bang! Bang!

◆

What was that you said about peace, mister?

◆

A college education is often the beginning of a brilliant failure.

◆

Hello, Andy! That Peace Foundation is getting sorter tottery, ain't it?

◆

I am giving you some good Sermons this trip. Read 'em and pass 'em around.

◆

If old Jim Monroe wants his "Doctrine" defended, let him come and defend it. That's what I say.

◆

If Taft gets in reach of those Mexican bullets, all that belly will be mighty easy to hit.

◆

A man's stomach is sorter round-like, and yet nothing fits it so well as a square meal. Ain't that strange?

◆

As The Fool-Killer gets older it gets hotter. Next issue will be a humdinger from the old house place.

◆

Stick this paper in your pocket and take it to the mill, the store, and everywhere else you go. When you get in a crowd, just yank out The Fool-Killer and read a few chapters.

◆

If you are in doubt as to which is the right side of any given question, just find out where the plutocrats are roosting, and then you hop up on the other limb.

◆

If you want to see how this quill-driver looks, don't fail to get a copy of next issue. I am going to get a picture of myself to print, or break every camera I can find in the attempt.

◆

I am now adding one hundred new names to my subscription list every week. That does very well, but I want to do still better. Boys, you can make it a thousand a week just as easy.

◆

It's a puzzle to me how some editors managed to get along before I started The Fool-Killer. Boys, I don't care how much of my stuff you reprint if you will only give The Fool-Killer the proper credit.

◆

If you subscribe for this pungent periodical of thrilling thought and don't get your money's worth out of the first issue, I will agree to pay back your fifteen cents and eat the other eleven copies of your subscription.

◆

Our great-grandaddies "fit," bled and died for our liberty, and that was all right—but when the poor oppressed and down-trodden Mexicans begin to fight for that same sweet liberty, we have to hike down there with our armies and put a stop to it. Ain't we a devil of a set, anyhow?

◆

Down in Eastern North Carolina they've got a new sort of tangle-leg made out of cane-juice, and they say it will make the drunk come to beat the band. The new drink is called "Mockum." The name is supposed to mean that if the fellow who drinks it can't act just like the corn licker artists, he can mock 'em mighty well.

SHAME O[illegible]

Great whoop to thunder! It just do beat ninety-'leven kinds of red-eyed lemons. Look here, now—one month ago I was in urgent need of an appropriate poem to print in The Fool-Killer. So I sat down here in my gold-plated sanctum, with pencil in hand, and spent one whole evening grinding out a poem for the occasion. It was awful hard work. I chewed up six new pencils, wasted seven pounds of writing paper, kicked the stove down twice, and pulled out enough of my beautiful curls to pad a horse-collar. After hours and hours of sweat and blood and agony the poem was finally finished—about 11:30 pea em—and I printed it in the February Fool-Killer under the title of "When the Dollar Rules the Pulpit and the Devil Rules the Pew." I sorter took a fancy to that little child of my brain and I had a kind of sneakin' hope that I would see it copied in the exchanges. And sure enough, I was not to be disappointed. I don't know how many of the papers copied the poem, but the Texas Republic, published at San Antonio, Texas, not only copied it but stole it—just literally swiped it soul and body, and never said scat, thank you nor kiss my foot. Not satisfied with stealing the poem and printing it without credit, The Republic went a step further and "doctored" it to suit its own boozified notions. The Republic is an awful, unreasonable, fire-eating Anti-Prohibitionist. It would rather do without its meals than its likker any day, and to utter the word "Prohibition" in its hearing is like shaking a red rag at a bull.

Now in order to make my poem fit into the likker-laden atmosphere that surrounds The Republic's office there had to be some "doctoring," and here is what happened. In the original I wrote:

> When religion goes a-begging,
> And the Bible is forgot,
> And the preacher preaches nothing
> Only scientific rot,"

But The Republic makes the last lines here quoted to read:

> "And the preacher preaches nothing
> Only Prohibition rot."

Now if that ain't gall with boots on I don't know what to call it. Let me say for The Republic's benefit that I am a Prohibitionist myself—never drank a drop of likker in my life, and I denounce Old Booze and all of its attendant evils as the crowning infamy of the Devil. And then to have my poem changed in such a way as to make it speak in favor of drunkenness—well, that does just cap the stack. An editor who would stoop to such a low-down dirty trick would not balk at the proposition of stealing a sheep.

The Texas Republic is edited by a little sawed-off wart of humanity answering to the name of Mose Harris. He is very small physically and still smaller morally, and seems to have no other god but Old Booze. I am informed that Mose is a Jew, which is about the worst reflection on God's chosen people that I have heard in a long time. The Fool-Killer has many warm friends among the Jewish people, and I naturally feel sorry for any race that has to let Mose Harris claim kin with it.

Hello, [illegible] booze-artist, and all you [illegible] it up for Old Mr. Booze. Double up your hind leg and sit down on it and listen to your Uncle preach a few toots. Boys, I can preach against likker and do it with a clear conscience, because I practice what I preach. I am 31 years old and getting older every day, and I can truthfully say that not one drop of your infernal red-eye has ever had the privilege of gurgling down my dumplin-path. I don't have any idea how the nasty stuff tastes, and if it tastes half as bad as it makes some of you fellers act, I certainly have no desire to taste it. Some of you say it tastes good. Well, if it tasted ten thousand times better than honey and sugar and pound-cake and candy and kisses, I'll be dad-swatted if I'd make an infernal nasty, wallerin' wild beast of myself for the sake of any doggon taste. If the opening chapters of a jag are so sweet and soul-satisfying in the matter of taste, how about that taste that comes waddlin' along toward the shank end of the high lonesome? I have seen 'em come staggering home the morning after with a breath that would run a hungry dog off of a gut-wagon and a mouth that must have tasted like a buzzard-roost in hot weather. And yet just as soon as they get over the effect of one bender they go right back and tank up again—willing to repeat the whole beastly performance over and over and over just for the sake of a taste. Don't that jar your grandmammy's pickles? But, oh, some red-snouted guzzler jumps up and says he don't like the taste of the stuff, but he likes the effect—it makes him feel good. Well, buddy, it must make you feel a thunderation sight better than it makes you look. For the sake of decency, if I were in your place, I'd be willing to whack off a few joints of my good feeling and tack it onto my looks. That would sorter even things up and make you more respectable.

Why, hang-take it, fellers, if I should ever be guilty of pouring my Caucasian hide full of rot-gut likker and cutting such shines as I've seen some of your gang cut I'd be ashamed to look a sheep-killing dog in the face any more. I honestly would. But the booze-artist—does he feel ashamed? Not on your auburn whiskers, Jeems Henry. If he ever had any sense of shame it has been consumed in the liquid fire that filters down his goozle. He can wallow in the gutter for a whole week, and then spruce up on Sunday and go to church and be the biggest duck in the puddle. He can drive along the road with his honey-gal and show her his full length photograph in the mud and never blush.

I have actually heard fellows brag about being drunk, and they seemed to think it was something to be proud of. Lord have mercy on their poor, miserable, mustard-seed souls! I just wish they could see themselves thru the eyes of a decent sober man for about five minutes.

Now listen, you old booze-barrels, you! If you are just hell-bent on being a hog anyhow, why in the name of sense don't you get down on your all-fours and pray God to give you forked hoofs, so you can be a hog right?

THE FO
THE TRUTH
MUZZLE POLICY?

MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, MARCH, 1911. NO. 3.

[illegible]RSHIP.

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Let him [illegible] into million-dollar
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[illegible] that fellow, sonny,
And [illegible] observe that money
Is [illegible] substitute for
brains.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

◆

[illegible] subscriber up in Northern Virginia [illegible] me and wants to know if [illegible] the election of United States Senators by the direct vote of the people. No, Mister, I'm not in favor of electing them that way nor any other way. We ain't got one particle of use for that pestiferous pack of pot-[illegible] plutocrats loafing around up there and representing only the interests of Wall Street, the Morganheims and the Carnefellers. It would pay us a blamed sight better to abolish the entire "Upper House," as we call it, and rent out the North end of the Capitol for a Chinese laundry.

A SERMON ON LOVE.

TEXT:—"In the spring the young man's fancy turns to thoughts of Sally Ann."

Yes, children, that's what Tennyson says, and I reckon Tennyson knows what he is talking about.

I looked out toward the east this morning and saw Spring coming over the hill with a rose in her hair and a smile on her face that would melt a polar iceberg.

And that reminded me that if I had anything to say to the tender-hearted lads and lassies I had better say it now—better take the young things by the hand in a fatherly sort of way and give them some advice before it is too late.

Spring, with all her far-famed loveliness and beauty, is a dangerous proposition. She is the queen of all the sirens and the mammy of broken hearts. Her smile is a snare and a delusion, and danger lurks in her song. When the fatal virus of Spring gets to galloping around in a young fellow's blood—better look out! There is going to be the devil to pay pretty soon. Ten times out of nine the stuff will settle around the fellow's heart and cause him to act worse than a love-sick gander at a poultry-show. Especially is this the case if there happens to be a pretty girl somewhere in sight.

Here is a reliable formula for making a love-sick fool: Take two parts gentle spring, one part gosling boy and one part pretty girl; mix, and set out in the moonlight. That's all. It will make one fool certain, and often makes two.

But I wouldn't advise you young 'uns to try the experiment. It's dangerous. Love-sickness is a terrible disease, but there are three cures for it—time, death and matrimony. Take your choice. If you can't get your choice, take something else. One thing is as good as another, and a blamed sight better.

Love is sorter like the itch—more folks have had it than are willing to own up to it. But if you have never swallowed the love-germ and felt its toe-nails digging holes in your gizzard, you'd better not want it.

And this is the time of year, my dear goslings, that you want to be careful. Spring will be here in about three winks of a rooster's eye, and when the Easter dresses come out to sun themselves, and the Easter hats are in full bloom—then if you don't want to get that awful disease called Love, you had better shut your eyes, plug up your ears and hold your heart with both hands.

THE EDITOR'S WIFE AGAIN.

Most of you remember the little "speil" over my name a few months ago, accompanied by a picture of myself, asking you all to push The Fool-Killer "for my sake." Well, I want to tell you the results. A few sent in clubs on the strength of it; one man wrote that I should not have printed such a healthy looking picture if I wished to gain people's sympathy; another man was heard to remark that it was all a "ruse" to get money; and another man (from another state) called at our office to see if I had told the truth. These are cases that have come to my knowledge, and goodness knows there might have been much more incredulity.

The idea! As if I would have put up such a story if it had not been true! As bad as I want money, I would not stoop to lying for it. Yes, I DO want money—because at present I need it awful bad—and though I will confess that the principal reason I wrote the article was the hope that it would bring in more money, I do not feel it was a "ruse to make money." I did not ask for charity, as I knew full well that every subscriber would get more than his money's worth in return. I do not want any one's "charity," and any of you are welcome to come and see whether our conditions are as I told them. My face might fool you, as my ill health shows very little in my face, but if you could hear me cough and wheeze and struggle for breath you might think I told the truth. Anyway, I'm thinking a lot of you would think you were dying if you had to have such spells as I've suffered.

As to the home I spoke of, if you could see us "camping" in the rear end of a dusty printing office, you might think that I had occasion to wish that The Fool-Killer would grow by leaps and bounds for a few months at least. It is our only means of income, and certainly honest and honorable, although its rough style is not exactly in harmony with my aesthetic and spiritual nature. Consequently I know that it all depends on the receipts from the paper as to when I will get the home I have dreamed of and waited for a long time. In my condition it is positively important that I get out of the dusty close quarters I now occupy, and I hope the time will not be long. As soon as warm weather comes I'm going to get out, even if I have to live in a tent.

I've done my part toward building the home, as I have designed about 25 different original house plans this winter. I finally got one to suit my "notion" as well as my needs, and it's a dandy little cottage, too. It will have an open-air porch room where I will live most of the time during the day and sleep at night, thus enabling me to get well by means of plenty of air and sunshine. When any of you want to build a new house, just write for some of my plans! They are strictly original, and no flies on them, either. Though if you are rich and want a great big fine house you needn't send for them.

So we expect to start up the framing in the spring, and then finish up the house just as fast as The Fool-Killer will permit. Although the little paper has far exceeded our hopes when we first launched it, yet if it does not grow still faster in the next few months, I'm afraid the new home will not be far enough along to be comfortable next winter.

I naturally feel a personal gratitude to every one of you who have sent and will send us subscriptions, but please remember I have not written this to "work on your sympathy," but to vindicate myself from the charge of having circulated a falsehood as a "ruse to make money."

Yours sincerely,
CORA PEARSON.

HELLO, WHIFFLEDICK!

The following putrid package has just been delivered to me from some low-down, lousy, lop-livered larrupin' lunk-head who is too much of a measley coward to give his name and postoffice address. The mess was written with a dull lead pencil in a very ignorant, straggling sort of hand. Not knowing the rascal's real name, I am going to call him "Whiffledick," just for the sake of a handle to pick him up by. Now listen:

"Too the editur of the fool killer sur i rite this letter too caul you down a little. you seam too think you air orful smart, buttin in Aboute what aint none of yore Bisness. i seen a peece in one of yore isshews what sed terbacker and snuff wos nasty. Now lookee here mister editur i have chawed terbacker all my life and my ole womern she dips, and we air both as clean as you air. and i seen what you throwed off on sum of our high offishuls, callin them ole rascals, plugs and sich like. You and your little ole paper ort too be run out of the country. now mister fool killer i gues this letter will cook your dumplin so good by."

Law sakes, Whiffledick! And you thought you'd call me down a little, did you? Dog-bite your rotten skin, you'd have to call me down a long distance before I'd be down on your level. And, besides that, I absolutely refuse to be called down to any such a depth of moral depravity as the plane of life you occupy. You need not have told me that you chawed and your old woman dipped. I knew it. There was enough ambear on your letter to kill a dozen of the toughest old Tom-cats in the state. If I would print your copy of The Fool-Killer on a tobacco leaf and throw in a bale of snuff as a supplement, I guess you and your old woman would subscribe for a hundred years in advance. You are a pretty looking old drippy-chinned rascal to be trying to "call me down." I'll bet you ain't washed your face nor put on a clean shirt in six months. A plunge-bath in a hog-wallow would improve your smell, you rotten old reprobate you. And yet you have the gall to come ranting around here and trying to tell The Fool-Killer what its duty is.

Hold on there, Whiffledick! I thought I was done with you, but I ain't. What "high officials" is it that have hired you to defend their records against the attacks of The Fool-Killer? It strikes me that any official who has to depend on you for protection had just as well throw up his hands and surrender. And let me just whisper this fact into your wooly old ear: A "high official" is no more in my sight than any other common fellow. If he behaves himself and does his duty I will not pester him; but if he goes crooked I'll biff him just as quick as I would a one-gallus rail-splitter. Now tote your freight, Mr. Whiffledick, and if I ever have to give you another skinning you won't get off as easy as you have this time.

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

THE LAW OF THE EARTH.

Life for life is the law of the earth;
Death for death is the price we pay;
Battle and bleed from the hour of birth
Back to the arms of the primal clay.

Only the seed that falls and dies
Lives again in the tender plant;
And the blood of a thousand murders cries
Through every life that the heavens grant.

The atom dies that the worm may live,
And the worm must die for the fowl to feast;
And the fowl, ere long, its life must give
To prolong the life of the hungry beast.

And then we follow the winding way,
With life and death in the mingled plan,
Till the beast his head on the block must lay
To feed the life of his master, man.

The soldiers march to the roll of drums,
And many a battle is bravely planned,
And the fight goes on till the finish comes,
And men must fall that the state may stand.

And, oh, how transient is the state!
For kingdoms crumble like the clod,
And all our works that seem so great
Are play-things in the hands of God.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

HELEN—HIGHWATER!

Sarn my skin if it don't beat bobtail! Now just think—there have been pink-colored duds on the markets of this old world ever since Heck was a pup. Many of the common cusses, and a few of the uncommon cusses, have paddled around in pink to their heart's content. But it wasn't any use. They couldn't get the fashion world set on fire. The dinky-dee darlings of fashion's four hundred were as blind as bats and could not discover that pink was "purty" until one day when Miss Helen Honey-Bunch Taft, that great, strappin' she-male offspring of Big Bill, jumped head foremost into a pink hobble-skirt and went waddling about over the ballroom carpets of Washington Town like an over-grown spring pullet with her legs tangled in a hank of stockin' yarn.

And then, bless your soul, there was something doing in the fashion world. It suddenly dawned on the gay and giddy bunch that pink was THE thing and in about three shakes of a sheep's tail every high-kickin' hussy in all the rotten realm of Snobdom had made a raid on the drygoods stores, and came forth harnessed and hobbled and bibbed and tuckered in a complete outfit of the wonderful "Helen pink."

Helen pink! Helen Highwater! Also Helen Blazes! Such a drivelling display of fashion's flunkified foolism is enough to make a smile play over the face of a wooden Indian, or tickle the funny bone of a brass nigger. Pink dresses ain't one doggon bit prettier than they have always been. Years before Helen Taft was ever thought of a pink dud was just a pink dud, and that's all it is now. But they had to wait and let her set the fashion, because she is the pampered progeny of a pot-bellied president.

I can remember the time when it was "Alice blue" this and "Alice blue" that, and all because the daughter of Ted the Terrible had an old blue frock. But those days have passed. "Alice blue" has gone into oblivion, along with the sweet-scented cigarettes that Alice used to smoke. We are now living in the pink age and under the reign of the pink petticoat. Everything must conform to the prevailing color. The dudes must wear pink breeches, chaw pink terbacker, and kill enough booze to paint their noses the same beautiful Helen pink. If you want to be the pink of perfection in society circles these days you must dike yourself out in pink all over—even your teeth and the white of your eyes must be Helen pink. Among the dog-loving degenerates of fashion's realm pink poodles are all the go. If some second Luther Burbank will rise up and go to breeding pink dogs he would soon have John Rocky faded to a pale shade of pink.

Next thing we know they will be sending a gang of painters scootin' up Jacob's ladder to change the blue sky to Helen pink. And after this great earthly fashion show is over and done, and the returns come in and the votes are counted, the fanatical fashion fools will take the elevator down and get acquainted with Helen Blazes.

It is lots easier to raise belly than brains.

Money makes a move, and the devil seconds the motion.

"Truth crushed to earth" has to get up by itself, but a lie always has help.

You can get justice in our courts—if you have enough money to pay for it.

This has grown to be a country of the millionaires, by the millionaires, and for the millionaires. If it ain't so the devil's a witch.

They say there is a "Total Abstinence Club" in Congress. I'll bet it ain't got more than one member, and he don't meet once in ten years.

Do you reckon they'll charge a-body house rent in heaven? If not, where in the gee-whiz do the big stuck-up churches get their authority for charging pew rent?

A little retrospection once in a while may be a good thing, but it don't pay to look back over the past too much. Remember what happened to Mrs. John W. Lot, of Sodom, for looking back.

If you will take a copy of Webster's Dictionary and chop it up fine with a feed-cutter, and then spread the stuff out on a plank and try to read it, you can get as much sense out of it as you can out of the ordinary "legal paper" fixed up by a gang of lawyers.

WE BUY NAMES

Send 30 cts and the names and addresses of thirty heads of families to The National Directory, Moravian Falls, N. C., and we will mail you for your trouble a high grade Masterman Fountain Pen. This pen would cost you $2.00 at a retail store anywhere.

"CASTLE GATES."

By James Larkin Pearson.

The above is the title of a little Book of Poems by your humble servant. My spare moments for the past 15 years have been spent in writing the book. I also printed it and bound it in cloth with my own hands. The book has 108 pages, and contains 93 poems, all of which are said to be very good. Price 50 cents, postpaid.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON,
Moravian Falls, N. C.

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The Famous Rascal Killer of the Age. Every shot hits the center of the blackness of all social and political sins and shams. Every chamber loaded with fire and brimstone, and shot off monthly for 15 cents a year.

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MILK AND MUSIC.

Do Ra Me (So, there Brindle!) Fa Sol La (Back your leg, you old fool you!) Tee Do Ra, wheedledum, tweedledum, boom-de-a!

Now, by the beard of the sacred prophet and the Big Bear's Foot, if I ain't discovered Cow-Heaven I don't want your money. And the story goes like this:

Up in Illinois, near Shecawgo, there lives a guy named Reedy, who owns and operates a milk-and-butter joint. This fellow Reedy is some sort of an editor, too, I believe, but he has grown tired of the office and now sleeps in the barn among the cows. For several months Reedy has been giving his entire time and attention to the cow business—studying the manners, customs and requirements of the cow—and he has just leaped into fame with a great discovery. He has discovered that a cow needs music. The story is told in Reedy's own words in a recent issue of his paper, as follows:

"I found that on several occasions when there was a small boy loafing about the barn and playing a Jews-harp while the cows were being milked, the animals gave down more freely and the butter fat was greater. The cows stood stiller and did not kick over the pails. I called on my neighbor, Oscar H. Bollmann, stated the case to him and had him install in the barn a fine Mason & Hamlin piano, with player attachment. A 'professor' was hired, and now there are two concerts daily at the Clonmel Dairy barn, at the milking hours.

The yield of the nineteen Jerseys and six Holsteins has, since the installation of music, reached an amount equivalent to that of at least thirty animals milked without the musical accompaniment. There is no mistake whatever about these facts. Melody has a certain softening influence that promotes the giving forth of the milk secretion. It soothes the cows and makes them more easily milkable. Many dairy experts have visited the musical cow-barn and have been convinced that I have made a great discovery. This discovery I am going to follow out further. I am going to have vocal concerts for the Clonmel herd. Mr. Joseph Buse and Mr. George Ravold have agreed to sing for us at the barn on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and I have invited Mr. William Jennings Bryan to make a speech there. Mr. Roosevelt I have not invited. I tried a Victrola record of one of his efforts upon the lowing kine one evening and a little cross-eyed cow came pretty near jumping through the roof."

Oh, glory halleluyer whoop em up and poppit tu em liza jane. That is the immortal truck. It simply takes the cake and sops the skillet. Now when old Pide begins to go dry you'll know what to do—just move the piano to the barn and put it to work. And if that don't fetch her to her milk, go and hire a nigger camp meeting and a brass band. If she still refuses to ante up, then open a Chaw-talk-wa Circle in the barn lot and a lecture hall in the hay loft. A cow that wouldn't do her level best under such circumstances ought to be taken out and shot with a load of scrap-iron and then fed to the buzzards.

The world should lift its plug hat to this man Reedy. Dogged if it ain't so. He is another of the world's wizards. He has made it possible to take an old hollow-sided plug of a cow that wouldn't give a pint of blue-john in three weeks, give the old sway-backed beast a first-class musical education, and make her give six gallons a day, already churned and the butter took up and salted. And with a little more musical training I guess a cow could be taught to squat down over a tub and pour the milk out of herself without the trouble of tugging it out by hand.

DOCTOR MARY IS PLEASED.

I saw a picture of Doctor Mary Walker in a paper t'other day, and the old gal was wearing a brand new smile about sixteen feet broad. You know Doctor Mary is the original breeches woman—she has always worn 'em and refuses to wear any other kind of leg-covering. In the picture I speak of she was standing there looking like a little sawed-off man with an old woman's head on. And the 20-horsepower smile that covered her features and reached out for several feet all around was caused by reading in a fashion journal the statement that all women are now going to wear breeches.

Mary has been trying all her life to bring about this "reform" in feminine dress, but the women wouldn't grab on worth a cent. But now when old Miss Paris stamps her fine French foot and yells "Breeches!" you bet they tumble to the racket in short order. No humming and hawing in the case. The women must all have breeches this next summer even if the men have to go in their shirt-tails.

And all this is very pleasing to Doctor Mary—she feels sorter vindicated, as it were. She started the fashion about sixty years ago, and the world is just now catching up with her. Three cheers for Doctor Mary, consarn her old whit-leather hide!

◆

One of the worst things that could happen to Socialism is for it to be espoused and advocated by such foul-mouthed, atheistic and disreputable rakes as old Dick Maple, of the National Rip-Saw. Old Dick don't believe there is any God, any Devil or any future existence, and the old rattletrap is doing his infernalest to get his personal views along these lines taught as the foundation principles of Socialism. If Socialism wants to make any progress among decent people it will have to cut loose from Old Dick and all of his wild-eyed infidel gang.

◆

The Legislature of North Carolina passed a resolution of sympathy for "Old Booze and all his family." Old Booze sure needs it—and I'd want some sympathy, too, if I had to go galloping down the red guzzles of such a set of jack-leg legislators as that.

THE PARK [illegible]

And so the famous Appalachian Park bill has become a law! Well, so much for that. I sorter think it's a good thing, so far as it goes, and I have been in favor of it all along. The great virgin forests of this mountain section ought to be protected from the ravages of the fool saw-mill gangs who care for nothing only to cut and slash and saw and drag out, leaving the country stripped and destitute and at the mercy of wind and flood. Cutting out the forests has changed our climate and injured our land more than the people have any idea. And so I'm glad that Uncle Sam is going to take a hand and put a stop to some of this foolish waste.

But, boys, as sure as a dog has fleas, there is another side to this "Conservation" question. If Uncle Sam is right plum bad off to do something that needs doing, why in the name of Adam's Mother-in-law don't he pitch in and do a little "conserving" among the poor down-trodden people of this rotten old republic? Why don't he roll his optics up and down the land and see if there ain't something besides the trees that ought to be looked after? The old booger would find hundreds of thousands of poor, poverty-stricken people, hungry, sick, and disheartened, fighting a desperate battle for bare existence, and being crushed to death under the wheels of this plutocratic Juggernaut that we call a "free government." You haven't heard Uncle Sam say anything about trying to relieve these terrible conditions, have you? No, not nary whimper. I reckon the old scrubby trees out in the mountains are of more value than the people. Sam can afford to buy up the mountains, put a government fence around 'em and start a rattlesnake ranch, but he ain't got any time nor money to waste in trying to better the conditions and lighten the burdens of the struggling masses. The idea has wiggled itself into Sam's old cocoanut that it will be a jim-dandy investment to spend a few million dollars for ground-hog holes and bear dens; but to save his sole-leather gizzard he can't see any profit in giving the common people a living chance—helping and teaching them to get better homes, better schools and better sanitary conditions. No-sir-ee! Sam don't see any sense in that. If a poor man gets sick and is not able to pay for medical attention—well, he don't get it—that's all. But if some old tree in the back mountains gets a hollow place in it, they wire for the government tree doctor, and he comes on a special train and doctors the dear old tree. Maybe there's a dozen poor humans in the coves of that same mountain dying with consumption, but I have noticed that the government doctors and trained nurses are not thick enough around those cabins to be in the way. Why is it so? Oh, simply because a mere human being is not worth as much as a tree.

Now, fellers, all I've got to say [illegible] has got so all-fired [illegible] to blow in on "conservation," I think he could find plenty of objects that need his attention a thunderation sight worse than the old scrubby trees of the Appalachian Mountains do.

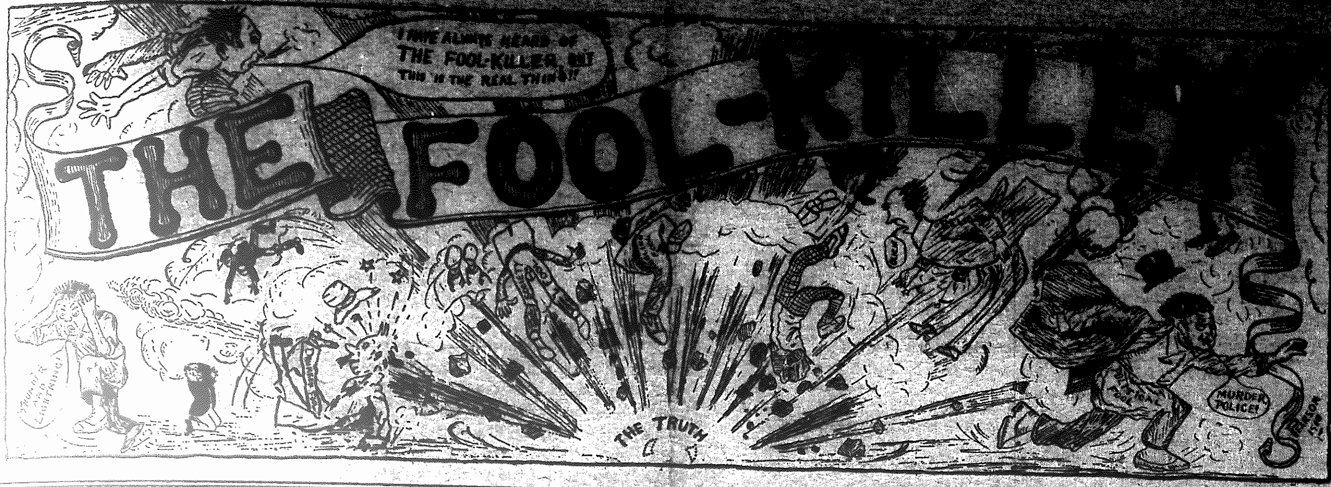
A SERMON ON LAND HOGS.

The Fool-Killer is going to swing its journalistic billy around a few times and fetch it down—kerbim!—on the tough old noggin of the land hog. Do you know what a land hog is? If you don't, I can purty quick tell you. A land hog is any old son-of-a-gun made in human form who wants to hog up the entire township—wants to own and control a hundred times more of God's dirt than he's got any earthly use for. The land hog has oodlins of money, and he slaves day and night for more. And every cent he gets goes to buy more land. The old hog has heard somebody say that real estate is a safe investment, and he thinks he is powerful wise and smart if he can get a deed to a whole county.

And so he hogs and hogs, and just keeps on hogging, and his hoggish greed for more land is never satisfied. He thinks about nothing but land in the day time and dreams about land at night, until the old fool is plum land-crazy. He buys every foot of dirt that can be bought, pays tax on it and lets it lie idle, when there are dozens of poor families living around him who need that land to make a living on. The old hog can't cultivate so much land himself, and if he rents it out he wants the renter to furnish everything, do all the work, and get nothing.

If the land hog had any human principle about him he'd sell out his surplus land in small tracts to the poor families and give them a chance to pay for it and have homes of their own. But does he do it? Well, I guess not. He prefers to strut around and pose as a great "land-lord" and hold other people's noses to the grindstone. The under dogs have to just scratch around in the fence corners and on the steep mountain side among the rocks in order to pick up a little bite to eat, while the great land hog has thousands of acres of good level land lying idle and doing nobody any good. He is like the dog in the manger, that couldn't eat the hay himself and wouldn't let anything else eat it.

If we had a law-making body that was worth shucks it would be unlawful for any man to own more land than he has any use for. The land hog regards himself as a very important personage, but in the eyes of a just God he is only a seeded wart on the heel of civilization, and lower down than a four-legged swine. Let every honest and upright man own a little land—if he wants it—and let no rotten-hearted, miserly human hog own more than he needs. That's the way I preach it, and so ends this sermon.


I HAVE ALWAYS HEARD OF THE FOOL-KILLER, BUT THIS IS THE REAL THING!!
THE FOOL-KILLER
THE TRUTH
MURDER POLICE!

VOL. II. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, APRIL, 1911. NO. 4.

THE SUFFRAGETTE.

She stands in regal splendor—
The woman of to-day—
The queen of home, and likewise
Of regions far away.

She looks upon the failures
That boastful man has made
In every line of business
And every field of trade.

And then she presses forward
And opens every door
That had been barred against her—
And this the men deplore.

In every field of action,
No matter where or when,
She takes the gage of battle
And wins against the men.

The home is hers supremely,
And there she'll ever shine,
But woman is no longer
A helpless, clinging vine.

The star of hope is rising
Along the social skies;
She reads its faithful message
With calm, far-seeing eyes.

She'll vote against the bar-room,
The brothel and the den,
Where virtue falls a victim
To lust of wicked men.

Shut up, you fogy cowards
Who sound the warning note—
Who think it would be fatal
To let the women vote.

You sing the praise of woman
In home's enchanted realm;
Why fear ye for the nation
With woman at the helm?

So here's to Woman Suffrage
And all it may denote;
Bring on your snow-white ballots
And let the women vote.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

◆

RATS, HAIRPINS AND STORE TEETH.

O-my-o! He-haw! Yum! Here it is! Two fair damsels of Providence, Rhode Island, recently inserted their lily-white fistlets into boxing gloves and waded into each other to settle the question as to which one should have a certain young dude that both of the gentle wildcats were smashed on.

Don't know what I'd do if I were in the young man's place, but it seems to me he's in hard luck no matter which gets him. After the sugar coat wears off of the honeymoon, suppose she takes a notion to practice her pugilistic powers on poor little hubby, what could he do? In the hands of a wife like that he wouldn't be any more than a dry leaf in a whirlwind.

PEARSON PLUS PRINTER'S INK.

Boys, there is only one of me. I can only be in one place at a time. But The Fool-Killer is a multiplied edition of myself, and it can be present in many places at once. It can go wherever the mails go, and it can talk better than I could talk if I were there in person.

The printing press is a great machine. It enables a man to multiply himself and send himself out over the world. Thus he is able to form a much larger circle of acquaintances than he could otherwise do. If a man has something important to say and can only talk by word of mouth, his field of usefulness is necessarily limited. But if he takes advantage of the printing press and multiplies his thoughts on paper he can send his personality to the ends of the earth and make friends with people who will never see him in the flesh. I want to inject my own individuality into the columns of The Fool-Killer to such an extent that my readers everywhere can feel that old Pearson himself is talking to them from the printed page.

And to you, dear readers—you who have already stuck your feet under my literary table and feasted your center of sensation on my intellectual cookin'—to you I must look for help in getting myself introduced among strangers. Every one of my more than ten thousand readers knows hundreds of people that I don't know. If you will introduce me to all the folks you know, and the other fellow will introduce me to all the folks he knows, I will soon know most everybody and most everybody will know me. And when I get everybody acquainted with this multiplied edition of myself—The Fool-Killer—then I will be able to do some talking worth listening to. Every new subscriber means a little more money, and the more money I get the sassier I can talk.

◆

A man who never tries to sing at any other time will crack away at it when he gets into a picnic wagon.

◆

The Pappy of Rome is fixing to ride this country to the devil pretty soon. He has done got us bridled and saddled, and just the other day he tightened up the belly-band one more notch by electing a Roman Catholic United States Senator from New York.

COULDN'T GET IT.

In last issue of The Fool-Killer I promised to print a picture of my ugly self in this issue—if I could get one to print. Well, I tried three different times, but the camera couldn't stand it. The last one I tried exploded and blew the photographer straight up through the sky-light and he hit the ground a-running and hasn't been heard of since. But the neighbors say it is still raining heel-taps and broken glass around there.

Whenever I can muster up the nerve to tackle another photographer I will try again. You shall have that picture if I have to stand in front of the looking-glass and draw it with a fire coal.

◆

DON'T TAX THE BACHELOR.

Some rose-comb rooster recently writ me a ream of rot in which he implored me to turn my biggest guns on the Old Bachelors and give them a blistering bounce. But I ain't a-goin' to do it, nary step I ain't. Instead of that, I am going to hang this modern Haman with the same rope that he wanted me to hang the Old Bachelors with.

The unreasonable cuss wanted me to advocate a bachelor tax, making the poor old bachelors pay a tax of ten dollars a year on their misery.

Now, dearly beloved, I suspect there are two kinds of bachelors—those who want to be bachelors and those who don't. I might take a notion to vote for a tax on those who want to be bachelors—those who have had plenty of chances to escape bachelorhood and wouldn't take advantage of them—but the poor fellow who tries his infernalest to get a woman and can't—for him I have no feeling but pity. You can blame the men for being bachelors all you please, but in most cases they are not to blame. The women are getting so doggon independent these days that a fellow has got to fish with mighty tempting bait if he catches one.

Let a man fall head over heels in love; let him write spring poetry and love letters; let him lose four nights a week sitting up with the dear thing; let him be just as big a fool as the average love-sick fool ever gets to be; and then let the dear thing trot off and marry some other pair of breeches. Do you think the fellow who got left ought to be taxed? I don't. Of course it might have been the best thing that ever happened to him, but you couldn't make him see it that way to save your life. The poor fellow has built dream castles; he has imagined for himself all the happiness that his heart could hold; and then he has seen the dream go all to smash, like a rose-bud when a cow steps on it. The "cottage for two" dwindles down to a bachelor's bedroom with no fire-place and not half enough cover. He has to sew on his own buttons and darn his own socks, and if he "darns" a few other things in the time of it, we know very well there's a reason.

At least half the bachelors would rather be husbands, but they can't—the poor fellows don't have any chance. They somehow miss the combination to the matrimonial game. They can't get the kind of women they want, and the kind they could get the devil wouldn't have. And so they have to back up into the shalves of bachelorhood and singlefoot it down the path of life to the tune of "What Is Home Without a Petticoat A-Hangin' On a Nail?"

Tax the bachelors? Nit. Tax the pumpkin because it ain't a watermelon. Tax a blind man because he can't see. But for the Lord's sake don't put any more burdens on the bachelor. He is miserable enough as it is.

P. S.—I am not a bachelor.

◆

Two things that look mighty awkward—a woman harnessing a horse, and a man dressing a baby.

◆

Those who think Taft's administration is "colorless" had better look again. But maybe them niggers have turned white since he appointed them.

◆

"Every son-of-a-gun of us suckers ought to fall headlong on our stomachs three times a day and thank God that wind, water and salvation are free, if nothing else is."—The Square Deal. The above sounds very strange coming from an editor who has repeatedly expressed his disbelief in any God and who has put himself down as a disciple of old Bob Ingersoll. Down deep in their heathenish hearts these Smart Aleck infidels don't believe their rotten lies. If they do, what in the mischief makes them stagger off onto expressions like the above—expressions that give the direct lie to their creed?

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

IDIOTORIALS

"Maneuver" is the word.

◆

Tom Watson thinks Booker was drunk.

◆

A woman is as old as she looks before breakfast.

◆

Truth is mighty—that is, it's mighty doggon scarce these days.

◆

Maybe Hitchcock had better put a tax on newspaper scareheads.

◆

The more worthless a man is, the more fish he can catch.

◆

All nations go armed—but they won't let their citizens do it.

◆

Champ Clark is now Editor-in-Chief of the Congressional Record.

◆

The new Democratic Congress is on the fence, and the fence is afire.

◆

Music uplifts me, but I drop back again as soon as the music is over.

◆

Every day thousands of people exclaim, "I can't stand it!" But they do.

◆

If I were a woman, I don't believe I ever saw a man that I'd marry.

◆

A man can feel in his pocket any time and bring out a little ball of fuzz.

◆

It takes money to grease this machine. Can't you grease it a little?

◆

If the women had plenty of money, how well they could get along without men!

◆

I recently saw a list of things that people should not do. I do every one of them.

◆

A hookworm passed my office going north yesterday. It must be that Spring has arriv.

◆

Helen Pink has succeeded Alice Blue, but Hetty Green is still on the job.

◆

Every town has a few men who take pleasure in running after other men's—hats when they blow off.

◆

It is better for a fellow to have one sweetheart and get her than to have a dozen or so and not land any of them.

◆

Senator Buffalo Bill! I hate like the mischief to see Bill falling into such bad habits in his old age.

◆

For every man who gets without earning, some other man has got to earn without getting. You can't rub that out.

◆

If all that Sweet William Lorimer said in his own defense was true, there ain't no dickens if he oughtn't to have been a preacher.

◆

A western preacher pokes up his head and wants to know if a gentleman will tell a lie for a dime. I wonder if that's all he charges?

◆

Half an inch, half an inch,
  Half an inch onward,
Hampered by hobbleskirts,
  Hopped the "Four Hundred."

◆

What has become of the Republican papers that used to refer to Grover Cleveland as "Old Fatty?" Now that they've got an "Old Fatty" of their own it ain't so funny.

A SERMON ON CARD PLAYING.

Jeeminy crickets! Maybe you thought I wouldn't jump a-straddle of society's pet sin and ride it a-bug-huntin'. Well, you'll see. During my thirty years of knocking about here in this old sinful world I have been an unwilling eye-witness to a good many kinds of club-footed cussedness; but my peepers have never penetrated into the hiding place of a more useless and senseless and devil-inspired business than this infernal card-playing habit.

When I see a gang of boozy-breathed bummers gathered around an old dirty table or goods-box; when I see the cigar and cigarette smoke curling above their heads like an old woman burning a plant-bed, and strong enough to stifle a polecat, I can always guess what they are doing. They have got a bunch of old greasy pasteboards that look like they had been used for shipping-tags to send a nigger baby's laundry to hell and back. It's a sight to see them double up over those old nasty cards and smoke and cuss and play. One feller grabs up the bunch and flips off little bunches to the other fellers. Then they all pick up their bunches and look at them and say "Dam" and throw them down again. They keep that up for hours and hours, and it seems to be awful interesting. But the only effect such a performance ever had on me was to fill me with an unspeakable disgust and a profound pity for such a set of infernal fools. I would hate to be that hard pushed for enjoyment, and I would hate to be so low down that I could get enjoyment out of that kind of a game. I would rather be a hound pup and spin around like a pair of winding-blades trying to catch my own tail. I would rather stand out in the sunshine all day and admire my shadow. For real enjoyment I would rather spend my time sticking my finger in a tub of water and pulling it out and looking for the hole. I would rather do most any fool thing you could mention than to be a poor, miserable, low down, besotted, devil-possessed and God-forsaken card player.

When a card player starts into the business, he usually plays "just for fun"—although where the fun comes in at is a nut that I can't crack. But of course the old devil has got some kind of an attraction hidden among those old greasy cards, and when he gets a fellow started to "playing for fun" he soon has the poor fool graduated into the betting and gambling class, where fortunes come and go with the flip of a card and where guns and butcher-knives abound.

Old Satan is the champion card player of the universe, and he always holds a full hand. He has introduced into society and the church a number of new and "respectable" card games. They have high-sounding names and look so innocent that high-toned society just falls over itself to give them a hearty welcome. The new-fashioned "mammas" of good old Israel just can't manage to raise money for the heathen any more without a card party or a gambling game at the church, and the daughters of Zion prance around among the devil's old stud-hosses till they tear all the lace off of their new Sunday petticoats. Starting with the lessons learned at the church social, it is an easy matter for the young [illegible] to get them a deck of the "old reliable" and go on to the limit, perhaps winding up with a hemp neck-tie or a zebra suit.

When it comes to playing cards, I don't know "seven up" from thirteen down in the cellar, and if a man should offer to learn me I'd knock him down and stomp him.

CONSISTENCY, THY NAME IS MUD.

Here is a world.

People in it.

Smart people.

Great armies.

Great navies.

Millions spent on these armies and navies every year, and their only object is to kill folks.

People say it's right and necessary that folks should be killed that way.

Just a pleasant pastime that the nations have.

And the people like it.

Jolly good fun, they say.

So they prepare for the music.

It comes.

War—people mangled and slain.

That's what they wanted.

But when the machinery of war gets to working right good, and everybody ought to be perfectly happy—what happens?

Why, bless your soul, they begin to yell for the Florence Nightingales and the Clara Bartons to come with their soft hands and their ointments and tie up the wounded limbs and bathe the fevered brows.

Wanted the men killed.

Sent them to war for that purpose.

But when there was a good prospect of getting it done, wanted them nursed back to life again.

So as to have them shot to death some more, and then nursed back to life some more.

Using the poor fellows for foot-balls and kicking them back and forth between life and death.

If it's a soldier's business to die, why don't they let him do it?

And if they don't want him to die, what do they send him to war for?

The army officers and the hospital nurses work directly against each other—one trying to kill men and the other trying to keep them alive. And yet the same set of fools are behind both enterprises and just working against themselves as hard as they can.

I can admire the army hospital nurse—the gentle hand that brings relief and comfort to the wounded and suffering.

But when it comes to admiring the business and the men that make the army hospitals necessary, my admiring machine gets out of fix. My eyesight isn't fine enough to see the consistency or the business sense in running two trades that offset or cancel each other.

Yes, poor old Consistency, you have done been counted out of the affairs of this world. Your name is Mud.

◆

Roastology, boilology, stitchology, darnology, patchology, and general domesticology, are some of the sciences that every girl ought to graduate in.

◆

A harem breeches woman met an automobile in the road, and the poor old machine jumped astraddle of a barbed wire fence and spewed gasoline and chain links for two hours.

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

A MESSAGE FROM BILL JIM.

Last September I told you in these columns about the death of Professor Bill Jim, of Harvard University, and how he was expected to send a message back from the Other Side.

Well, Bill Jim has done it.

Up Boston way they are getting messages from him most every day. Most of the messages, so far, have come through M. S. Ayer, owner and operator of the Ayer Spiritual Temple, of Boston.

The idea struck me all at once that maybe I could get a message from Bill Jim to print in The Fool-Killer, since he seemed to be handing them around pretty freely.

So I set my wireless bird-trap on the key of C, and then hid behind the bureau to see what would happen. It wasn't long till I heard a noise that sounded sorter like frying sow-belly on an oil-stove. I waited till the noise hushed. Then I opened up my wireless bird-trap, and sure enough I had caught it. There was the message all right, with its Sunday clothes on and a bo-kay in its buttonhole. Bill Jim had written the message on a sheet of moonshine with his new spiritual fountain pen and sent it by registered freight. It was written in an unknown tongue, but by standing on my head and looking straight through myself I made out to read it. Here is a true copy of the message, pulled out of the original Dead Language with a pair of tweezers and transmografied into the Queen's English:

Over There, Apr. 1, 1911.

Mr. Fool-Killer,
Moravian Falls, N. C.

Dear Old Pard:

It seems like old times to be writing you a letter. It recalls the good old days when you used to lecture to my class at Harvard. I'll never forget that time you lectured on "The Paradise of Fools." Did you know Bob Taylor stole that lecture from you and delivered it all over the country?

Since I shed my mortal hull back there in Boston and took up camp over here in the Spirit World I have been sorter mixed up. Didn't find things over here exactly like I expected to find them. In fact, I am not quite sure I got to the place I was aiming to stop at. When I left Boston I told them I wanted to go to heaven, but I think they must have put me on the wrong train. I haven't seen any golden streets yet, nor any angels, and I haven't heard a harp since I got here. I can't say that I am exactly happy. I feel more keenly alive than I did on earth, but I miss my old body a good deal. My eye-sight isn't any too good, and it is an awful bother not to have any nose to hang my spex on. And I miss all those good things I had to eat when I lived in Boston. I haven't any appetite now, and no place to put one if I had it. Sometimes when I try to lecture to the spirits it seems mighty awkward not to have any arms to gesture with. But the people who have been here a long time say they get used to these things.

You people on earth who imagine that I have entered into a state of rest and peace are very far from the truth. I don't know whether my unhappiness is my own fault or the fault of the country I came to, but anyhow it ain't no picnic, I can tell you. Wish I knew for certain where I am at. I have seen lots of people who expected to go to heaven when they died, but they feel sorter like I do about it. They don't think this is the place. We would all be willing to make a rue bargain with old man Death and get our old hulls back if we could. I would give everything I have seen over here for one square mess of bacon and beans.

But what's the use to grieve over spilt milk? I see no chance to get back on your side of the Dark River, and so I will have to stay over here and tough it out. I am very glad, however, that Science has been able to reach her long, bony arm across the river and make connection with this side. I have organized a company over here to build a great wireless station for the sending and receiving of spirit messages. At present it is rather difficult to get a message through, but when I get my station done it will be easy enough.

But be sure you don't let the Bell Company hear about this, for of course they'd want to get control of it. The only stock-holders I want in this concern are W. T. Stead, Oliver Lodge, J. H. Hyslop, Mrs. Eddy and myself. I was talking to Mrs. Eddy about it last night. She and I are pretty thick since we came over here. We spend a good deal of time together, and we are expecting to organize a Christian Science church next Sunday.

Yours truly,
BILL JIM.

* * *

I recently feasted my lookers on a paper in which the wise editor tried to make fun of old Mr. Joshua's ignorance of astronomy. Never mind, Smarty. When that "sun standing still" business was pulled off, old Josh had done forgot more astronomy than you will ever know.

S. A. J. A.

One of the best literary societies in America is the Southern Amateur Journalists' Association. It is composed of young people of both sexes who have literary talents and ambitions, and who edit and print small papers and magazines, and write for them, just for fun. Members get a great many good papers and magazines free, and have the privilege of getting their own writings printed and commented on. All young editors and literary workers, and those ambitious to become such, should join the Southern Amateur Journalists' Association. The membership fee is small, and if you desire to do so you can pay your dues by getting up a club for The Fool-Killer. If interested, write for further particulars to:

J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.

THE IDIOT CLUB.

The Fool-Killer is no society paper, and it very seldom devotes any space to social functions. But whenever it does take a notion to saw a few tunes on the society fiddle it ain't no sardine at the business. Here is just a sample of our society dope (30 cents a yard, retail; special rates on large quantities):

Mrs. William DeWindy Smith entertained the Idiot Club at her home on Lunatic Avenue, Thursday afternoon. The house looked just about as ugly as usual. She had a lot of faded greens and artificial flowers stuck around in corners, and it was all a perfect mess. Mrs. Smith and Rev. Brown's wife received in the hall. The Brown woman had on an old rag of a green frock that made her look like she had been buried and dug up, and Mrs. Smith wore that old red waist she's had ever since before the war. The Jones girls and old man Swellhead's daughter served refreshments in the dining room, only it was Mrs. Smith's bedroom fixed up a little. The lemonade tasted like dishwater, and the icecream was half dirt.

That Swellhead girl is so dead to let folks know her old daddy's got a little money that she was a whole show window. The Jones girls were not much worse than they always are.

I do know if I couldn't fix up something to eat any better than that I'd never have the audacity to ask anybody to eat it. But Mrs. Smith never was any housekeeper, and everybody knows it.

Mrs. DeSwell Hotstuff read an essay on "The Downrightness of Straight Up." Some people can't help being fools, but it does seem like they could help unloading their foolishness on folks that can't help themselves.

They all stayed till Mrs. Smith thought she'd die before she got rid of them, and then they went away telling what a good time they all had, and began talking about what a measley affair it was before they got around the corner.

* * *

Oh, deliver us! Here in North Carolina they have already started another campaign for United States Senator. Senator, thunder! Shut your fool mouths and give us a rest.

* * *

A female fellow by the name of Ada Patterson has "writ a piece" for the New York American in which she predicts that in the near future the United States will have a woman president. I don't know about that, Ada, but if a woman president would be any improvement over the present incumbrance, I wish to goodness we had one now.

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If the instrument does not prove better value for the money than you can get anywhere else—if it is not as good an instrument as you can buy for one-third more than we ask—if at any time within a year you feel that you have not a good bargain, send it back; we won't find one word of fault with your decision, and you will not be one cent out of pocket for freight or for use of the instrument.

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and holds us strictly to this offer. You are to have the privilege of any terms of payment that you may choose. You risk nothing. We assume all responsibility, because we know all about the great beauty of material and workmanship in Cornish pianos and organs and we know all about the pure, sweet, rich tone quality of our instruments and we know what a quarter of a million satisfied purchasers think of them.

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"CASTLE GATES."

By James Larkin Pearson.

The above is the title of a little Book of Poems by your humble servant. My spare moments for the past 15 years have been spent in writing the book. I also printed it and bound it in cloth with my own hands. The book has 108 pages, and contains 93 poems, all of which are said to be very good. Price 50 cents, postpaid.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON,
Moravian Falls, N. C.

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DAFFY DEVIL DICK.

Geewhillikins, gentlemen! Have you seen the April issue of the National Rip-Saw? If you are in need of a good hearty puke you ought to get hold of a copy and read it. Doggon my skin if it don't beat anything I ever saw. Why, that old bombastic fool who calls himself Dick Maple has just crawled up on his own shoulders and turned a three-cornered summerset right smack-dab into the duck-puddle of Devilosity.

The first and second pages of the April "Rip-Saw" are taken up with a statement of the editor's "beliefs" concerning God, Heaven, Hell, Prayer, the Devil, etc. Some of the stuff is so blasphemous that I am actually afraid to repeat it, but I will give you a little smell of old Dick's "theology" on the subject of "Prayer." He says:

"Prayer, spoken prayer, makes God an idiotic simpleton, as an All-God ceases to be any kind of a God when a little pants-wearing mortal can dictate to him what he shall or shall not do; and if I have to worship that kind of a God I'll make my own God so I can control him in toto and slap his jaws and compel him to come across with the goods when I demand him to do so. I believe in thought, in meditation, in right-thinking, in right-doing; but spoken prayer, if God does answer prayer, makes of him a tool for the simple and vicious, a bribe-taker of the universe and a clumsy, awkward man-God of mankind."

Horrors! It makes my blood run cold to read such blasphemy against the Creator of the universe, written by a poor little mortal tub-o-guts who couldn't even create a June-bug to save him from the devil. He has been paralyzed a time or two—liable to drop dead in his tracks any minute—and he can't "command" the functions of his own miserable body. And yet the poor idiot has got no more sense than to throw these awful insults into the face of Omnipotence. The wonder is that God don't tie up about nine hundred strokes of paralysis in one bundle and knock old Dick clean through the back door of Eternity with it.

But that ain't all. We have learned that Old Dick don't believe there is any God, and of course if there ain't any God then our Bible is all a humbug. A God that does not exist could not have inspired men to write a Holy Bible. But what does the Rip-Saw do about that? Let's see. We turn over to the fourth page and there it seems that Old Dick feels convicted of sin and wants to sorter pacify the God that he denies by accepting the Ten Commandments. Listen:

"I declare unto you with all my heart, with all my physical being, and with my very soul afire with earnestness, deep-seated and unchangeable, that but one law—"The Ten Commandments"—should be upon the statute books of the nations of all the earth."

And then he covers the whole of page five with the Ten Commandments, set in big black type. Now don't that just lay it across anything that you ever heard tell of? Here is the Bible, a book that claims God for its Author. Dick Maple says that the Author does not exist, and that the Bible is a humbug and not what it claims to be. And yet he takes up this same Bible—this same spurious, fraudulent and unreliable Bible—and finds in it the only law that is needed to govern the world!

We are told in the Bible that God gave this Law—the Ten Commandments—to Moses on Mount Sinai. Dick Maple says it's a lie—there ain't any God, and he don't think there was any Moses. He don't know where in the Thomas H. Walker the Ten Commandments came from, but he thinks they are pretty good stuff—good enough to adorn a page of the Rip-Saw and to become the Law of the world.

Well, I do say! And suppose all other laws were repealed and Dick had to toe the mark according to the Ten Commandments, what would happen? Why, I'll bet my cotton gallusses against the Rip-Saw's office cat that Old Dick would have every last one of the Ten Commandments broken into a thousand jiblets before old Satan could light his pipe.

It looks to me sorter this way: I think the Socialists are taking the advice I gave them in last issue of The Fool-Killer, and are turning their backs on Kernel Dick and his Rip-Saw—not dancing to his Bob Ingersoll music quite so lively as they once did. And so the old atheistic fool sees the necessity of stirring up a new kind of stink in order to keep a few suckers in line. It is my opinion that Dick Maple hasn't got any settled convictions about anything. He don't believe anything. Just shoots off his nasty mouth to hear his head rattle, and when he gets tired of "believing" one thing, he tucks his tail and "believes" something else awhile.

This article is not an attack on Socialism. It is simply and only a roast on Dick Maple. And if the Socialist movement has got half sense it will thank me for turning on the light. When Socialism gets sick enough to spew out all such "leaders" as Dick Maple, with their rotten and dangerous theology, then I will expect to see Socialism amount to something.

YES, WE'RE A-MARCHIN' ON.

The Fool-Killer started from nothing—started with no money and no friends—and of course there was some doubt in my mind as to how it would "take." That doubt no longer exists. The little old sassy thing has already established itself and become a fixture in American journalism. Thousands of people all over the United States are eagerly counting the days and waiting for The Fool-Killer to arrive. I have suddenly begun to realize that I have created something that the people want.

But still I can't lie down and go to sleep and expect the paper to go galloping on. Millions of people have never yet heard of The Fool-Killer, and, as Paul says, "How can they hear without a preacher " Those who already get the paper must tell those who don't get it, and thus the good news will continue to spread. Tell the people that there is a fellow at Moravian Falls, North Carolina, who is handing out God's unadulterated truth in chunks big enough to knock a mule down. Tell 'em to send and get a chunk.

THE HONOR OF A MAN.

Perhaps this editorial will stir up another hornet's nest. And I don't care if it does. The Fool-Killer is an expression of what I think, and if other men don't agree with me I can't help it. All I can do is to preach my little sermon and pass on. But before passing I want to say, with old John Ploughman, "If the cap fits, wear it."

Now concerning "the honor of a man." We have had it hammered into our heads from childhood that a man's "honor" is something that needs to be "defended." We have been taught that every petty insult must be met with blows. We have been taught to look upon a certain class of ungallant remarks as the red flag of battle. Let one man speak disrespectfully to another and there must be a fight. The offended party must skin out of his coat and go after the offender with a stuffed club. If he fails to do it he will be pointed out as a coward—a weakling among men—a creature too cowardly to "defend his honor."

And that is the unwritten law that governs men in their relations with other men. But how foolish! And how much strife and bitterness it has caused!

No man likes to be called a coward. The very word is ugly and repulsive. If it comes to a choice between a fight and being called a coward, the average man does not hesitate a moment—he fights.

And what does a man gain when he fights? Nothing. At least, nothing to be proud of. He may gain a black eye or a broken arm, or some other physical injury. He may kill or get killed, and in either case he has not gained anything that I can see.

I am not saying that there is never any excuse for fighting. There may be—sometimes. If bodily harm threatens a man—if his life is in danger—let him fight. Let him just clean up the patch if he feels like it and can. Or if someone else is in danger (a woman, for instance), and needs a man's help—let him fight like killing snakes. A man who won't fight when he ought to fight is no man at all. He deserves all the contempt that can be heaped upon him.

But this habit of flying off the handle and wading into somebody every time the wind blows the wrong way—that's all nonsense. Here is the way I figure it out: If some low-browed thumper tries to insult me, and I meet him half way and show that I am anxious to be insulted, I am only cooperating with him and prove myself just as much of a low-browed thumper as he is. But if I ignore his insults and refuse to be insulted, then I have won a victory. If the other fellow is low-down enough to want to insult me, I consider myself so far above him that I don't want to nasty my hands with him. If a coarse-grained ruffian says bad things about me, I just consider the source, and then forget all about it. If I am a gentleman and conduct myself as one, only a gentleman could insult me—and a gentleman is not going to try.

◆

"If this world was made from nothing, where did the nothing come from?" asks the Square Deal man. It must have come out of your head, Buddy. There's more nothing in there than any other place I know of.

SWAPPING [illegible] WITH JOHN BULL.

Lordy, lordy, lordy! What a funny old world! And the strange things that do happen! The latest news in high-up church circles is to the effect that Dr. Clarence Dixon, pastor of the Moody church in Chicago, has heard the jingle of British dollars and persuaded himself that he has received a "divine call" to London. He is going over there to shuffle around in old man Spurgeon's shoes at so much per shuffle. And when Clarence brings that North Carolina fist of his down on Spurgeon's old Bible a few whacks there will be something doing in London town.

I have been sorter proud of Clarence Dixon. About the worst thing I know against him is the fact that he is a brother to the unspeakable Tom, who quit preaching because he could make more money writing copperhead novels.

The Dixons were born and raised here in North Carolina, and they had a good old Southern daddy. But the boys grew up, went north, blossomed into fame, and Tom sold himself to the devil on the installment plan. Clarence is recognized as the biggest preacher in America. He wears his fame parted in the middle, and don't read Tom's novels. But hark! The London saints shook their money-bag so loud that Clarence heard it clean across the Palantic Ocean, and thinking it was a "divine call," he hit the rolling billows like a hired man going to dinner.

But just as Dr. Dixon sails out we see the high silk hat of Dr. Jowett as he comes sailing in. So we send America's biggest preacher to England and bring England's biggest preacher to America. Just swapping Bible-beaters with John Bull. I hope John has not cheated us. And now the great divines will have to go to work and get acquainted in their new fields of labor—have to learn all the holes where the devil hides before they can twist him out.

Goodby, Dixon.

Howdy, Jowett.

◆

Toot! toot! The Fool-Killer is on the track and coming down the line. Look out!

◆

If a man looked like the pictures in a tailor's fashion book, people would set the dogs on him.

◆

I used to wonder how the banks made their money, but when I procured a loan I found out.

◆

It's a waste of time to argue about where and what hell is. Lots of people will find out soon enough.

◆

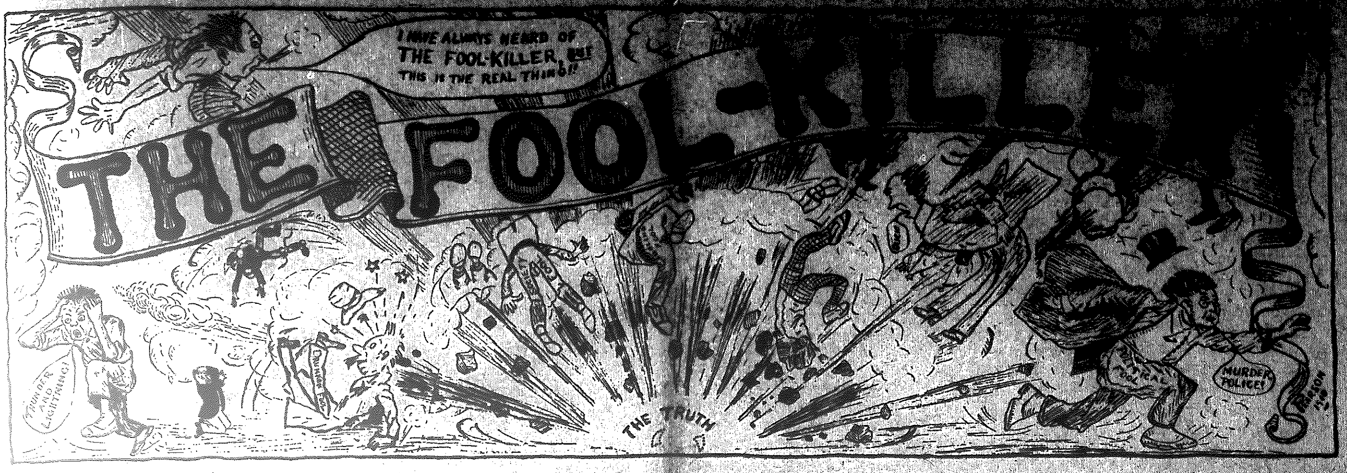
Nothing pleases a woman quite so well as to look so sweet that a man wants to kiss her, and then abuse him for his impudence.

◆

Senator Root has 18,000 packages of congressional seeds that he don't know what to do with. Has the Senator tried 'em with cream?

◆

Jack Johnson has been sent to jail, and Booker Washington has had his noggin cracked. The big black ones seem to be in hard luck these days.


I HAVE ALWAYS HEARD OF THE FOOL-KILLER, BUT THIS IS THE REAL THING!"
THE FOOL-KILLER
THUNDER AND LIGHTNING!
THE TRUTH
POLITICAL FOOL
MURDER POLICE!

VOL. II. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, MAY, 1911. NO. 5.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS REVISED.

And Mammon spake all these words, saying, "I am the only god that the big bugs of the present day are willing to worship; therefore I give unto my slaves the following commandments:

1. Thou shalt not waste any time worshipping the true God, as thou art too busy making goo-goo eyes at me.

2 Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, except such as thou makest upon the face of a dollar. Thou mayest put the image of a man or woman upon money and worship it to thy heart's content. For I, Mammon, am a lavish God, visiting the wealth of the fathers upon the children to the second and third generation. By that time they have blowed it all in.

3. Thou mayest cuss a blue streak if thou wantest to, for a man can't prosper in business unless he is a good cusser.

4. Remember election day, and vote for anything the millionaires want,

5. Seven days shalt thou work, and part of the nights, if necessary. Thou shalt not rest, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy hired man, nor thy cook, nor thy cattle, nor thy horses, nor the book agent that stopped in to spend the night; for the trusts and corporations are hungry and must be fed from the hands of labor.

6. Thou shalt not kill a rich man, especially if thou thyself art poor; but if thou art rich and standest high in society, thou mayest kill a poor man or a nigger and thou shalt not be hurt for it.

7. Thou shalt not commit adultery, unless thou gettest tired of thy own wife and seest another that lookest good to thee. Then if thou art discovered and the case comes into court, lay all the blame on the woman like old man Adam did.

8. Thou shalt not steal, unless thou gettest a chance. The safest way to steal is to own stock in trusts and railroads. Rockefeller, Morgan and Guggenheim can put you onto the racket.

9. Thou shalt not tell the truth if thou canst think up any kind of a lie. The truth is what hurts; therefore if one lie gets thee into trouble, tell another and get out. That's business.

10. If thou desirest to be "in the swim," covet everything thy neighbor has—and then bust thy belly-band trying to get it.

KING GEORGE'S TOP-KNOT.

For want of something better to do, our friends over in England are going to pull off another coronation some time in June.

What's that, did you say?

Why, honey, they are fixing up to sorter decorate the swell-ended top-knot of that degenerate grandson of old Queen Vic. I reckon you knew that my old school-mate, King Ed, had gone on to glory about a year ago, and that his boy, George, has been trying to hold down the job of king ever since. But it seems that they didn't have much opinion of George. They sorter took him on probation, as it were, and didn't allow him to cram his louse-pasture into the Imperial Crown until they had tried him bare-headed for awhile.

I have no fault to find with George's reign, so far. I think he has done about as well as I could have done, considering the fact that he has had to reign bare-headed and with nothing to wear but some of his daddy's old reigning clothes. I don't think they have treated George right, nohow. It ain't no fun to sit on a hard throne and reign steadily all day.

But on the 23rd of June they are going to take the Imperial Crown out of the bureau drawer and see if George's mental wheels will have room to go round in it.

They are going to call in the lords and the gods, the counts and the dukes, the snobs and the asses; also the lordesses and the goddesses, the countessess and the dukesses, the snobesses and the asseses, and kill the old rooster and make dumplings. It will be a great day for merry old England. The royalty will trot out its finery and bow and scrape before His Majesty, the King, with all the enthusiasm of a mammy cow licking her new-born calf.

◆

If you like The Fool-Killer, send in a few subscribers.

There is nothing like sticking to a thing, as the cat said when she sat down on a sheet of fly-paper.

A SURGICAL WONDER.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, Old Lady Science is marching on. She has just stuck one more big buzzard feather in her calico bonnet.

Up at the Rocky D. Oilyfeller Institute in New York, where medical and surgical science blooms more freely and bears a bigger crop of sensations than anywhere else in the world—there it is that they have stuck the peg one hole higher.

It's got so now that they can just whittle a fellow all up fine and put him back together with his head in his mouth, and he will never know the difference unless he gets choked on hair.

The firm of Sawbones & Company have got limb-grafting down as fine as frog-hair, and nowhere can they carve up a man so successfully as at the Rocky hangout. The fame of that powerful institution had drawn together a great number of the halt and the lame. Among the number was a preacher, a lawyer, a farmer, a dude, a drummer, a blacksmith, an editor and a tramp. These men were almost complete physical wrecks, but it happened that each one had just one sound limb or part, and each man's sound place was in a different part of him.

So the wise Rocky doctors got these poor fellows on their carving tables and began to carve and saw like a butcher cutting up an old steer. They cut out and throwed away all the diseased parts, and when they took an inventory they had just enough remnants to make one man. They were a little shy on brains, and had a little more belly than they needed, so they hashed up some of the belly and put it in for brains.

Then they began to assemble the parts. They took the head of the preacher, put into it all the brain matter they could scrape up, and then whanged it onto the chest of the drummer with a leather string. Then they took the heart of the lawyer, and the stomach and bowels of the farmer, and put them in place. Their stock of arms consisted of the left arm of the blacksmith and the right arm of the editor, and these were soon attached. Then they had one leg of the dude and one leg of the tramp, and it was only the work of a few minutes to get them spliced on at the proper place.

And thus the composite man was finished. The doctors all gathered around and looked on in great admiration. Their new creation had the appearance of being just a little bit out of proportion in some places, but they thought he would get over that in a few days. So they got an oil can and oiled his bearings thoroughly, put some clothes on him and told him to get up. He yawned and sat up on the table and looked around the room sorter funny.

"How do you feel?" inquired one of the doctors.

"I feel like a bowl of mule hash with dog hair in it," replied the man.

"Do you know who you are?" asked another doctor.

"No, I ain't been introduced to myself yet," said the man.

Then they put him to bed and allowed him to sleep a few hours, after which he felt better. After a few days rest and recuperation they told him he was well enough to go home.

"Where in the Tom Walker will I go to?" exclaimed the new man in alarm. "My head lives in Boston and elsewhere; my heart lives in New York; my stomach lives in Virginia; my left arm lives in Pittsburg and my right arm in Philadelphia; my left leg lives at Newport and Fifth Avenue, and my right leg ain't got no home. Now ain't you fellers got me into a devil of a fix?"

Whereupon the pieced-up man marched angrily out of the room, and the next day the papers stated that he had killed himself by trying to follow all of his trades at once. His mouth wanted to preach; his heart wanted to tell lies; his stomach wanted to plow and eat corn bread and bacon; his left hand wanted a hammer and his right hand was crazy for a pen; his left leg wanted to strut and dance and his right leg didn't want to do anything much. And thus the conflicting desires in his person caused him to fly all to pieces, and they buried him in a back lot just as the sun went down, and on the gray slab that marks the spot they chiseled these solemn lines:

"Poor Mr. Pieced-Up Man,
His fate is hard to tell;
Perhaps some of him went to heaven,
And maybe some to hell."

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

A LITTLE SHOP-TALK.

Boys, I can't feel satisfied to close the forms for this issue of The Fool-Killer without indulging in a little "shop-talk." I want to shake hands with every one of you and invite you into my private office where we can talk things over quietly.

In the first place, I want to thank you all for the splendid work you have been doing in helping me to build up the paper's circulation. A regular stream of subs have been pouring in for the last few months, and the money that these subs have brought in has been a big help to me in a time of great need.

I told you some time ago about the sickness in my family, and how we were having to camp in the back end of our printing office. My wife told you of our plans for building us a cottage this summer, and we are working hard to get it ready before next winter closes in on us.

As I said, the money received on subscription has been a wonderful help, but we need it all, and more. The paper is our only source of income, and we can't go ahead with our building any faster than the paper will permit. So if you like to read The Fool-Killer I hope you will take a personal interest in its success and send in as many subs as you can. I am nearly studying my head off to give you something warm and lively, and if you think it's good stuff you ought to get all your friends to help you enjoy it.

I don't expect to lay up any money on this game for a year or two yet, if I ever do. The increased circulation calls for a faster press, more type, and a great many little items that must be added to the office equipment in order to get out the paper. And so, with my building on hand, and the necessity of buying more machinery, I am going to be hard put to it for a year or so yet. But if all you folks will just grab a wheel and grunt we will soon be over the hard pull and in position to give you a better Fool-Killer than ever.

* * *

It just beats the very dickens how quick these blamed rich criminals can get "at the point of death" when Justice gets to yelping at their heels.

Idiotorials

Viva, Madero!

* * *

Read "Shop-Talk."

* * *

Still a-killin' 'em.

* * *

Poor old Standard Oil!

* * *

Money talks with cents.

* * *

Whoop-pee! Send me a club.

* * *

Diaz is about to peter. Goody.

* * *

Boo-hoo! That's John D. crying.

* * *

Shoot Fool-Killers at 'em and you'll get 'em.

* * *

Labor creates all wealth—and then gives it to the deadbeats.

* * *

A woman who wants to wear breeches is a pantaloonatic.

* * *

I'll bet they have to call on T. R. to settle that Mexican fuss yet.

* * *

Send me a bunch of subs to help buy that new press. Got to have it.

* * *

It would be just like a woman to try to put on her breeches over her head.

* * *

The Standard Court and the Supreme Oil Company seem to be sorter mixed up.

* * *

The lawyer is to politics what the Jew is to finance—too devilish smart for anything.

* * *

Some men turn down the good opportunities and hang on to the slim chances.

* * *

The only over-production that threatens this country is an over-production of fools.

* * *

Viva, Madero! Now maybe old Navarro would like to put me in prison for saying it.

* * *

The harem breeches for women is liable to reveal the awful fact that a woman actually has two legs.

* * *

A man trying to make his own God is like a poor little minnow trying to create a river.

* * *

When a society woman takes up with a poodle dog, I always feel sorry for the dog.

* * *

Bleriot calculates the cost of air travel to be fifteen dollars a mile. I'll foot it all day at that price.

* * *

Gossip has the wings of a swallow, the face of an angel, the tongue of an adder and the conscience of the very devil.

* * *

When a man gets too big for his breeches it is cheaper to reduce him a little than it is to get him a new pair.

* * *

A man often forgets his handkerchief when he changes clothes, but he very seldom forgets his plug of tobacco.

* * *

If you could fasten a crank to a tobacco-chewer's jaw you could get motive power enough to turn a grindstone.

* * *

One of my young readers writes me as follows: "What is the hardest thing about roller skating?" The sidewalk, sonny.

* * *

The New York Independent prints a poem by Harry Kemp entitled, "Hell's Resurrection." Yes, there is always somebody ready to raise hell.

[illegible]

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan!
With thy turned up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes.
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned at schools;
Outward sunshine, inward joy,
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

And that's the way the old Quaker poet of Haverhill shook it out of his mental music-box in the days gone by. Thus did he put into flowing meter what thousands of mute, inglorious Whittiers have felt since time began. To have been once a barefoot boy is to know and understand what Whittier meant when he wrote those lines.

And most of us have been there. You remembr the time when you were a little barefooted rascal trotting around the old home place with both big toes tied up and a stone-bruise on your heel. Those were only trifles, and they didn't interfere with the joy of going barefooted in the good old summer time. You remember how you waited through the long winter, and how tired your feet got of those old heavy brogans. When the warm spring sunshine had coaxed the violets out, and the icy lumps were gone from the ground, how joyfully you kicked off those old shoes and ran foot-races with yourself for the very joy of running! You do not need that I remind you how you rolled up your breeches legs and waded the little creek after minnows. And when a little butterfly happened along you forgot the sore toe and went bounding over hedge and garden wall to catch the poor thing.

Whittier thought it was healthy to go barefooted and get your legs sunburnt and your heels calloused, and to know the joy of squirting mud through your toes. The daddies, mammies, and young 'uns of the past generations have all thought it was healthy and jolly good fun.

But that was long before John A. Ferrell, M. D., became Assistant Secretary of the North Carolina State Board of Health. I have before me an article written by Dr. Ferrell and widely circulated through the press. And Doc very wisely informs us that it just never will do to let the kids go barefooted any more. He says give your child poison if you want to; or let him climb the church steeple and fall off; or let him sleep with a rattlesnake or jump in the river. All these things are harmless amusements and perfectly safe compared to the deadly peril of going barefooted. Wars and earthquakes and train wrecks and fires and floods are a little bit risky at times, but they are nothing to compare with going barefooted. Dr. Ferrell leans back on his professional dignity and tells us all about it. He says going barefooted exposes a child to the ravages of hookworms. According to Doc, the hookworm is an awful beast. He lives in a mud puddle and wears a little gimlet on his nose. Whenever a barefooted kid interferes with Mr. Hookworm's meditations by stepping into his private mud-hole, Mr. Hooky gets busy with his little gimlet and bores a hole right into that kid's foot [illegible] foot [illegible] hookworms [illegible] up the leg [illegible] where they take up [illegible] down to business. The hookworms are very careful to observe that command in Genesis about multiplying, and they can actually make the multiplication table ashamed of itself.

When a good healthy colony of hookies get started in a child they soon organize a labor union and a baseball team and go to raising a special brand of North American thunder among the little brat's innards.

In real bad cases the hookies actually eat up little folks. Dr. Ferrell tells about one case where a young mother put her four-year old boy to bed one night, and the next morning the only thing she could find was a big fat hookworm sitting up on the pillow and picking his teeth with a bed slat.

And so you see what we are up against. If the human race is to be preserved we must make it a hanging crime for any father to let his child go barefooted. The fact that millions of the healthiest men and women of generations past went barefooted, bare-legged and in their shirt-tails till they were half grown don't make any difference. They are every one dead now, and of course it was hookworm that killed them. If the children of olden times had not gone barefooted they might have been living yet.

Hurrah for the hookworm Commission, Dr. Ferrell and the Shoe Trust! Bring on the footwear and let us all be shod!

* * *

The United States is bounded on the East by curiosity, on the West by animosity, on the North by reciprocity, and on the South by devilosity.

"CASTLE GATES."

By James Larkin Pearson.

The above is the title of a little Book of Poems by your humble servant. My spare moments for the past 15 years have been spent in writing the book. I also printed it and bound it in cloth with my own hands. The book has 108 pages, and contains 93 poems, all of which are said to be very good. Price [illegible]0 cents, postpaid.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON,
Moravian Falls, N. C.

DO YOU KNOW TOM WATSON?

I am pleased to announce that I have made a clubbing arrangement with the Jeffersonian Publishing Company, of Thomson, Ga., whereby I am able to offer the Watson publications, in connection with The Fool-Killer, at a great bargain. The subscription price of Watson's Magazine and the Weekly Jeffersonian is One Dollar a year each. But my price for either the Magazine or the Weekly with The Fool-Killer one year is only 75 cents. Or I will give you both of the Watson publications and The Fool-Killer one year for $1.25. You will perhaps not have another such a chance to get the writings of this great and fearless editor. So send in your order at once. **But I cannot take postage stamps on this offer; so please do not send any stamps.** Remit by postoffice or express money order or registered letter. Address:

The Fool-Killer, Moravian Falls, N. C.

TWO OF US TALK SOME.

Zelma, Oklahoma,
May 10, 1911.

Editor Fool-Killer,
Moravian Falls, N. C.

Dear Sir:

I am in receipt of your samples, and as I promised am sending you a bunch of subs. I like some of your articles fine, but some, like the one on Dick Maple, I think are uncalled for. I like the majority of Dick Maple's articles fine, like some of yours, but I don't agree with him altogether on his religious views. However, he has some mighty good articles on Religion, for instance, "An All-Wise God" about two years ago, and also on "The Messina Disaster." I, like Maple, do not believe God would wilfully murder a whole city of good, bad and indifferent people, thousands of babies and innocent children, just for the sake of getting a good sized bunch that actually needed killing.

Dick gets some pretty good proof for his arguments, and again, if the Bible was written by inspiration of God, (and I have no doubt it was), who knows how many changes were made by the King James Revision? And who was King James and his crowd? I understand that some of the bunch were murderers, and should not we have some doubt about a thing that murderers' hands have stained?

I know there are lots of people who criticize Dick's scriptural views, but nevertheless he is making lots of good Socialists, and the Rip-Saw throws broadside after broadside into this system of hell on earth, and that is what we want. Dick has a field of his own; you just let him be. You have a field of your own, and if you preach for the social revolution I will support The Fool-Killer, also the Rip-Saw, The Appeal, The Christian Socialist, and many other papers. However, if you go on fighting different editors of Socialist papers I will drop you. But I hope you will plead for better conditions and hit all the robber barons.

Darwin had a right to express his opinions; so did Paul; so did Jesus; so did Joe Smith; so did Ingersoll; and so do you and I. We all have a right to our own opinion.

However, I will shake your paw and send you five subs, all non-Socialists but myself. So here goes for the overthrow of Capitalism and the establishment of Christ's principles on earth.

Yours comradely,
CHAS. M. EVANS.

Bully for you, comrade! Doggon if I ain't struck on you. Perhaps you didn't write the above letter for publication, but I hope your Socialistic generosity will excuse me for passing it on to my readers.

It seems that we both agree and disagree as to Dick Maple's theological views. You don't believe his atheistic twaddle a bit more than I do, but you are willing to let him put five drops of good Socialism into a glass full of bad Infidelity and pour it down you. In other words, if your grocer offered to sell you one good ham of meat on condition that you would buy half-a-dozen rotten hams, you would hold your nose and call it a bargain. I like a liberal-minded man, but you please me a little too well.

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

I want to say now, in just as few words as possible, that I am not fighting Dick Maple because he is a Socialist. In fact, I could rather like him for that if his other bad habits didn't turn my stomach so. I enjoy reading those "broadsides" against plutocracy and capitalism as much as you do, and find myself inwardly saying amen to every one of them. I realize that the devil and the money power are carrying things with a high hand in this country, and that there has got to be a shaking up of the dry bones pretty soon. When I look out over the world and see the awful crimes that are committed in the name of business and politics, it makes my blood fairly boil. The old political parties are getting more corrupt every day, and there is no hope of better conditions until they are either reformed or kicked out. And a man must be a blind partizan fool if he can't see it.

Looking at these things as I do, I cannot help having a warm place in my heart for the Socialists. But that is no reason in the world why I must swallow Dick Maple's infidelity. You say Dick is making lots of good Socialists. No doubt he is making a few converts among the worldly and ungodly classes—the "free-thinkers" and those who consider it "smart" to deny the God who made them. But for every "comrade" of that stripe that Dick adds to the ranks, he scares away dozens of good Christian people who might become "comrades" except for his wild-eyed thunderings against all that they hold most dear. I tell you, Comrade Evans, your Socialist party is cutting its own throat every time it allows a bat-blind atheist or infidel to rise up in the councils of the party and begin to preach his own devilish doctrines under the guise of Socialism. Good people are afraid of such stuff, and well they may be. People very naturally get the idea that Socialism is a hot-bed of infidelity and other dangerous teachings, and they shun it as they would a rattlesnake. Whereas, if these bad features were eliminated, and the people knew it was so, many would be attracted to your movement by the features that certainly do look good.

You go on to speak about the establishment of Christ's principles on earth. Bull's foot! How in the blessed goodness do you expect to establish the principles of Christ by trotting at the heels of an old sin-hardened son-of-a-gun who denies the very existence of Christ and the truth of his glorious mission? Why, the very thought is ridiculous in the extreme.

Whenever you can show me a Socialist party that really stands for the principles of Christ—a Socialist party that is consistently Christ-like in precept and example—then you can talk to me about being a Socialist. But so long as your leaders preach Christ with one breath and deny him with the next—so long as they wink at God with one eye and at the devil with the other—just so long will I refuse to mix up with any such a mess.

ON THE DEVIL'S TRACK.

There is a tale to the effect that old man Satan was once a white-winged angel in heaven, and because of some misconduct he was kicked out.

I never took much stock in that yarn until a few days ago, when my winkers wandered onto a newspaper story that puts a clincher on it for sure.

They have discovered the ispotical dent—no, I mean the identical spot—where the devil hit the earth when he fell. The story goes that near Taxahaw, South Carolina, there is an awful deep lake, and near the lake is a great flat rock, the surface of which covers forty acres. Several huge tracks have been discovered on that big rock. They are said to be just like human footprints, except they are big enough to bury a cow in. The old folks are quite positive that when the devil was kicked out of heaven he struck the earth where the deep lake is and walked away over the big rock, leaving those terrible tracks as a Sunday School lesson for the unborn generations.

I don't know how big the devil is, nor what number of shoe he wears, but if his physical size is anything to compare with the devilment he can do, it's a wonder he didn't knock old South Carolina plumb off the map.

His tracks on the rock are said to be about three hundred yards apart, alternating right and left, and that gives us an idea how long his legs are. A devil that can cover three hundred yards at one step and then sink up half leg deep in a solid rock is some devil, and don't you forget it.

I am glad they have got on the devil's track at last. It must be a rather cold trail, but maybe it will be some help to the preachers in their efforts to run the old fellow into a hollow log and twist him out.

SUBSCRIBE FOR
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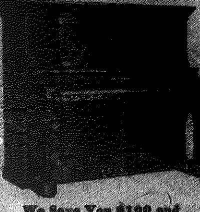

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Cornish Co. WASHINGTON, N. J.
Established Over Half a Century.

I doubt if any paper seventeen months old ever caused as many people to think, talk and write as The Fool-Killer has. How the paper gets into so many hands is a mystery. It must be that every person who reads it either gives or sends it to some friend or enemy. And that suits me exactly. Do it some more, gentlemen.

Read "Shop-Talk."

S.A.J.A.

One of the best literary societies in America is the Southern Amateur Journalists' Association. It is composed of young people of both sexes who have literary talents and ambitions, and who edit and print small papers and magazines, and write for them, just for fun. Members get a great many good papers and magazines free, and have the privilege of getting their own writings printed and commented on. All young editors and literary workers, and those ambitious to become such, should join the Southern Amateur Journalists' Association. The membership fee is small, and if you desire to do so you can pay your dues by getting up a club for The Fool-Killer. If interested, write for further particulars to:

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CORRESPONDENCE.

Z. A. COFER, Statham, Ga.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—I am sending you five more subscriptions to your paper. This makes ten I have gotten up for you. Now be as sassy as you can. Hope you will have success with your paper. I enjoy reading it.

—|—

R. A. KEATING, Zadock, Mo—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—I received your card this morning on the first train, and the next train brought The Fool-Killer. Was certainly glad to get it. The Fool-Killer is the sure thing. It is not very good for the fools, but it is the thing for old Mister Wise Peepul.

—|—

J. O. WELLS, Hartford, Ky.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—Enclosed find 75 cents for which please send The Fool-Killer to the enclosed names for one year. I have gotten in possession of one of your sample copies and like it, and everyone I have shown it to likes it. So I have made up a small club and am mailing it to you. If you will mail samples I think there will be other subscribers. Yours with best wishes for success.

—|—

C. G. ROGERS, Cashiers, N. C.—Editor Fool-Killer, Moravian Falls, N. C., Dear Sir:—As it is the 28th of the month and we have not yet received our April issue of The Fool-Killer, we fear the man who wrote you the letter and whom you named "Whiffledick," has come and given you a knocking down, since you refused to be called down. However, we hope this has not been the case, for we still want your little spicy journal of wit and humor to visit our homes each month. We look forward to its coming and don't see how we could make out without it, since we have got the habit. Let us hear from you, and what day of the month you print your paper, so we will know when to look for it, so if it was to get lost in the mails we could send for another copy. (Dear Bro. Rogers:—I wrote you a personal letter in reply to the above, but I will also print your letter here and add a few words of comment for the benefit of other readers. As to the date on which The Fool-Killer is issued, I am sorry to say I have not had any definitely fixed date so far. It was my intention, and is still my desire, to mail out the paper right at the first of each month, but owing to sickness and other unavoidable delays I got to running behind a little every time, and it seems an awful hard matter to catch up any more. For several issues past I have been mailing near the last of the month, and that has caused a lot of bother and misunderstanding among the subscribers. A monthly paper should be mailed so as to reach the subscribers about the first of the month, and I will arrange my mailing that way just as soon as possible. But for the present I hope the readers will bear with me patiently. I assure you the paper will be mailed to you some time during the month, and maybe you will enjoy it the more if you get right good and hungry for it. The printing and mailing of The Fool-Killer has grown to be a big job, and with my limited facilities it takes a long time.—Editor.)

HUBBARD'S LITTLE YALLER DOG.

Gentlemen, I am going to tell you the worst tale on North Carolina that I can think of at this writing. It is this:

Down among the sand-hills, at Elizabeth City, N. C., is the stomping ground of the most miserable, measley, journalistic jumping-jack that ever defiled the mail-bags of these United States. This inkiniverous animal wears across the seat of its pants a sign-board bearing the name, "The Down Homer," and it is published by a little bunty, bald-headed bunch of brag and bombast answering to the name of W. O. Saunders. This same Saunders is fully convinced in his own mind that he is the goods. To start with, he has been drinking deeply at the intellectual fountain of the great East Aurora Borealis. He thinks the sun rises and sets in Hubbard's navel, and he firmly believes that the universe was made in the Roycroft Shop.

And so, with the passing of time, Saunders has managed to imbibe all of Hubbard's meanness—all of his rotten theology and his materialistic philosophy—without getting so much as a smell of Elbert's better qualities.

I myself am a great admirer of Hubbard's genius and versatility as a writer and thinker, but I am not blind to his faults. His theology is dangerous in the extreme, and much of his high-toned philosophy is founded on false theories. But he was cunning enough to know what sort of mental pabulum the wicked old world wanted, and he set out to furnish the goods. To be a leader, although he led people to hell, suited Hubbard's vanity better than going to heaven alone.

It is perhaps true that Hubbard has more imitators than any other man living, and W. O. Saunders is one of the least of his imitators. Saunders goes so far as to ape the Roycrofters in their manner of dress. He wears the big turn-down collar and the flowing Roycroft tie, and he twists his little bald head to one side and tries to look just as Hubbardish as he possibly can. The imitation is so palpably evident that a blind man could see it. The poor little fellow has "had his likeness tooken," with the big choke-rag in the foreground, and he has hired the artist to Hubbardize the features as much as possible. This picture he prints on the front and back cover pages of The Down Homer, and fills in between with some of the most infernal rotten hell-broth that ever disfigured white paper. He kicks the old Bible around like a foot-ball and makes fun of the faith that is the anchor of the soul for countless thousands. He rubs Jesus Christ out of existence like a small boy rubbing chalk marks from a blackboard. He squirts a sluice of blasphemy at God Almighty and heaven goes out like a match in the wind. Oh, it is wonderful how the great Saunders can annihilate things! He can spit on hell and put it out, and make the devil climb trees and cry for mercy. He can use his necktie for a sling, put the earth in it and throw it from here to—to—to East Aurora, I guess.

But I notice that Saunders, the terrible destroyer, does not build anything in the place of what he tears down. He would knock a crippled man's crutch from under him and leave the poor fellow prostrated in the road. He would steal the last sweet potato from a poor blind nigger and give him nothing in its place.

And again, in looking over the ground after the cyclone has passed, I notice that things are pretty much the same as they were before Roycroft Saunders annihilated them. It seems that things have a very ugly habit of refusing to stay annihilated. The Down Homer can upset the Bible on every page, but the Old Book is just like a cube of granite—it's still right side up. He upsets it again, thinking sure he's got it this time, but it's still right side up. Every side of it is just alike, and every side is the right side. They can up-end it and tip it over, and turn it and twist it all they please, but it will fall right side up every pop. Maybe Saunders will discover that fact after awhile. But in the meantime it's real comic to stand off and watch him strain his mortal guts out trying to pry the Eternal Truth off of its hinges.

In one of its recent issues The Down Homer tried to chew up The Fool-Killer and spit it out, but it got choked on the truth and had a jeeminy-fit and fell over in it. Now it can crawl up and rub the sand out of its eyes and try me another pop if it feels like it.

Now in conclusion, I will explain what the name Down Homer means. It signifies that the editor's final home is down—way, way down yonder where they don't shovel snow—and Saunders is on his way home.

* * *

THE LATEST WAR NEWS.

Diaz has resigned.

Diaz has not resigned and don't intend to.

The war is ended.

It is now thought that the war will end before long.

There is no telling when the war will end.

There has not been any war in Mexico.

The fighting continues along the border of the United States.

There has not been any fighting anywhere about the border.

Several Americans have been killed.

No American has been hurt.

The Insurrectos have the Federals on the run.

The Federals have the Insurrectos on the jump.

Madero has surrendered.

Madero has never thought of surrendering.

A great battle was fought last week in which twenty-five thousand Federals were killed and wounded, and one Insurrecto sprained his ankle.

Later report says that no battle was fought. The guns were merely firing a salute.

Later: No guns were fired at all.

A reliable dispatch says that terms of peace have been arranged.

A reliable dispatch says that the war clouds are darker than ever.

A semi-official report says that an epidemic of lice has broken out among Madero's men.

Madero officially denies that he ever saw a louse.

If you want the war news, read The Fool-Killer.

BEING BEHIND.

Just as usual, this issue is away behind time, and I am afraid some of the subscribers will not get the May issue until May has made her little bow and departed. I'm awful sorry for this, but have not been able to help it. I am working under great difficulties, and have to get out the paper just whenever I can. But I am hoping that before long I can catch up with old Father Time and send out each issue on the first of the month for which it is dated. This being so late is an annoyance to me and causes a great deal of confusion among the subscribers. But please understand that I will catch up as soon as possible, and in the meantime, let the clubs roll in.

* * *

A FOOL OF LONG LYING.

A news dispatch from Boston contains the following gob of information:

"Because his father prevented his marriage to the woman of his choice, Joseph Plummer, of Milton, N. H., has remained forty years in bed. He is now 71 years old. The girl he loved is dead, but the old man has not been told; in fact, he refused to speak of her from the very day when he said to his father: 'If you will not let me have her I will go to bed.' He went to bed. The father, thinking this perversity of youth would pass in a few days, carried him his meals. But he did not get up. He continued in bed day after day, week after week, year after year. Now he is so weak from his long inactivity that he has lost the use of his legs entirely."

An exchange prints the above and heads it: "A Fool of Long Standing." But I can't see, to save my life, where the "standing" comes in. Seems to me "A Fool of Long Lying" would express it better.

Gee-whiz, but wasn't he some man, though? The news item says he has been in bed 40 years and is now 71 years old, which would have made him 31 years old at the time he went to bed. In this country a man 31 years old is supposed to be free and at liberty to marry whoever he doggon pleases, without the aid or consent of any daddy on earth.

The idea of a middle aged man giving up and going to bed just because his daddy didn't want him to marry the girl of his choice! Why, he didn't have sand enough in his gizzard to rattle in a chigger's bladder, and was too mortal lazy to draw his own breath. If I had been in Joe's place, and was going to let Daddy boss the job to that extent, hang-taked if I wouldn't have got Daddy to go out and select me a wife to suit his own notion. A character weak enough to wilt down and give up like Joe did ought not to have been very hard to please.

Why, I'll bet that fool has worn out enough bed clothes in the last 40 years to pay for a good farm, and been more trouble to his folks than 'leventy-nine pairs of twins. I guess the old man got sorry he didn't let his middle-aged infant have the girl and go to thunder with her. But the girl, if she was worth shucks, must have thanked her God and the old man Plummer that she was lucky enough to escape.

THE FOOL-KILLER, BUT
THIS IS THE REAL THING
THE FOO
THUNDER AND LIGHTNING!
THE TRUTH
MURDER! POLICE!

VOL. II. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, JUNE, 1911. NO. 6.

PLEASE RENEW.

If this paragraph is marked with a cross mark it means that YOUR SUBSCRIPTION HAS EXPIRED and that you will not get any more Fool-Killers unless you renew. The Post Office Department has a ruling which compels me to take your name from my list unless you keep your subscription paid up. Now I would hate mighty bad to mark off your name, and I earnestly hope I will not have to do it. You have been feasting your funny-bone on my philosophical foolishness the past twelve months, and I'm going to just boo-hoo like a spoilt baby if you don't crawl up on the front seat and ride through the almanac with me again. This is the dull season, and your renewal will come in mighty handy just now; so please rush it in, and as many others with it as you can get.

You can every one afford to pay the little mite I charge for a subscription, but in order to make my proposition still more attractive to you, I have decided to make you old subscribers a VERY SPECIAL OFFER. This offer only applies to those whose subscriptions expire with this issue. If this article is marked it means you. Here is the offer: SEND ME TWO YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE FOOL-KILLER AT FIFTEEN CENTS EACH AND I WILL RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION FREE. This offer holds good till the 25th of July, but will not be good after that date. So rush in your renewal club at once. Just send me two new names and thirty cents, stating that you want your subscription renewed, and I'll do the rest.

Boys, don't neglect this opportunity to get The Fool-Killer another year free. It will be better than a three-ring circus and a moving picture show, with a monkey and a bag-pipe thrown in for good measure. Let us rise and sing that old familiar hymn, "Now who will come and go with me? I'm bound to read The Fool-Killer."

◆

This howling wilderness which we call "Christian America" recognizes no god but the Dollar. Any person who says it does is either honestly mistaken or a wilful liar. Every time the United States mint turns out a coin bearing the motto, "In God We Trust," it coins a flagrant falsehood that will rise up in judgment and condemn us as a nation.

THE MOO-COW-MOO.

My pa held me up to the moo-cow-moo
So clost I could almost touch,
En I fed him a couple of times, or two,
En I wasn't a fraid-cat much.

But ef my papa goes into the house,
En mamma, she goes in, too,
I just keep still, like a little mouse,
For the moo-cow-moo might moo!

The moo-cow-moo's got a tail like a rope,
En it's raveled down where it grows,
En it's just like feeling a piece of soap
All over the moo-cow's nose.

En the moo-cow-moo has lots of fun
Just swinging its tail about;
En he opens his mouth and then I run—
'Cause that's where the moo comes out.

En the moo-cow-moo's got deers on his head,
En his eyes stick out o' their place,
En the nose o' the moo-moo-cow is spread
All over the end of his face.

—Edmund Vance Cooke.

◆

SHAME ON 'EM

The whole fabric of society is honey-combed with corruption and reeking with rottenness. Scandal and scads, rascality and riches, go hand in hand, and they are the only things that can open the gilded doors of society to a man or woman. If you want to stand in with the 400 foolish fops of garrulous Gotham or any other center of snobdom, you have got to be financially sound and morally rotten. Society never enquires how you got your dough or how you lost your decency, so long as your pocket sags heavily and you are willing to go the gaits. Maudlin matrimony, promiscuous paramours and doodlebug divorces constitute the sum of life in swelldom.

Oh, for a law that would compel these kid-glove kangaroos to get out of their gilded dens and follow a burly Buckeye Binder in the blistering sun! And, oh, for another law that would lift the be-jeweled and be-alimonied female fops out of their sealskin slippers and put them to plying a pair of greasy overalls across the corrugated bosom of a washboard!

DANCING SCHOOLS.

Lawzy mercy! If that don't cork up the bottles good and stout, I'll be doggon. Just imagine what the people belonging to the hifalutin class have come to. Why, things have galloped along at such a break-neck speed that it takes a fellow with the mind of a lightning express to keep in sight. These highflyers have trampled under feet all the benign and divine teachings of Christ that labor was a noble calling; that without doing a reasonable share of it the various limbs of the body could not be properly exercised and developed; and further, that was the honest way to make a livelihood. Yes, this teaching has been set aside and held for naught, and the lazy, trifling set are putting up "dancing schools" all over the land in which to spraddle out in pretty proportions, skinning cats, kicking up their heels and locking their arms around one another and squeeze-squelching about, etc.

And the churches have been caught on the swift wing, too. Now many of them have dancing schools for their members as places of amusement and entertainment. And when they get behind with their dues, they get up some game that has a high-sounding name and invite all the sisteren and brethren to attend and contribute so much in the jackpot toward paying off the debt—the debt that is due the devil, of course. Now if such work as this ain't swinging hairs off the heavenly high-ups, I'm a monkey.

I don't believe in such means of exercising and amusing. I believe in the good old way. There's always enough of necessary work and walking to do to afford all the exercise necessary for the proper development of all the limbs of the body. And that pampered, spoiled class of indolents who abhor this ought to be put out on the public pikes and made to beat rock from early morn till sundown without a bite of grub to eat during the day. If the devil ain't about to wag the world and the church both as he pleases on the tip end of his tail, I've got wool over my eyes, by heck.—The Big Pistol.

◆

Look here, madam, if you are tied up for life to a thing that drinks likker, chews tobacco, smokes, cusses and plays cards, I'll tell you what I'd do: I'd just spit on the thing and drown it.

"THE TORCH OF REASON."

Living somewhere in the wild North West, where the Lion roareth and the Whangdoodle whangeth, is a two-legged man-beast who calls himself Frederick Forest Berry. This fellow Berry has writ a novel bearing the entitlement of "The Torch of Reason; or, Humanity's God." The object of Berry's book is to hold up the "torch of reason" to humanity and prove that there isn't any God. He says it is a terrible crime to believe in a God, or to believe anything else that you can't "reason out."

Why, Berry, you old sin-soaked son-of-a-gun, you ain't got as much sense as a sucking turkey. You ain't got as much reason as a rat, nor as much gumption as a grub-worm. Berry, you certainly are a huckle-Berry. You are also a goose-Berry. Your old heart is black-Berry, and your arguments ain't worth a straw-Berry. And when you go to hell the devil will get his due-Berry. He will take his red-hot poker and give you a poke-Berry, and if you don't change your mind it will be a wonder-Berry.

Talk about "reasoning out" things! Why, you infernal fool, you can't "reason out" your own poor, pitiful existence here in the world to save you from the devil. Fact of the matter is, I think you are an ethnological accident and got lodged on this planet by mistake. Your home is in hell, and I'll bet old Satan is walking the red-hot pavements of perdition right now and singing, "Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?"

Even the devil don't like for his children to be meaner than he is himself, but I'll be swiggered if you ain't running the old fellow a close race. If you had started into the business of being a devil at the same time old Mr. Satan did, you would have been so far ahead of him in hellishness that it would have taken eight dollars to send a postal card back to him.

◆

Everything is high in this country except our state of civilization.

◆

When you stop to think about it, people are awful funny things. It tickles me.

◆

When a man has failed at everything else he either goes into the real estate business or tries to preach.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

Idiotorials

Did you ever think any?

What is your head good for?

A dude is an empty place with clothes on.

Some fools are born that way, and others are self-made.

That ugly knot on the top of your neck—has it got any brains in it?

A deck of cards is nothing but a bundle of admission tickets to hell.

The Booger-Man will get you if you don't subscribe for **THE FOOL-KILLER.**

The natural-born fool is to be pitied—it's the self-made kind that I despise.

We call some men wise simply because they are not quite so foolish as some other fools.

The Bible never says a good word for a rich man or a dog. Some men are both.

The journey of life is very tiresome, and when a man arrives at the end he is out of breath.

An astronomer says they have earthquakes on Mars. I reckon he must have meant Mars-quakes.

If you love your neighbor the best way to prove it is to take his subscription to **THE FOOL-KILLER.**

Why in all creation don't you subscribe for **THE. FOOL-KILLER?** It will be good for your soul.

If you don't like the way the universe is managed, why don't you turn God off and run it yourself?

Of course you have heard that wealth would not buy happiness—but did you ever hear anyone say that poverty would?

Conscience cuts but little ice these days. In fact, the world is drifting so close to the hot place that there is no ice to cut.

An exchange says the devil is gaining on the churches. Gaining nothing! He's done caught up and joined and been baptized.

The "lady" who loves to hug and kiss a nasty poodle-dog is the same "lady" who thinks babies are an awful bother.

I like a man who doesn't have to follow a precedent—a man who is big enough to make precedents for other people to follow.

When the devil sees a big, plump, chicken-fed preacher going along the street puffing at a ten-cent cigar, I'll bet he laughs till his sides ache.

How any decent woman can have the stomach to kiss an old nasty, stinking, tobacco-smeared mouth is more than I could ever understand.

Lots of the male kids of today seem to think that the sooner they begin to smoke cigarettes and cuss the sooner they will become men. Poor little silly fools. What they need is a mammy with a back-bone like a Hercules, a right arm like a blacksmith and a shoulder-load of switches.

[illegible] $25,000,000 highway from New York to Washington. I guess, by granny, they want to build an extension to Wall Street.

That little feller they call Joe Brown, Governor of Georgia, has actually got a backbone, after all. If you don't believe it, ask Murderer Stripling.

Is it just an accident that nearly every one of our U. S. Senators are millionaires? Or is it just a plain case of the money power bossing the people?

Many a man who makes an assault with intent to preach should be convicted of ignorance and sentenced to ten years of hard study of the Bible.

The man who doesn't work must be supported by the man who does—and is therefore a pauper, although he may dress fine and call himself a gentleman.

A Chicago mail order house has just shipped ten thousand alarm clocks to China. Doggon! I thought the famine and the plague were alarming China enough just now.

Viewed from heaven, the average man wouldn't look as big as a chigger's eye-ball; but get down here beside him and you will think, to watch him strut and hear him talk, that he is as big as a mountain. Great big-little insect a man is!

The papers tell of a woman, with baby in arms, who told a crowd of people that she was starving, and the report says there were many "sympathetic comments." I'll bet that poor woman's tummy felt as full as a tick after she had dined on those "sympathetic comments."

Word comes from Ohio that they have a breed of tailless dogs up there. Guess, by granny, them dogs have been reading after old man Darwin, and they are learning how to evolute. Next thing we know the dogs will be walking on their behind legs and chewing terbacker.

If that old bald-headed, sanctimonious hypocrite, the Pope of Rome, is God's only representative on earth and has such wonderful power as he claims, why in the name of all the saints don't he cure himself of the gout? If God's private secretary can forgive sins and take poor souls by the hind leg and yank them out of torment, and still can't do a little thing like curing himself of the gout, it certainly is a pity.

We like to boast now of our knowledge, and I hear men say that old Solomon didn't know much. But I am here to stand up for Sol. He was just right about it when he said there was nothing new under the sun. Now here I am writing this wise dope on an Oliver type-writer. The Oliver people think they invented it. But they didn't. God invented the typewriter before He made the world. Just like He invented everything else. Man has only managed to get hold of the plans and specifications of a few of God's great inventions and bring them into everyday use. But man has not worked the combination on the life principle yet, and there are some cog-wheels in the soul that he can't even get to with his oil can.

[illegible]

This is a land of [illegible] contrasts—
Arrogance and servility.
Opulence and poverty.
Warehouses and poorhouses.
Colleges and ignorance.
Gluttony and starvation.
Churches and prisons.
Palaces and hovels.
Rich idlers and poor laborers.
Bulls and bears.
Curs and wildcats.
Forts and funerals.
Cannons and charitable institutions.
Politicians and fools.
Dissipations and distress.
Law makers and law breakers.
Idle land and homeless people.
Big thieves in office and little thieves in jail.
Wheat and hunger.
Money loaners and people in debt.
Rich lands and big mortgages.
Plutocrats and paupers.
Christianity and cussedness.
Honest men in jail and grand rascals in Congress.
The devil and blue wool.

In short, everything is whickergoddled and hornswoggled and bumfuzzled and flabbergasted till the devil has got a mortgage on it all.

SOCIETY'S PRAYER.

Now in the days of the hobbleskirt and the harem breeches it came to pass that Madam Society was greatly troubled in the empty place where her brains should have been.

And so it came to pass that she went down on her pray-joints and puked up the following supplication:

"Oh, Mister God of Fashion, thou who livest in the province of Paris and hast a branch office in the United States of New York; thou who gettest thine ideas from the demi-monde and who growest fat on the folly of the female fools. We flatten ourselves before thee as a lizard flatteneth itself on a rock. We are in trouble, and we come to thee, Mister God of Fashion, begging for help.

We don't like to complain, but it seems that some of thy rulings are too arbitrary, and some of the arbitrariness is too swift. For instance, thou didst cause us to spend all our alimony for hobble-skirts, and before we hardly had time to fall down in the blamed things, behold thou didst rip the hobble from Maine to Texas and didst hobble each leg separately.

Thy command is, "Let not thy left leg know what thy right leg weareth," but the men will give away the secret in spite of thunder.

We wonder, Oh, Mister God of Fashion, if thou knowest how much trouble it is to learn a new gait? If thou didst fully understand this difficulty, surely thou wouldst not shift the scenes quite so rapidly.

Behold what thou hast done! The hobbleskirt didst call for a gait like a fat hen walking on eggs or a convict going to prison, but before we had half mastered the art of walking that way,, behold, the requirements are changed and we must learn to walk like an elephant crossing the creek on stilts or a nigger going to a watermelon patch.

If any of these tobacco-chewing, ambear-squirting church members ever get to heaven, the angels will have an awful time cleaning up after them.

WHAT IS LIFE TO YOU?

To the preacher life's a sermon,
  To the joker it's a jest;
To the miser life is money,
  To the loafer life is rest.

To the lawyer life's a trial,
  To the poet life's a song;
To the doctor life's a patient
  That needs treatment right along.

To the soldier life's a battle;
  To the teacher life's a school;
Life's a good thing to the grafter,
  It's a failure to the fool.

To the man upon the engine
  Life's a long and heavy grade;
It's a gamble to the gambler,
  To the merchant life's a trade.

Life's a picture to the artist,
  To the rascal life's a fraud;
Life perhaps is but a burden
  To the man beneath the hod.

Life is lovely to the lover,
  To the player life's a play;
Life may be a load of trouble
  To the man upon the dray.

Life is but a long vacation
  To the man who loves his work;
Life's an everlasting effort
  To shun duty to the shirk.

To the heaven's blest romancer
  Life's a story ever new;
Life is what we try to make it—
  Brother, what is life to you?

NO USE TO DIE.

The other day I found in my mail a greasy-looking roll about the size of a corn cob. On looking into it I found a great assortment of mail-order circulars and advertising matter. The wad had been sent me by one of these professional "circular mailers." I get lots of such stuff, and hardly ever read it, but there was one piece of rot in the recent bunch that caught my eye and I have singled it out as a target. It is an advertisement of a book called "Perpetual Life, or Living in the Body Forever." The alleged book is by a guy named Grammar, and the old fool pretends that he has discovered a great secret the knowledge of which will enable every man and woman to stave off Old Age, give Death the dodge, and hang right on to this present life forever. Yes, bless your soul, if you will divorce yourself from a dollar and get Grammar's book and read it you will be able to make old Methuselah ashamed of himself. When we all get armed with a copy of "Perpetual Life" and get it thoroughly memorized, and get things going according to the new plan, won't we have a glorious old time of it? Just imagine a world full of men three or four thousand years old, with beards long enough to step on, and then think what a poor show a young fellow like Methuselah would have among all those wise old heads. Under the new order a boy will wear his baby dresses until he is a hundred or so. At five hundred he can put on long pants, and when he reaches the thousand mark he can begin to cast sheep's eyes at the blushing maidens of six or eight hundred sweet summers. Yea, verily, that will be the truck!

Club Rates!

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The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

THE CALF MARKET.

Spang! Whang! Perlang! Ding-dong! Run here with the calf-rope quick! The old cow's turned over the feed box, stepped in the milk bucket and knocked me down with her tail.

The infernal old brute has got a bad case of the big-head, all because her bow-legged calf is going to waddle down Society Street in company with a gabbling goose of grandee gollywoggle greatness.

The proud poodle pups of prancing palaverment have had their day. They have worn their kid shoes, fur overcoats and diamond collars, and wagged their bushy tails in derision at the poor little wobbly calf as it passed along.

But now the tide has turned. The grand gabbling geese of gilded Gotham, and the sweet-scented spouters of sundry social centers have set up a great howl and established a new fad. Instead of the pampered poodle dog which they have hitherto carried at the end of a string, they are hungering and thirsting for the companionship of a bow-legged calf. The decree has gone forth, and the lady who appears on the streets without her calf will be hooted at by the passing throng. A Jersey calf tied to a silken cord is now the water-mark of highest culture and the open gateway into the paradise of social snobs.

And there shall be two calves going down the street together, and one shall be a human calf and the other shall be a cow's calf. And the cow's calf, having more brains than the other, shall walk in the lead. And they shall look very calf-like as they go along, and the people shall follow after them with a bucket of bran, and shall cry aloud saying, "Sook, calfey, here's your mammy."

GREATER THAN GOD.

Forty years ago Peter Armstrong, a religious man, deeded 400 acres of land near LaPorte, Ind., to "Almighty God," stating that it should be for those who worked it. But God is an unknown personage in this alleged Christian country, and He must pay His taxes or get out. The land has been sold for taxes and God has been kicked out. The tax lord is greater than the Creator of the universe in this country. The public officials stated that they needed the money, and that God would either have to pay his taxes or vacate. Somebody knew they could make some profit out of the ownership of that ground, without working, and hence God was kicked out. Great is profit—greater than God.

ANOTHER SERMON ON BOOZE.

Now, my gentle flock, if you ain't yet diskivered my 'position on the booze question, I'll just reel you off a few more hanks along that line.

The Fool-Killer don't harp on one thing till it wears it out, but when it does get after a sin it just hammers the very old scratch out of it at one lick.

Of course some of you ranting red-nosed rascals will call me an old cranky prohibitionist, because I come out flat-footed and denounce your old rotten red-eye, but I don't care a dog-gon what you call me. I am here to say that likker in all its forms is a product of the devil's brain and the worst enemy that mankind has today. I don't care how many Internal Revenue laws you have, or how many high officials try to legalize the manufacture and sale of the nasty stuff, the fact remains that it is sinful and wrong, and all the law-making bodies this side of hell can't legalize it in the sight of God.

A town or city that votes for saloons because it thinks it will build up the town and help business—that town is an aggregation of flagrant fools, howling hypocrites and blubbering blockheads. When the men of a town spend their wages for likker and drink it up, they must neglect their families, to say nothing of abusing them. The very idea that something as wicked and useless as Old Booze could in any way be helpful to a town or an individual! Oh, there is money in it, they say. Money for whom? For those who make and sell it—yes. But they are only a very small percentage of the total population. Why must we let a few grand rascals get rich on the misfortunes of the masses? Likker is not a good thing for your town or for the country at large, and you know I'm telling the truth, you drotted fool you. Poor old Carrie Nation is dead, but I wish we had about ten thousand more women just like her, and every one of them turned loose with a hatchet.

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By James Larkin Pearson.

The above is the title of a little Book of Poems by your humble servant. My spare moments for the past 15 years have been spent in writing the book. I also printed it and bound it in cloth with my own hands. The book has 108 pages, and contains 93 poems, all of which are said to be very good. Price 50 cents, postpaid.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON,
Moravian Falls, N. C.

S. A. J. A.

One of the best literary societies in America is the Southern Amateur Journalists' Association. It is composed of young people of both sexes who have literary talents and ambitions, and who edit and print small papers and magazines, and write for them, just for fun. Members get a great many good papers and magazines free, and have the privilege of getting their own writings printed and commented on. All young editors and literary workers, and those ambitious to become such, should join the Southern Amateur Journalists' Association. The membership fee is small, and if you desire to do so you can pay your dues by getting up a club for The Fool-Killer. If interested, write for further particulars to:

J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C.

LETTERS.

L. D. MEEKER, Newark, Ark.—Editor Fool-Killer, Moravian Falls, N. C., Dear Sir:—I recieved a copy of The Fool-Killer and think it is a dandy. My only objection to it is that it isn't big enough. I sure enjoy reading it.

G. K. PERRIN, Branch, Ky.—Editor Fool-Killer, Moravian Falls, N. C., Dear Sir:—I herewith send you seven subscribers. Send me more sample copies and I think I can get you more subscribers. Iwill try and help you all I can.

JOHN S. McREE, Maiden, N. C.—Mr. J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C., Dear Sir:—Enclosed you will find postoffice money order for seventy-five cents for which please send your paper, The Fool-Killer, to the enclosed addresses for one year. Your paper is all you claim for it. It sure fixes 'em.

R. A. NUNNALLY, Bogart, Ga.—The Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—Enclosed find $1.35 for which send The Fool-Killer one year to the enclosed names. All these are anxious to get your paper, and I could get a large subscription if you will send me a few sample copies. Everyone here likes your paper.

GEO. KILPATRICK, Columbia, Mo.—J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C., Dear Sir:—Here's hearty congratulations on your Fool-Killer. Enclosed find my subscription for one year. Am sure that with the start you have made you will meet with much success in the fool-killing business.

REV. W. B. SIMMONS, Manchaca, Tex.—Editor Fool-Killer, Moravian Falls, N. C., Dear Sir:—Enclosed find money order for 75 cents for five subscriptions to the Fool Killer. I had intended to send you a list before this, but I have been so busy that it has been almost an impossibility, and so I take advantage of this time.

J. R. CHERRY, Windsor, N. C.—Mr. J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C., Dear Sir:—Enclosed you will find money order for 75 cents, for which please send your paper for one year to the enclosed list of names. I got hold of one of your papers a few days ago and was so well pleased with it that I got up a club—that is, Mrs. Thomas and myself got it up. I also send you some names of persons who might subscribe.

J. M. BROWN, Leverett, Ga.—Editor Fool-Killer, Moravian Falls, N. C., Dear Sir:—Enclosed find money order for 75 cents for five yearly subscriptions to the Fool-Killer to be sent to the enclosed names. I am doing all I can for your paper. I like its style of doing things. It is spicy and logical. It will make a fellow laugh whether he wants to or not. We need you down here in Georgia to help Tom Watson knock the rottenness out of this state.

FLORA WILLIAMS, Lacey, Ky.—The Fool-Killer, Moravian Falls, N. C., Dear Sir:—Please send me about twenty-five sample copies of The Fool-Killer and I will distribute them among my friends and get up a club of subscribers. I got a sample copy from my postmaster and have been showing it to my neighbors and they all want it. So please send the samples at once and as soon as I get them I will send you a nice club. I think The Fool-Killer is the only paper.

W. H. BARNETT, Gilbert, Ark.—Editor Fool-Killer, Moravian Falls, N. C., Dear Sir:—I am more than pleased with The Fool-Killer. It is the best paper I ever read. I have only one fault, and that is, it does not come often enough. It tells the truth from start to finish. Could you furnish all back issues? (No, I cannot furnish back issues. The demand for them has been so great that all back numbers are exhausted except a very few which I am bound to keep in the office for a file.—Editor.)

J. N. MORGAN, Walnut, Ill.—J. L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, N. C. Dear Sir:—I have been taking your Fool-Killer for some time and am pleased with it. I think it is the stuff for thin-skinned hot-air shooters, fashion hunters and money grabbers. I think so much of it I will send you a list of subscribers. Please find enclosed money order for $1.50. Now I got all of these names in about ten minutes. I work here in a harness shop. It is head-quarters for swapping lies. I will try to send you another club soon. Will close for this time.

P. J. LEONARD, Claremont, Ill.—I am a subscriber to Hon. T. E. Watson's Jeff and Magazine, and seeing your ad in the Jeff of April 20, I will send you my subscription. You will find stamps enclosed. Mr. Editor, it is said when one fool dies a dozen new-born fools take his place. We need a Fool-Killer around here badly—in fact, we ought to have had one at work fifty years ago. The truth hurts now-a-days. See our gallant T. E. Watson—for telling the truth they tried to "Gaynor" him. Wish you success.

E. A. WHITEHEAD, Augusta, Ga.—The Fool-Killer, Moravian Falls, N. C., Dear Sir:—Ancient history has it that when Archimedes discovered the method of determining the purity of the gold in King Herod's crown, he hurriedly emerged from the bath room, wholly unattended by any clothing, shouting breathlessly, "Eureka! Eureka! Eureka!" Now I am not much given to shouting, and do not pretend to say that I exactly approve of the freakish conduct of that great mathematician on that memoriable occasion; but when I read of the advent of "The Fool-Killer" into American journalism, I am sure that the sensation I experienced, while different in result, was similar in effect to that experienced by Archimedes. For, to my mind, there is nothing that will do more toward the betterment of society, have a greater influence for good on the young, or prove more beneficial to our country than an energetic and efficient Fool-Killer. Not only should The Fool-Killer supply a long-felt necessity, but it seems to me it should do a thriving business. For as the field is large, the harvest should be great accordingly. It is to be deplored that The Fool-Killer has not visited us earlier, for had he [illegible] history would have had a different and a better tale to tell. We would not have had so many millionaires and paupers, theologians and thieves, libertines and liars, politicians and prostitutes, trusts and tramps, chain-gangs, grafters, grass widows, etc. But as time heals all wounds, rights all wrongs and assuages all grief, maybe the timely appearance of The Fool-Killer will have its effect on this trust-ridden, ill-begotten, the-devil-take-the-hindmost country of ours.

A BAD-MANNERED POET.

A brilliant young poetry-spouter, with headquarters and hind-quarters in the state of Tennessee, sends me the following gem and hopes I will do myself the honor to print it:

I am a country poet,
And live upon the farm;
My neighbors do not know it—
The news would cause alarm.

I love to walk and wander
Around here day and night;
To ruminate and ponder
Affords me much delight.

I hide in shady places
Where I cannot be seen,
While Nature, full of graces,
Puts on her robe of green.

Solomon Soulheaver.

Well, Sol, here is your immortal poem in actual print. I ain't got nary word to say about the poem but I'll be dogged if you hadn't better learn some manners. No gentleman would sneak around in the bushes and watch a lady put on her clothes, like you plead guilty of doing. I'm going to tell Nature how you have been watching her and let her have you arrested.

THE FLYING-MACHINE.

Sixteen hellians in a balloon,
Sailing away to the harvest moon;
The devil riding a goat a-straddle,
And his wife a-dippin' wind with a paddle.

A threshing-machine with the flipity-flop.
And the running-gear of a blacksmith shop.
A street car that ain't got no street,
And all tied up in a wagon sheet.

It's such a sight as I can't describe,
Made up of the scraps of the winged tribe.
All fastened together with wires and strings.
And nails and ropes and pegs and things.

It's three parts devil and one part bird,
And such a racket you never heard;
Wherever the thing goes lickity-split
The mules and cows have a jeeminy-fit.

Some day old Satan will jump in there
And come skeedaddlin through the air,
And pick up the world and throw it away,
And then there'll be the devil to pay.

That's what I heard an elevator boy say one time in the top of a sky-scraper—but that ain't what I'm talking about just now. I refer to the tendency which some women's dresses have to gravitate toward the ground. For instance, a women used to button her collar around her neck, and buckle her belt around her waist. That showed good raising as well as good sense, and women were modest and sweet in those days.

But now the dear things have moved the whole bloomin' outfit downward about two or three feet, so that the collar buttons around the waist and the belt around the ankles, and the dress tail drags in the dirt like a rascal's reputation. All the territory from the waist up passes for neck these days.

I am wondering how long it will be before they move the garment down another notch. When they begin to fasten the collar around the ankles, where the belt now goes, I can't imagine where in the dickens they'll put the belt. They might solve the problem this way—put the dress on a gate post and let the women stand on top, with her feet hobbled in the neck binding and as naked as the truth from the ankles up.

That's the goal that feminine fashion seems to be headed for, and if it keeps on it will get there by and by.

A SERMON TO THE MILLIONAIRES.

My dear old fools:—I'm sorry for you fellers, dog my cats if I ain't. Of all the poor, pitiful plugs of poodle pugnacity that ever wobbled down the winding walks of this wicked world, you miserable money-mad muts are the mud-sills of mawkish misery.

You set yourselves up as a bunch of blooming Big Ikes and pretend that you and your bloody bank accounts are the ballast that holds the earth to its orbit. You think the universe would take the blind staggers and fly the track in about five minutes if you were to let go the reins. And yet, my dear millionaire friends, you don't realize how poor and helpless you are. You are so bent double under the burden of dollars that you have forever lost sight of Joy's smiling face, and you know no more than a life convict what liberty is. You have to bear the biggest burdens and get the least for it of anybody on earth. You long ago bought all the pleasures that money could buy, and as money is the only thing you've got to buy with, you just have to pile up your yaller dollars and look at 'em till your eyes hurt. The strenous duties of being a plute don't give you any time to get out in the woods and pasture lands and hear the birds sing and the brooks babble and watch the green things grow. You are too busy raking in more dollars to buy more railroads to make more dollars to buy more bonds to—oh, thunder, what's the use? You stand up before the world and confess that a millionaire can't be happy, and then you buy a few more railroads and build still higher that golden wall that shuts you out from the joy of life. Fools, fools! Money-mad fools! Goodby.

I HAVE ALWAYS HEARD OF THE FOOL-KILLER, BUT THIS IS THE REAL THING!!
THE FOOL
THUNDER AND LIGHTNING!
THE TRUTH
MURDER! POLICE!

VOL. II. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, JULY, 1911. NO. 7.

THE CIGARETTE FOOL.

His fingers are yaller,
His thinker is shaller,
And there is a pallor
Upon his cheek;
His eyes are mattered,
His nerves are shattered,
His wits are scattered,
His mind is weak.

His flesh is flabby,
His memory's shabby,
And though he is gabby,
He's got no sense;
His folly is leaking
Through all his speaking;
His breath is reeking
With stink intense.

His pants he scratches
With parlor matches
Until big patches
Adorn his seat;
Through all the nation
He holds the station
Of degradation
And sad defeat.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

JACK LONDON ON SOLDIERS.

Young men: The lowest aim in your life is to be a soldier. The good soldier never tries to distinguish right from wrong. He never thinks; never reasons; he only obeys. If he is ordered to fire on his fellow citizens, on his friends, on his neighbors, on his relatives, he obeys without hesitation. If he is ordered to fire down a crowded street where the poor are clamoring for bread, he obeys, and he sees the gray hairs of age stained with red, and the life tide gushing from the breasts of women, feeling neither remorse nor sympathy. If he is ordered off as one of a firing squad to execute a hero or benefactor, he fires without hesitation, though he knows the bullet will pierce the noblest heart that ever beat in human breast.

A good soldier is a blind, heartless, soulless, murderous machine. He is not a man. He is not even a brute, for brutes only kill in self-defense. All that is human in him, all that is divine in him, all that constitutes the man, has been sworn away when he took the enlistment oath. His mind, his conscience, aye, his very soul are in the keeping of his officer.

GONE A BUG-HUNTING.

New York, June 5.—William Benton Miller, of the American Museum of Natural History, will leave this week on a four-months' expedition into the Black Mountains of North Carolina in search of new bugs for the museum's collection. The expedition is financed by Samuel V. Hoffman, president of the New York Historical Society. Research in the Southern field was started by Mr. Hoffman's father, the Rev. Dr. E. A. Hoffman, of the General Theological Seminary.—News Item.

I am sure tickled about that. Through all the dark and gloomy days of my miserable existence I have been waiting for this glad day to arrive. I have shed enough salty tears to float a battleship over the sad fact that nobody had come to hunt our bugs. I have not had time to hunt them myself, and it fairly broke my heart to see this great work so sadly neglected. The harvest of bugs is great and the laborers are few. People are so strange about this bug-hunting business, anyhow. I have actually known men to waste their valuable time by working on the farm, in the shop or other business, when they might have been serving their country better and making themselves a great name by hunting bugs. I have often rambled through the woods and talked to the bugs about it. One poor old bug that I met was standing on a log and waving a red leaf to attract attention. He said he was just dying for somebody to come and hunt him. And they nearly all feel that way about it. So I am glad that Mr. Miller has come to North Carolina to look after this long-neglected work. When he gets done hunting bugs in the Black Mountains I can give him a job in my Irish potato patch. I have about twelve bushels of potato bugs that I would like to have hunted on the shares. I will give half the potatoes and all the bugs to anybody who wants the job.

I got a letter from a fellow, and he said if I didn't quit talking so sassy he would come and ride me a bug-hunting. I don't think he knows much about the business, because all the most successful bug-hunters do their hunting on foot. The man who goes out riding to hunt bugs is not wise. He will have to dismount every time he sees a bug, and while he is doing that the bug might get away.

And again, when you go out to harvest bugs for a museum you don't want to run any risk of having them stepped on by a horse. I have noticed that it mars a bug's features somewhat for a horse to step on it, and of course that would destroy its bugological value.

HERE IS YOUR FORTUNE.

I have just graduated in Astrology and am ready to tell your fortune on short notice. I can tell nearly as big a lie as the Gypsy fortune-tellers, and when I get a little more practice I can beat 'em. Just to introduce my work and to convince you of its high quality, I will give you a sample free of charge.

If you were born anywhere between December and twelve o'clock your horoscope would read like this:

Your Significator in the eighth house being sextile to the double transit of the devil's hind leg, two degrees up and cross-ways to a three-cornered hole in the sky; second house for a bee-line through the ascending arch half way up and back through Bill Smith's tater patch, connecting with your grandaddy's funny-bone two feet and nine inches northwest of sundown. All of which proves that you are either a man or a woman or some other sort of a beast, and that if you don't die young you will live to a good old age.

The wandering aspect of your Woggle Star indicates that you will have a mouth, and that it may be necessary for you to eat in order to live.

Taurus climbing a rope ladder into the second story of your whereabouts proves that you will have a bone in your leg, and that you may have some hair on your head, provided this awful information don't scare you bald-headed.

* * *

A man with a cigar in his mouth will rebuke a boy for smoking cigarettes. That's sorter like a polecat telling a dead fish that it stinks.

* * *

Quite a number of subscriptions expired with last issue. A good many of these have renewed, and some have not. Come along, boys; I don't want to cut you off, but I'm bound to do it unless you renew.

THEY WANT TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT.

Law sakes, honey, I have done discovered another low-down trick that the pot-gutted plutes are trying to pull off.

You know some of the big magazines have been printing some pretty straight talk about the rotten rich rapscallions—holding them up by the tail, so to speak, in order that the world might see their rottenness.

Well, the big dishonest rascals didn't like it nary bit, and they invented the word "muck-raking" to express their notion of what the magazines were doing.

And it came to pass, as time went galloping on, that J. Poodledog Morgan and some of the other billionaire boodlebugs organized a magazine trust and began to buy up all the magazines that could be bought. Wanted to own 'em—don't you see?—so they could dictate their editorial policy and keep out the "muck-raking" articles, as they called them.

Well, honey, I suppose you know that Old Man Dollar can do most anything these days, and so the Morganized magazine trust got its fish-hooks hung in the financial gills of several of the leading magazines. But there were others that had a little too much backbone to sell out to the trust, and the war between the two factions has been going on hot and heavy.

Not being able to yank the teeth out of the "muck-rake" in any other way, the plutazine press has decided to try to side-track the muck-rake by getting powerful good all at once and starting a great wave of "magazine religion."

I noticed just the other day that one of the biggest plutes on the list had touched the button and started the great magazine revival. They are going to fill their pages so full of preacher-talk and make such a thunderation fuss about "serving God" that they hope to get the country hypnotized with religious excitement, thus enabling them to slip out while the people are at prayer and just play the devil in big style.

Now if that ain't about the poorest come-off that I ever saw! If I had a blind hoss that couldn't see through that trick on a dark night and him asleep, hanged if I wouldn't take him out and shoot him with a club-ended fence rail.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY,

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

Idiotorials.

Send me a club of five.

The devil invented politics.

Tyrants are always cowards.

Facts are greater than proverbs.

The mule cusses with his heels.

Rich thieves are called financiers.

In the language of the poet, "Now is the time to subscribe."

It ain't no trouble to economize when you have plenty to economize with.

Don't you wish you were half as important as you think folks think you are?

If a criminal has money it is easy to convince the court that he is innocent.

The rich men have caused all the wars, and the poor men have done all the fighting.

A man never tries to convince others that he is perfectly sober unless he is at least half drunk.

A man and his wife are considered one, but they often have big fusses about which one of them it is.

If little old Cupid really wants to do business, why don't he throw down that bow-and-arrow and get a Winchester?

Marriage is mighty apt to be a failure when both husband and wife throw away the bait they used in catching each other.

If it don't stay dry it will rain, and if it don't rain it will be a long dry spell. Now who said I wasn't a weather-prophet?

A lady who kept a little curly poodle lost her pet and called on the police to find it. The next day one of the force brought the dog home very wet and dirty. The lady was overjoyed, and asked a number of silly questions, among others, this: "Where did you find my dear darling?" "Why, ma'am," said the officer, "a fellow had him on a pole and was washing windows with him."

POVERTY.

I inherited a big bunch of poverty, and I have held onto my inheritance with great tenacity, even as a puppy holdeth on to a beef bone. I have studied many ways to get rid of my poverty, but up to the present writing I have not been able to either sell it or give it away. Poverty is a kind of property that seems to be a drug on the market. Everybody appears to have as much poverty as they can use, except Rockegee and Carnefeller, and although they manufacture it for other folks, they haven't a bit to call their own.

A HYMN FOR FOOLS.

Oh, for a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by every foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of poverty and woe.

That will not murmur nor complain
At the decrees of fate,
But in the hour of grief and pain
Will vote the ticket straight.

A faith that never knows or cares
For either right or wrong,
But on its hind legs upward rears
And bellows good and strong.

Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And hold us to the rules,
And then we'll know the awful bliss
Of being dousted fools.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

OLD CLARK'S GRUB OUTFIT.

I'll be civilly flabbergasted if I can stand it much longer. Things are happening in this country every day that would be a disgrace to any heathen land—things that would cause the devil to hide his face in shame.

The papers tell how Ex-Senator Bill Clark, of Montana, is now living on Fifth Avenue, New York, in a palace that cost steen million dollars—a palace that is said to be finer than the dwelling-place of any ruling monarch under the sun. And after spending his bloody millions to build that palace, old Bill wants to dodge the tax collector. He says the assessment is too high, and he is just raising merry hades in his efforts to get it reduced.

After being too drotted poor and stingy to pay his tax on his mansion, old Bill is able to buy a dinner set containing 900 pieces of table ware at a cost of $120,000.

What decent man can read that statement and not boil with rage? I can't. If that ain't rich extravagance gone to seed and the seed sprouted, then what in the douse would you call it?

How much better is Bill Clark than the rest of us? Why must the grub that he stuffs his nasty paunch with be served from a set of dishes that cost $120,000? Most of us poor devils can make out with a hunk of corn bread and a cup of milk, and thank God if we can have a tin cup and an iron spoon to eat out of. But I guess if old copper-plated Bill had to eat like us common plugs his poor little delicate belly would just turn wrong side out and give up the ghost.

Now, confound it, listen to me! I have seen old Bill Clark with my own eyes, and I want to tell you how he looks. You can't see much but a shock of kinky hair about the size of a pillow, and a beard that looks like two scrubbing brooms tied together. In between you can just get a little glimpse of a pair of eyes that look like two cow-tracks in the mud, and a mouth that looks like the scuttle hole of a soap factory.

God knows I ain't no beauty, but if I was as devilish ugly as old Bill Clark, I'd go off and try to swap faces with a babboon.

And yet we live under a system that allows such a snide as that to live in a king's palace and dodge the tax collector, while many a poor, hard-working family is having to pinch and struggle like the very old scratch to keep soul and body together. It's no wonder to me that the country is filled with unrest, and that Socialism is growing by leaps and bounds.

LIKKER AND LASH.

There is a little two-by-twice monthly paper published in this town which calls itself "The Lash." It's mighty small potatoes and few in a hill, and heretofore I have not bored my readers with any mention of it. But I find in the June number of The Lash a paragraph which is so wobbly-legged that I can't refrain from blowing my breath against it just to see it fall down. It reads as follows:

"Some have accused The Lash of being a prohibition paper. Not a bit of it, Rube. But the feather-livered buzzard who tanks up stopper full of rot-gut bug-juice and goes about disturbing the peace and dignity of a community, I'd like to see handcuffs put on his dumpling path so darned tight that one drop wouldn't ooze down his old guzzle in a thousand years. That's my style of prohibition to a gnat's whisker."

And so it is, eh? Well, hang my Sunday breeches on the garden fence if you ain't a honey, but the bees don't know it. You remind me of an old rusty black snake trying to stand on its head and swallow itself tail foremost without greasing. Oh, my! What a prohibition argument! It sounds like a lonesome echo from an empty jug. Your inconsistency, like an old Mother Hubbard dress, covers up everything and touches nowhere.

Prohibition is either right or wrong. If prohibition is wrong, then drunkenness is right. They are direct opposites and can't be harmonized. To oppose both of them at once, as you try to do, is like trying to drive both light and darkness out of the world at the same time.

Mr. Lash, you would set fire to your barn and then cuss your horse because he got burnt, I reckon. You would take the roof off of your house and then hold an umbrella over your furniture when it rained. You would let a gang of hogs wallow in your spring, and then you would go down the branch and try to clear the water in order to get a drink. A prohibitionist would have sense enough to go and drive the hogs out of the spring.

The fact that you don't want to be known as a prohibitionist indicates that you want the country to be full of likker. But if you are going to muzzle all the old soaks and not allow them to drink it, I'd like to know what in the Sam Hill that likker can be used for? Why is it right to put on the market a product that it isn't right for people to use? Why wouldn't it be cheaper and more sensible to choke off the whole business at the fountain head? Remove the cause of drunkenness, and the effect will take care of itself.

Now, Mr. Lash, if I ain't got it down right, and you think you can fix it any better, just crack your whip.

I am planning for a great subscription campaign next fall. I am going to cover the earth with Fool-Killers as the waters cover the sea.

NOTHING BUT THE DEAR OLD DOLLAR.

What can wash away my need?
  Nothing but the dear old dollar.
What can buy a bang-up feed?
  Nothing but the dear old dollar.

Chorus:
    Oh, watch the dollars flow!
    No other power I know
    Can make the old mare go—
  Nothing but the dear old dollar.

What can fill a man with pride?
  Nothing but the dear old dollar.
For what cause have all men lied?
  Nothing but the dear old dollar.

Nothing can buy automobiles,
  Nothing but the dear old dollar.
Big stink-wagons with rubber wheels,
  Nothing but the dear old dollar.

What can give a man a chance?
  Nothing but the dear old dollar.
What makes some outgrow their pants?
  Nothing but the dear old dollar.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

RELIGION, AND SO FORTH.

There, now, buddy, don't let your little thinkery harbor the idea that Pearson is opposed to religion. I wish to goodness we all had about ten times as much as we've got, provided it was the right kind. A religion that can take an old soggy sinner and make a decent critter out of him—that kind of religion is worth having, and I wish I had about forty car-loads of it to distribute here in this country.

When I go to the big meeting and see half a dozen of the sisters get happy and go half-hammering around over the house, shaking their bustles and rats loose and beating the men in the back, I can't help wondering how long it will be before they will be out among the tattlers repeating some nasty lie about somebody.

If they've got the real article they won't do it. But the devil has got so much cheap imitation religion floating around these days that it pays a-body to keep their eyes open. The devil often has a finer label on his canned religion than the Lord has on His, but there's a big difference when you open the can. The people have been humbugged with the devil's religion so much that they are beginning to distrust the whole thing. It isn't right nor fair, but what are you going to do about it?

Hanged if there ain't something terribly out of joint about all this religion business, anyhow. I know plenty of old rich church members. They live in fine houses, and have money to throw at the birds. And they allow members of their own church to live right in their yards, almost, and suffer for food and clothing. And they wouldn't give them ten cents to save them from the hot place.

What's the matter?

Is it on account of the low-down dishonesty of the poor brother, or is it the infernal hoggishness of the rich brother? Or is it both? Why isn't there a more helpful and brotherly spirit existing among church members? Why? Why? And echo answers—Why?

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

ARE YOU GOING TO GET MARRIED?

I am always as full of advice as a dog is of fleas, and while I think of it I will just reel off a few hanks of advice to the young man who contemplates slipping over to one side of the bed, adding another pillow and getting his mouth full of long golden hair.

You may not have noticed it, young man, but her dress fastens at the back. She can't reach it very well, and you will have to fasten it for her. It is always a good idea to practice on a dummy awhile before you tackle the real thing.

I would advise you to purchase from some large dress-making establishment or clothing store one of those bulgy ladies who have neither head nor legs, known as dummies or dress-forms. Then steal out one of your mammy's old dresses, (or your sister's if you have a sister), and each morning practice fastening it up and down the back.

Set it in a rocking chair, so that it will wiggle, and then see if you can get the right button into the right hole. When you can do this about once in four times, have the buttons changed to a size just too large for the button-holes, and begin all over again. If fairly clever at this, try a row of hooks and eyes invisible to the naked eye. Then substitute for the metal eyes a few loops of thread well lost in a jungle of lace.

Do not use a strong light, for you will often have to perform in the twilight or the early morning. Speed is very necessary, and there should be a few needles and pins stuck into the garments at unexpected places.

At first you can use the language that comes handy, but gradually this should be discontinued and replaced with something less offensive.

When you are able to pass through this ordeal successfully, fastening the dress on straight in three minutes without cussing, then it will be reasonably safe to have the papers drawn up and send for the preacher.

AGENTS WANTED.

I want to employ One Thousand Agents to work for me, taking subscriptions for The Fool-Killer. If you are a good talker, and want to make from $2 to $5 every day right plum easy, just sit down and write to me for Agents' Terms, Sample Copies, Order Blanks, etc., and get to work. You can work all or part time and make big wages. Address: The Fool-Killer, Moravian Falls, North Carolina.

WHAT THE MOONLIGHT DID.

My desk was piled high with papers—papers filled with cheap slush that other men had written. They have been accumulating for weeks. At first I tried to wade through 'em in the hope of finding a stray morsel of thought for my hungry intellect to whet its tushes on. But if all the original thought I found in the whole bunch of them had been dynamite it wouldn't have blown the buttermilk off of a cat's whiskers.

I tried to hunker down beside that pyramid of exchanges and carve out a few chunks of Sassy Talk—the kind that makes people just runover each other to read The Fool-Killer. But I couldn't write a line fit to print. The psychological thought-waves from that pile of dull exchanges seemed to addle my brain—made me feel sorter like a bumblebee in a jug, or words to that effect. So I kicked the whole mess into a corner and walked out under the open sky.

This is the eighth day of July. That's a lie—it's night. Nearly bedtime, at that. The moon hangs up yonder. Big and round and yellow tonight the moon is. I like to look at the moon on such a night as this. Seems like big fat thoughts come sliding down those little beams and lodge in a fellow's think-box without any trouble hardly.

The cool night breeze has fanned the fever from my brow, and I can think again. Next time I want inspiration I will not go into a stuffy office and bury myself in a pile of exchanges—I will go out into the friendly moonlight and talk to the stars and the night-things, and get my mental battery charged with the vitalizing forces of God's big, roomy out-of-doors.

◆

The strongest argument that I know of against Christian Science is the fact that Dick Maple has endorsed it.

◆

I have on hand a great big collection of dandy good letters that I aim to print in next issue. Didn't have room for them this time.

◆

Bill Saunders says, in his Down Homer: "The more we learn the less we know." Law sakes, Bill, what an awful heap you must have learned!

◆

When a man has lost anything, everybody he meets wants to know, "Where did you lose it?" Now ain't that a pretty fool question? If the fellow knew where he lost it he would not be hunting in a hundred different places for it.

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One Year's Free Trial

Cornish Instruments for real merit, are unexcelled by any other whatever the price or name or reputation.

This is our offer to you—selecting any Cornish piano or organ, from the least expensive to the finest ever built and we, without one bit of obligation on your part, will send the instrument to you direct from our factory with the distinct understanding that if the instrument does not come up to your fullest expectations you are not to keep it, and that the

Trial Will Cost You Absolutely Nothing

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If the instrument does not prove better value for the money than you can get anywhere else—if it is not as good an instrument as you can buy for one-third more than we ask—if at any time within a year you feel that you have not a good bargain, send it back; we won't find one word of fault with your decision, and you will not be one cent out of pocket for freight or for use of the instrument.

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and holds us strictly to this offer. You are to have the privilege of any terms of payment that you may choose. You risk nothing. We assume all responsibility, because we know all about the great beauty of material and workmanship in Cornish pianos and organs and we know all about the pure, sweet, rich tone quality of our instruments and we know what a quarter of a million satisfied purchasers think of them.

If you keep the instrument it will cost you the Rock-Bottom Factory Price, not one cent more, and you will receive with it our Bonded Guarantee which insures the instrument for 25 years against defect in material or workmanship.

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Don't think of buying before reading it. It is the handsomest piano and organ catalog ever issued. It explains things you ought to know whether you buy from us or not and it is yours for the asking. Write for it now and please mention which you are interested in—piano or organ.

Cornish Co. WASHINGTON, N. J.
Established Over Half a Century.

A man 70 years old married a girl aged 20 and deeded her 500 acres of land. Then she had plenty of ground for divorce.

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The Famous Rascal Killer of the Age. Every shot hits the center of the blackness of all social and political sins and shams. Every chamber loaded with fire and brimstone, and shot off monthly for 15 cents a year!

Address: THE BIG PISTOL,
Campton, Ky.

"CASTLE GATES."

By James Larkin Pearson.

The above is the title of a little Book of Poems by your humble servant. My spare moments for the past 15 years have been spent in writing the book. I also printed it and bound it in cloth with my own hands. The book has 108 pages, and contains 93 poems, all of which are said to be very good. Price 50 cents, postpaid.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON,
Moravian Falls, N. C.

"The Life of Naomi Wise," a true story of the wrongs of a beautiful girl and how she was killed by Jonathan Lewis in Randolph county, North Carolina, about one hundred years ago. A masterpiece of passionate and thrilling interest. We include the song of "Naomi Wise" with the book which is neatly printed and substantially bound, all sent postpaid for 12c with our new catalogue.

E. P. NEWSUM & CO., KING, N. C.

ITITY BITITY POETRY.

Supremity Court, he amity stuff,
  Admirity him we must;
He biffity crook, no takity bluff,
  Dissolvity rich man's trust.

Old Johnity D., he ownity ile,
  He makity heaps of mun;
Supremity Court, he biggity smile,
  And thinkity have some fun.

Old Johnity D., he smility too,
  And then he winkity eye;
He showity gang just howity do,
  And tellity great big lie.

The Backerty Trust, he gotity weed
  What makity smoke and chaw;
He laffity court, no takity heed,
  But breakity Sherman law.

The richity men, they ownity earth,
  And keepity wanting more;
In spitity courts they keepity on
  Just likity did before.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

By Uncle Sam.

Whoop-ee, boys, this is my birthday! And I must make you a speech on this grand and glorious occasion. I was born up at Philamayork, in the State of Pennsiltucky, one hundred and thirty-five years ago to-day. I was a sort of sickly kid, and some folks didn't think I would ever live out half my days. But I'm here yet, boys, and as frisky as a young colt. I am sole owner and operator of the Great American Circus. Yes sir-ee-bob, I've got Barnum & Bailey, Ringland Brothers, and all the rest of the show people backed up in a corner and yelling for mercy. My circus runs 24 hours in the day and 365 days in the year, and I've always got a full house. If you are a billionaire you can have a reserved seat with upholstered cushions, and a nigger boy to serve icecream and lemonade, free of charge. But if you are a poor devil you'll have to crawl in under the tent and stand up, and if you ask for any favors I'll have you arrested.

Ho, everybody this way if you want to be humbugged! Don't go elsewhere to get abused and cheated, but come to my Great American Circus. We can pick your pockets slicker than anybody else. I have a trained force of expert sleight-o' hand performers whose only business is to extract the coin of the realm from the pockets of the raw-boned Rubes. It is a painless performance, because you don't know you are being robbed until after it is all over. But it hurts like the devil when you find it out.

I've got the greatest aggregation of good things and bad things, hot things and cold things, of all sizes, varieties and colors that were ever exhibited under one tent. This is the place where you can get virtue and vice, religion and rum, holiness and hell. We can furnish you a good Bible for ten cents and a bad drink of whiskey for five cents. This is the place where we send a man to Congress with three wives, and send other men to the penitentiary for having two; where some men make sausage out of their wives and some want to eat them raw; where we make bologna out of dogs, canned beef out of sick mules, and corpses out of the people who eat it; where we put a man in jail for not having the means of support, and on the rock pile for asking for a job; where we license bawdy houses and fine men for preaching Christ on the street corners; where we have a Congress of 400 men to make laws, and a Supreme Court of nine men to pronounce them unconstitutional; where newspapers print everything but the truth, and an honest man can't get elected to office; where teachers draw their convictions from the same place they do their salaries; where the Church of Mammon pays its preachers $25,000 a year to pat the devil on the back and tickle the ears of the wealthy; where business consists in getting money and property in any way that won't land you in the penitentiary; where men vote for what they don't want for fear they won't get what they do want by voting for it; where we have prayers on the floor of the National Capitol and whiskey in the cellar; where some men dine off of a $120,000 dinner set, while other men can't get corn bread and gravy to sop in a tin plate; where to be virtuous is to be lonesome, and to be honest is to be a crank; where we pay $25,000 for a dog and 25 cents a day to a poor washerwoman; where we send a man to jail for stealing a chicken, and to Congress for stealing a railroad; where the check-book talks, sin walks in broad daylight, justice is asleep, crime runs amuck, corruption permeates our whole social and political fabric, and the devil rides headlong over everything.

Boys, that's the kind of a circus your Uncle Sam is the boss of. Don't it make you feel mighty proud to be connected with such a dog-bited skin-game as this? Why don't you holler?

MET HIS MATCH.

A man left his umbrella in the stand in a hotel recently, with a card attached to it bearing the following inscription: "This umbrella belongs to a man who can deal a blow of 250 pounds weight. I shall be back in ten minutes."

On returning to seek his property he found in its place a card bearing this inscription: "This card was left here by a man who can run twelve miles an hour. I shall not be back."

A LURID PICTURE.

Here is a question that an old negro preacher put to his congregation not long ago, and it might pay a good many white folks to study it a little:

"Oh, me! What you gwine ter do when you see de devil a-comin' in a hail-storm, drivin' a pair o' white hosses wid de lightnin' fer reins, an' de thunder a-barkin' lak a houn' dog at his heels, an' him a-kicken' de big hills outen his way an' a-drinkin' up de sea at a mouthful, an' takin' de roun' worl' in his two han's an' pitchin' it at de stars lak it was a baseball? I axes you, plain an' constant, what you gwine ter do an' whar you gwine ter stand, when de devil do dat?"

"EVERYTHING" WOBBLES ONCE.

It becomes my solemn duty to harvest a few streaks of hide from the well-fed carcass of my esteemed friend, Mr. Al Fairbrother, who publishes a magazine called "Everything," at Greensboro, N. C.

I hate like fury to do this, because Al and myself are mighty good friends. In fact, I think so much of Al that I am bound to correct him when I see him going wrong. I have read "Everything" with as much interest as a preacher reading his Bible, and I have always found it to be an exceptionally sane and sensible journal.

But in his July number Mr. Al jumps astraddle of his gasoline buzz-wagon and tries his blamedest to run over everything in forty miles of the road. In an article headed, "The Day That Will Come," the able editor uncorks himself on the automobile situation. He takes the ground that laws to regulate the use of the stink-wagon are savagely cruel and altogether unjust. The auto should have the same freedom on the public roads that the horse and buggy has. There should be no speed limit, and if the plutocrat in his automobile, going sixty miles an hour, meets or passes a poor man with his wife and baby driving a scarey horse to a buggy, the plute has a perfect right to turn up his nose and whiz by like a bat out of hell, and if the frightened horse turns over the buggy and makes sausage meat out of the poor occupants it don't matter a doggon bit. They had no business to get in the way.

That's the argument that Brother Al puts up, and to carry his point he cites us to the railroad train and remarks that the train don't have to stop every time a farmer's horse gets scared at it. He wants to know, then, why the law must make the automobile stop and not apply in like manner to the train.

Why, Mr. Everything, the two cases are no more alike than day is like night. You may have noticed that the railroad train tries to stay on its track, as a general rule. It sometimes gets off the track, but it never does it on purpose, and it never goes far after it gets off. It don't make a habit of getting out and snorting around over the country roads like the devil on a big drunk.

Let the automobiles make them a road of their own and stay on it like the train does, and that will settle the question for all time. Roads were first made for horses and horse-drawn vehicles. When the steam-cars came into existence the first thing they did was to make them a road of their own, and they have always made an honest effort to stay on their own road.

But when the automobile put in its appearance it thought it could scare the horses off of the dirt roads and take possession of them. And so here it comes snorting down the pike, smelling like mortified trouble and making a fuss like a copper-bellied elephant eating flint rocks.

◆

The world is full of fellows who would be glittering successes in the financial world if they knew as much about their own business as they do about other people's.

A SERMON ON BASEBALL.

Prefacing his sermon with a recitation of "Casey at the Bat," the Rev. Franklin Baker, pastor of the First Unitarian Church at Sacramento, California, spoke to a large congregation in defense of Sunday baseball. He said that the $15,000,000 spent on baseball last season was better expended than the same sum in foreign missions.—News Item.

Shades of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Jehoshaphat and Sally Ann Swiggins! If that don't just everlastingly cook your honorable grandmammy's rye dumplings, I'll be doggon!

Whenever an old worldly-wise, pride-pampered puke of a preacher does set out to make a genuine jabbering jackass of himself, he never fails to get there with both feet.

The Fool-Killer has handled quite a variety of pumpkin-headed pulpit-pounders in its time, but this crazy California crank is an unclassified curiosity. He is a human grubworm. He crawls on his back and goes wrong end foremost. He was born on a cloudy night, when they couldn't see how to put his thinker in straight, and he rode into the pulpit on the hind wheels of bad luck. His preaching sounds like a cross between the howl of a hell-cat and the toot of a tin horn.

"Casey at the Bat" is a ding-busted jimdandy of a text to preach a sermon from, dog my cats if it ain't. And I think old man Baker makes just about such a blooming bust at the preaching business as Casey did at the bat. You remember Casey started out like he was just going to put the game in his vest pocket and walk off with it. But it wasn't more than three flaps of a June-bug's wing till "great Casey had struck out." And it looks to me like that fool preacher struck out the first pass he made at it.

Baseball is such an all-fired important business that the week days are not long enough to play enough of it in, and so the Rev. Fool Baker would like to see Mr. Casey hit the Sabbath a few whacks with his baseball bat and break it all to flinderations.

A pretended preacher who has no more respect for the Sabbath than that ought to be compelled to live for twelve years on raw baseballs, and have them rammed down his ungodly goozle with the big end of a baseball bat till his belly hung out over the waistband of his breeches like a second-story bay-window full of green turnips.

And he thinks it is better to spend $15,000,000 on baseball than on Foreign Missions. Jumping Jerusalem! And that from a thing that calls itself a preacher! Why, honey, that feller ain't no more fit to preach the gospel than a jackass is fit to teach a singing school.

It looks like tomfoolery to spend fifteen million dollars on baseball or foreign missions either while we have such howling heathens right here in our own country as the Rev. Franklin Baker, D. D.

◆

A funny story always gets more attention than sensible talk.

◆

Get all your neighbors to hear me preach for twelve months. Pew rent only fifteen cents a year, if they come five or more at one time.

I HAVE ALWAYS HEARD OF THE FOOL-KILLER, BUT THIS IS THE REAL THING!!
THE FOOL-KILL
THE TRUTH
POLITICAL FOOL
MURDER, POLICE!

VOL. II. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, AUGUST, 1911. NO. 8.

YES, "IF."

[illegible] paragrapher
[illegible] morning sheet:
"We would have a pot of money
If we didn't have to eat."

[illegible] beyond disputing,
[illegible] it's evident, no less,
That our wads would be much fatter
If we didn't have to dress.

Furthermore, the truth here stated
Should be plain to any gawk:
We could save a lot on footwear
If we didn't have to walk.

Then again we'd do more labor
And some extra shekels reap,
Also save on beds and bedding,
If we didn't have to sleep.

Summing up, to this conclusion
Free indorsement you will give:
We could be as rich as Rocky
If we didn't have to live.

DON'T SHOOT—I'LL SURRENDER.

My preachment last month about the exchanges being such dry picking seems to have sorter soured on the stomach of the "Big Pistol" man. He squirts about two columns of his new-fangled, home-made words at me and wants to know if I meant anything personal. He is willing to bet this, that and the other that The Big Pistol was not in that pile of exchanges. You're a good guesser, Ben—The Big Pistol was not there. I get a few choice exchanges that I put in a different pile, and The Big Pistol goes with the choice ones. I read them carefully, squeeze out all the mental juice I can get, and lay them away for future reference.

I take better care of The Big Pistol than the editor of The Lash does. T'other day I happened to step in at the home of L. B. Laws, and I sez to him, sez I:

"Look-ee here Laws, you must be mighty careless with your firearms."

"Why so?" sez he.

"Well," sez I, "just now, as I came in, I saw a Big Pistol lying out there on the walk."

Now, Ben, you know who appreciates you most here at Moravian Falls. You are one among ten thousand, and altogether funny. So just keep The Big Pistol loaded to the muzzle, and every time it fires make the old sinners think judgment has come.

CONSIDER THE FLEA.

Speaking of bravery, what's the matter with the little old razor-backed, hopping flea? It was old man Solomon, I believe, who advised us to consider the ant. But I think Sol let a mighty good chance get away when he failed to call our attention to the festive and fleet-footed flea.

Say, you old puckery plugs of humanity, did you ever lay aside your corn-cob pipe long enough to consider the flea? Did you ever wake up in the shank end of the night with a sensation as if a fisherman was digging for bait in the small of your back?

I can see you with my mind's eye as you get up in your shirt-tail and light the lamp. It doesn't matter to you that the window is open, and that the young courting couples are passing on their way home from night meeting. I see you twist that flowing garment first to one side and then the other, and crane your neck like a sick gander as you try to take a fine sight down your backbone.

At last you catch sight of the cause of all your trouble. He is sitting cross-legged under the hem of your shirt-tail and quietly chewing on that hunk of meat that he excavated from the region of your spine.

You set your jaws like a vise and your fingers like a steel-trap, and—grab! You rub that shirt-tail between your finger and thumb till it begins to smoke, and then you open up, expecting to find the mutilated remains of that flea. But about thirteen times out of a dozen you will be somewhat surprised at the abrupt and pronounced manner in which he is not there.

You rub liniment on that flea-bite, at the same time thinking a few words that it isn't proper for nice folks to say. Then you sadly puff out the light and tumble back into your bunk. You ain't more than got to sawing gourds right good till Mr. Flea is back on the job with a steam drill and two or three hired hands.

Ah, dogon your spotted hide, mister, you can't get ahead of the flea. He is the most active and elusive creature in all the earth. He can bite you on the hip or the big toe, and then be a hundred yards off and sound asleep in the dog-house before you have time to grab at him.

The flea has absolutely no fear. I don't know whether he is naturally a dare-devil, or whether he just ain't got sense enough to be afraid. But I guess he knows that the clumsy fingers of a mere human are not hard for him to dodge.

The flea can out-jump all creation. He is about one-sixteenth of an inch long, and he can easily jump five feet, or 960 times his own length. The average man is nearly six feet tall. In order to jump as far as Mr. Flea (considering the size of the jumper) a man would have to jump something over a mile. And wouldn't that be some jumping, though? If you could jump 960 times your own length, you could draw a bigger crowd than all the circuses and soon be richer than John Rob-a-feller. And yet the little old pesky flea can do that and we never think anything about it.

If there was an animal a million times bigger than you are, I think you'd be sorter careful how you messed with it. You wouldn't be apt to crawl up its leg and bite it on the belly or the shoulder blade. You'd be afraid. But you are a million times bigger than the flea, and he don't ask you one bit of odds. He just shoulders his little meat-axe and goes galloping over your mortal corporosity any time he feels like it, and the only thing you can do is to claw and cuss.

And so it seems to me that even the flea possesses some traits of character that we might learn to admire if we would just go at it in the right way.

Therefore I say unto you, consider the flea.

* * *

If you are growling at the hot weather now, you will have a chance to change ends with your growler about next Christmas.

CASEY'S PICTURE.

Casey decided to go into business, so he bought out a small livery stable and had a painter make a sign for him showing him astraddle of a mule. He had this sign placed in front of the stable and was quite proud of it. His friend Finnigan happened along and stood gazing at the sign.

"That's a good picture of me, ain't it?" asked Casey.

"Sure, it looks something like you," said Finnigan, "but who in the devil is that man on your back?"

TALK, TALK, TALK, TALK.

I recently saw a newspaper article with the above heading. I didn't read the article, and don't have any more idea than a hog what it was about.

But the head caught me, and I said to myself, "There! Guess I'll just hook that heading and use it as a summer bonnet for one of my own preachments."

Talk, talk, talk, talk.

And then get a long breath and talk some more.

It takes talk to run the world.

And I don't wonder at it, for lots of the talk I hear is enough to run most anything.

It nearly runs me crazy sometimes.

Don't bother to think, but just talk.

Thinking tires the thinker, but talking only tires the listener, and that don't matter.

Therefore talk.

Talk early and often, late and loud.

Go into the office where people are busy, crank your mouth and put it to work.

The boss pays his hands to listen at you talk.

And they enjoy it.

If somebody else is talking about something of importance, that's just the time for you to butt in. Crack away and tell 'em you know more about it than they do.

That's good manners.

It don't matter whether you know anything or not—make a bluff and pretend that you know.

The less you know the more you should talk.

Make up in talk what you lack in knowledge, and maybe you will fool somebody into thinking you are smart.

Exercise is good for the tongue—therefore let it wag.

Tell 'em your name is Mr. Gabby-Jack from away up Longtongue Creek.

JUST DISSOLVED.

"So you broke your engagement with Miss Spensive?"

"No, I didn't break it."

"Oh, then she broke it, did she?"

"No, she didn't break it.

"But it is broken, isn't it?"

"Yes, she told me what her clothing cost, and I told her what my income was, and then our engagement sagged in the middle and just gently dissolved."

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

Idiotorials.

A good bluff beats a bad excuse.

I'm tolerable, thank ye. How are you?

Get up a club for The Fool-Killer today.

This old world is a plum sight, anyhow.

Be safe and sane, and let who will be devilish.

A fable is an open-faced lie with a handle to it.

A banana is the soft tit of heaven wrapped in a buckskin.

Pay a man to be good, and he won't earn his salary.

Men are the salt of the earth, and women are the pepper.

Seek damage in court and it's a sure thing you'll get it.

A man never sees a spittoon without being tempted to spit in it.

A clock is about the only thing that strikes and keeps on working.

Hello, buddy! What are you doing to help circulate The Fool-Killer?

The main advantage we have over the ancients is that we are still alive.

A woman can say more in a look than a man can in a book.

Blackberries have petered out. Now all aboard for Chinkapin Station!

It's a doggon sight easier to invent a scheme than it is to make it work.

A jug and a pistol—and after that the chain-gang. Boys, don't that sound good?

All who are not for The Fool-Killer are against it. Where do you stand, mister? Speak up.

By the time some people make up their minds what to do, it's too late to do it.

Woodrow Wilson reminds me of a wet dish-rag trying to pass off for a silk necktie.

Try to make your mark in the world, but don't let it be a question mark.

There are plenty of folks who never make mistakes. They are under the sod.

Have we got Reciprocity, or do we have to wait for Canada to thresh all that straw over again? Heh?

A man can find a million reasons for loving a millionaire's daughter, and every reason looks just like a dollar.

If this country can't find better material for President than either Taft or Wilson, I think it is a dickens of a bad chance.

They are talking about making the silver dollars heavier. Please don't do it—they are too hard to raise already.

The reason why lightning never strikes twice in the same place is because the place is not there after the first visit.

When the lion and the lamb lie down together, the lamb is usually on the inside.

An old philosopher said once that reading maketh a full man. So does a quart of red likker.

Hot, did you say? Well, I believe I had noticed that it was just the least bit warm.

The Catholics are plotting to kill Tom Watson. They had better kill something they can eat.

Law is like a spider web—it catches and holds the little flies, but lets the big bugs get away.

Kind words are often wasted where a good stout kick from a number ten brogan might have done some good.

I once knew a girl who went by the name of "Postscript." Her real name was Adeline Moore.

I am thinking about buying a flying-machine. It doesn't cost anything to think about it.

Most people are all right when they are asleep. The trouble is, they don't sleep enough.

If men were as big as they talk, some of them could spit over the top of a telegraph pole.

Virginia and North Carolina are coming out of the kink, thank you. They are getting so they can afford nearly as many swell murders as New York.

Miss Madelaine Sullivan, a Chicago white girl, was recently married to an Indian Chief named "Plenty Hawk." Now about the first time Plenty Hawk comes home full of plenty likker there will be plenty devil to pay.

If somebody will invent a plan by which the coatless man may leave off his suspenders and at the same time wear the waistband loose enough for comfort without danger of losing his breeches, he can make a fortune out of it.

I ain't in politics nary bit, but if some party will get up a ticket reading "Roosevelt and Bryan," dog my cats if I don't vote it. Roosevelt and Bryan are the two cleanest and best men in American public life today, and they are near enough together in their views that they could consistently run on the same ticket. So here's the opening gun of the Roosevelt-Bryan boom. Hip, hurrah!

BURY HIM.

Bury the miser out in the woods,
In a beautiful hole in the ground,
Where the woodpecker pecks and the bumblebee bums,
And the straddlebug straddles around.

He ain't no use in the world of men—
Too unpractical, stingy and dead;
But he wants the earth and all of its crust,
And the stars that shine overhead.

Then hustle him off to the bumblebee's roost,
And bury him deep in the ground;
He's no use here—get him out of the way,
And make room for the man that is sound.

BOOZE & CO., PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS.

Well, dog my cats, hang my buttons and blister my sun-burnt hide! If here ain't another pretty kettle of fish. For behold it cometh to pass that the old pot-gutted Booze Brigade has buckled on a brand-new breast-plate of hellishness and started out to subsidize the local press of the country.

It seems, if I understand it right, that the low-down likker-lovers of this land of the spree and home of the police court have organized a newspaper syndicate and are now proposing to furnish a free plate service to all country editors who will use the same.

In other words, Old Man Booze and his campaign committee will obligate themselves to get up the copy, set the type and send the plates prepaid with their compliments and a sample quart of red-eye.

If the editor is sorter pinch-gutted and wants to kick about that, the dear old Booze Gang will also furnish the paper, pay the printer and the postage bill, and send the editor a two-gallon jug of old corn.

If the editor is still stubborn and hard-hearted, Old Booze & Co. will further agree to take over the entire outfit, including debts, deadbeats and delinquent subscribers, and to board the editor and his family and all of his wife's relations for the next twenty years.

And all that the editor has got to do in exchange for all these favors is to give hell a mortgage on his manhood and sell his soul to the devil. Purty cheap, ain't it?

Law sakes alive, honey, ain't Old Booze & Co. the free-heartedest fellers you ever did see? How they do love the poor, hard-working editor! They know how hard it is for him to write news when there is nothing to write. They know how his brain gets befuddled sometimes, and how the voice of the printer yelling "copy" makes the poor editor faint.

I don't know how in the thunder they found out all this, but they seem to know it, and their great, loving hearts have opened to help the poor editor.

Of course the papers printed from Booze & Co.'s free plates will not contain any sermons, Sunday School lessons, temperance lectures, and other harmful reading. Such unnecessary and dangerous stuff will be crowded out and the space devoted to telling where you can get five gallons of Guggle & Sputter's Celebrated Whoop-Juice at so much per, with a whole gross of headaches thrown in to be used on the morning after the night before.

Now, boys, as many of you as want to can sell out to Old Booze, but this is to certify that Pearson and his Fool-Killer are not for sale just yet. As long as I am able to drag a lead pencil across a sheet of paper I will try to write my own thunder, or else beg, borrow or steal it from some decent source. If it ever comes to the pass that I have to dip my editorial gravy out of Old Booze's literary skillet, hang-taked if I don't close up the shop and hire out to wash guts at a butcher-yard.

The shade of a church won't bleach out a black character any quicker than the shade of a barn will.

THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

He spoke his love in German—
  She answered not a word.
In French he tried to woo her—
  The maiden never heard.

He tried his luck in English,
  In Irish—all in vain;
In Turkish, Greek and Latin,
  And in the tongue of Spain.

And then an inspiration
  Came to the anguished youth.
"The universal language,"
  He cried, "I'll try, forsooth."

He kissed the blushing maiden,
  And pressed her to his breast.
She understood that language,
  And you can guess the rest.

* * *

ONE MORE PITIFUL HOWL.

The surest sign that The Fool-Killer is doing good is the fact that it makes some of the hit puppies howl once in awhile. If I never made 'em yelp I'd feel like I wasn't hitting 'em hard enough. The latest howl comes from Georgia. It is written with a sway-backed typewriter on the letter head of the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad. The letter was mailed at Pearson, Ga., and the only thing I hate about it is that a town which bears my name should have to harbor within its borders such a snivelling sore-head as the fellow who daddied the following spasm:

Pearson, Ga., Aug. 2nd, 1911.

Mr. J. L. Pearson, Editor Fool-Killer,
Moravian Falls, N. C.

Dear Sir:—Several days ago, thru the influences of a friend, I was induced to subscribe to your paper for one year. Today's mail brought the first copy of The Fool-Killer, dated for July, 1911. I have carefully read the sheet thru and request that my name be stricken from your mailing list at once—you may retain the amount of the subscription. I consider your paper wholly indecent and unfit for anyone to read who claims to maintain a common standard of self-respect. Altho I have searched your paper carefully for a decent expression I have thus far failed to find it, and am therefore compelled to place your publication in the same ranks as the Chicago Blade and Ledger, the Rip-Saw, (the dirtiest sheet published and entered at a postoffice) as well as the literature of the brothel district—all of which are too damnable to even exist, to say nothing of being read by the masses. The reading of such vile sheets is directly responsible for the condition of affairs today in the moral world. Bad literature has wrecked more lives than the seige of civil warfare. I sincerely trust that I may be spared to see the dawn of the day when our Government will bar by fraud letters the posting of any publication as well as written matter, the which is not expressed in authentic English and conveying a pure and decent thought.

Yours truly,
E. F. GOODRUM.

Poor little pussy-footed sissy-gal! I'm awful sorry The Fool-Killer has mocked your shodisty. I'll bet, by granny, that you sleep with your breeches on, for you'd be too thunderation modest to pull 'em off in your own presence.

Now, Mr. Good-rum, you have said your little piece, and I guess it's my time to talk some. You may know what good rum is, for I reckon you've guzzled enough of it, but I must say you're a mighty doggon poor judge of a newspaper.

Say, old Good-licker, or whatever your name is, you needn't think you can fool me with your sanctified slobber. I've heard old billy-goats try to bleat like a sheep before. It sometimes happens that the loudest cry of "Stop, thief!" comes from the greasy gullet of the feller who stole the ham.

I know what's the matter with you, old sock. The Fool-Killer has just been pinning down a little too tight on some of your pet sins and dissipations, and that's what made the beller come.

The Fool-Killer preaches the gospel of fair play, uprightness and honesty in all things. It approves the good and condemns the bad wherever it finds them. But its chief mission is to condemn the bad and frail the humbugs, rascality and cussedness. And that kind of a job don't call for any sugar-coated language, either. Why, I might go around patting the devil on the back and singing pretty love-songs to him, like most of the papers do, and the mealy-mouthed hypocrites would call me a pretty good feller. But because I take plain English for a hand-spike and turn over the devil's play-house with it, they think I'm just too utterly bad for anything. A man don't put on kid gloves when he goes out to skin a polecat, and I've got an awful sight of human polecats to skin. I've got a mighty fine, glossy pair of literary gloves that I wear on some occasions when I have a nice subject to handle, but when I want to dehorn a human devil I go at it with gloves off.

Mr. Good-licker thinks The Fool-Killer is wholly indecent, and too damnable to even exist. To the impure all things are impure. The drunken fool thinks he is the only sober man in the crowd. In throwing "damnable" and "indecent" in my face, old Good-licker reminds me of the Rube who went hunting one day. He fired several times at what he thought was a squirrel in a tree-top, but finally discovered that he had been shooting at a louse on his own eye-brow. Good-licker is near-sighted and cross-eyed, and the evil that he thinks he sees in The Fool-Killer is hanging like a black cloud over his own dirty soul.

There, now, Good-licker, don't cry, if your little old hypocrite-fiddle is broke and won't make no music no more.

* * *

We may not all agree that Roosevelt did right in that Tennessee deal, but we are bound to admire the manly way in which he comes out and says, "I did it with my little hatchet." That sterling honesty is what makes Teddy great. God give us more like him!

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

A SERMON ON LAZINESS.

Now is a good time to get lazy. The weather is just right. A man who can't get lazy now is not built right.

Some people get lazy earlier in the season than this, but they ought not to do it, for their crops get lazy, too, and don't grow to do any good. Some boys get lazy in the spring, but I never knew one to get too lazy to dig fish-worms all fore-noon in order to go fishing in the afternoon.

When a boy gets too lazy to play he usually needs a good dose of physic. With some people laziness is a disease; with others it is a luxury; while with others it is simply a pastime. Laziness of long standing becomes chronic and is hard to cure. Some people inherit laziness, but when they get it that way it is born and bred in the bone and the flesh, and is incurable. People who never get lazy are generally irritable, petulant and of a sour disposition.

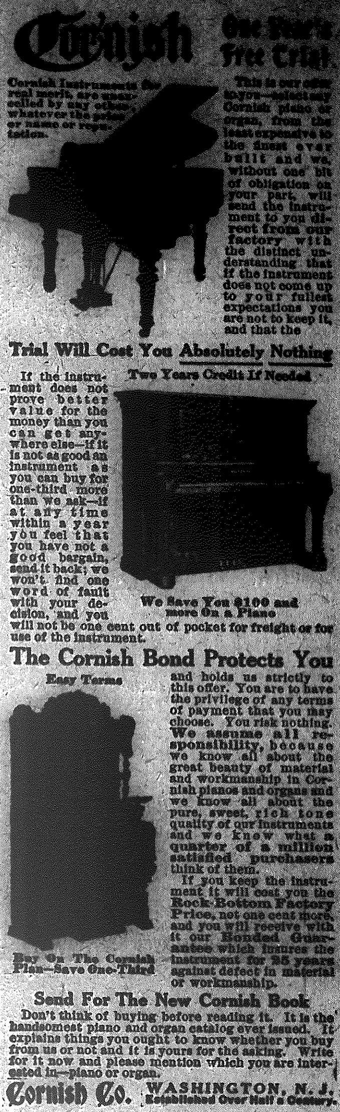
It takes a certain amount of laziness to sweeten one's temper and make him contented, but too much of it is worse than not enough. Laziness may become a habit, and, if indulged in to excess, results in a disease which requires constitutional treatment.

A moderate amount of laziness is healthy. It is like taking a sun-bath on a frosty morning; it feels good. But great care should be taken not to contract the habit. The fire should not be allowed to go out or the steam to run down too low. Some people don't stop the machine at all; they shift the belts to another pulley and play golf or baseball, or go hunting or fishing. This is a very good way. It relieves the strain, but does not rest the body like a good dose of laziness.

Laziness is not a painful disease to the one who has it, but it sometimes hurts his family, which his laziness prevents him from supporting. It gives them a pain in the stomach and causes them to suffer for want of clothing. A good piece of tough cow-hide laid judiciously, assiduously, forcibly and persistently across the bare back of such a man is about the only effective remedy. It should be applied by his kind-hearted neighbors, and persisted in until the patient recovers. Laziness as a disease should be carefully guarded against. Although it is not particularly dangerous, it is not desirable in a community. It seldom proves fatal, although there are cases on record where men have just lazied themselves to death.

* * *

The girl who sits and waits for a man to propose must feel a good deal like the cat that is watching a rat-hole.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"CASTLE GATES."
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The above is the title of a little Book of Poems by your humble servant. My spare moments for the past 15 years have been spent in writing the book. I also printed it and bound it in cloth with my own hands. The book has 108 pages, and contains 93 poems, all of which are said to be very good. Price 50 cents, postpaid.

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Your aunt Lillian Russell says four dresses a year is enough for any woman. And I'll bet five dollars that Lillian has got at least a hundred dresses.

CORRESPONDENCE.

C. L. WESTMORELAND, Royster, Ga.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir: My son gave me a copy of The Fool-Killer, and I took it up in town today and got five subscribers in about ten minutes.

D. H. LOVEN, Stocksville, N. C.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir;—Find enclosed ninety cents for which send your paper one year to the enclosed names. Your paper is a dandy and a sure cure for the blues.

I. J. MINTON, Spread, Ga.—Dear Mr. Pearson:—I am sending you a bunch of subs and a post-office order to pay for same. I let them read my paper and they want a tickle-sheet of their own.

J. T. GIBSON, Moscow, Miss.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—I am sending you five more subs. Will send in a list every month if I can. Am delighted in reading The Fool-Killer very much.

J. W. EAGLIN, Zadock, Mo.—Dear Mr. Editor:—The Fool-Killer kills all kinds, sorts and sizes, and all colors, it makes no difference with it. It gets 'em coming and going. I will do all I can for you, and will send you as many clubs as I can.

LESLIE M. LEWIS, Havana, Fla.—Dear Mr. Pearson:—I have received a copy of The Fool-Killer and like it very much, especially the way you killed that Dick Maple Socialist fool. In fact, I just had to read everything before I could put the paper down. Find enclosed my subscription.

JAMES M. HARRIS, Alley, Va.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—I send you a club of five. I can make a club of five in fifteen minutes when I go to Gate City on public days. Hurrah for The Fool-Killer! Give it to our members of Congress for their waste of time and money.

R. A. KEATING, Zadock, Mo.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—Enclosed you will find some little items written for publication. I want to do everything I can for you in order to help you make The Fool-Killer a famous little paper. I will send you as many clubs as I can.

M. O. MATTHEWS, 215 6th St., Augusta, Ga.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—Enclosed find 75 cents for which please send your valuable and witty paper to the enclosed addresses. I am a constant reader of your paper and showed it to a few of my friends with the above results. I wish The Fool-Killer much success.

F. M. MORGAN, Cornell, Ill.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir: Find enclosed 75 cents to pay for five subscriptions to The Fool-Killer. Do you think I could get a patent on an honest politician if I could find him, as all new inventions are protected by a patent? Go ahead and skin them! Tan their hides as you have been doing.

C. M. CHASE, Red Rock, Ark.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—I have been a subscriber to your paper the past year, and like the tone of it. As it strikes at evil no matter in what disguise it comes, I am sending it to my brother, Rev. C. H. Chase, together with four other new subscribers and my own renewal. Enclosed find amount to cover same.

DR. W. H. BRIDGES, Weiss, La.—Editor Fool-Killer:—I have been reading The Fool-Killer carefully, and I find it sound and clean, clamoring for equal rights and justice to all, condemning fraud and graft, and I therefore endorse it and advise all liberty-loving people to read it. Believing as I do that right will be triumphant, I send you by today's mail a club of ten, and hope that success may crown your honest efforts in behalf of humanity and God.

H. A. LEWIS, Havana, Fla.—Dear Mr. Pearson:—The Fool-Killer just read and re-read and enjoyed, and I can say that there is as much solid truth in your paper as can be gotten on a paper of its size. It does not take much lead to kill a fool, but it must be molded right, placed in place and shot from the shoulder. We have the lead and a good marksman—wish he would take rifle practice daily instead of monthly. Enclosed find 75 cents for which send The Fool-Killer to the enclosed list of subscribers. Keep the good work going.

MRS. M. E. YOWELL, Talley, Tenn.—Editor Fool-Killer:—Good! I just accidentally picked up a part of a copy, which I read and said: "That's good truth. I'll subscribe and help that fellow along." Please send me sample copies to distribute. Please send sample copies to Mr. A. G. Drane, a real prohibition Christian gentleman, and ask him to distribute. Give him my name or print in your paper my request urging all prohibitionists who claim to be Christians to help to hold up the mirror for the Booze-Lovers "to see themselves as others see them."

C. C. MIKELS, Fort Payne, Ala.—Editor Fool-Killer:—I'll be grasshopper-kicked if your paper don't beat 'em all. You've got 'em all skinned a mile when it comes to telling the truth. I'm by your paper like the girl was by my nose. You know—no, you don't know, but if you was to see me you would know—I have a terrible large nose. The girl said she didn't see how in the world so big a thing could be put on so small a space. So I don't see how you can get so much truth in your little paper. Enclosed find money-order to cover six subs for one year. Go it, James. I am doing some—when I get through reading a copy I mail it to some friend who is not a subscriber.

STEVE NELSON, Meltonsville, Ala.—Editor Fool-Killer, Dear Sir:—Yes, Brother Pearson, I am bound to read The Fool-Killer, so you will find enclosed 25c for the renewal of my subscription. The Fool-Killer is all right and I could not do without it. Say, Brother Pearson, what about that picture of yourself you was going to print in the paper? Please hurry up with it, and I will send you a picture of myself or break every camera in north Alabama. With best wishes. (I have at last found an artist who thinks his camera will stand the strain, and we are going to put it to the test in a few days. If the thing don't explode like the last one did, I hope to be able to show you my ugliness in the September issue. So you'd better be on your guard, so as not to let the sight shock you too much. If possible I will also give you a picture of my office and the new residence which I have started to build.—Editor.)

J. J. BUGG, Augusta, Ga.—Mr. J. L. Pearson, Dear Sir: Through the kindness of a friend who is a subscriber to The Fool-Killer, I had the opportunity of reading the June number, and was so impressed with the wit, ready vocabulary, independence and conscientious resolution of its editor to work for a true reform in society, church and state that I at once set about to get you a club of subscribers. So enclosed you will find a list of eleven names and addresses, also the necessary wherewithal to guarantee the safe and prompt delivery of the grand little periodical. Gee! but I'd like to have you come over in Georgia, and if I thought enough of us would survive a genuine fool-killing attack to tell the tale, I'd wish for you in Augusta, the "burg" that I am so unfortunate as to crawl around and exist in; but—sh!—don't mention it. I trust that the fool-killing powers of your little paper will grow in proportion to the amount of work it will have to do.

CRAZY—SO THEY SAID.

Among the million mooted questions that have come tumbling down the stair-steps of the ages unsolved, I'd just like for some extra smart Solomon to pick the goody out of this one:

The sheriff put a man in jail the other day.

The man had not committed any crime.

Nobody had accused him of committing any crime.

Then why did they lock him up?

Simply because he was crazy—so they said.

His mind was not in a proper condition to let him run at large—so they said.

What had the poor fellow done to prove to a sane and sinful world that he was legally loony, desperately daffy, and had wheels in his head?

Why, bless your soul, honey, the only thing the fellow had done was to get wrought up and enthused on the subject of religion. He had been reading his Bible, and the awful power of the Book had taken hold upon his soul. He saw with clearer vision the deeper meaning of life, and his heart was troubled over the folly and wickedness of the world. He heard the still, small Voice of God calling to him out of the Silence—a Voice that the average man in this fast age never hears, because he never stops to listen.

But this man had heard the Voice, and he believed that God had called him to preach.

So he began to talk in a new and strange manner, and because the foolish and shallow-minded people could not understand it all, they thought he was crazy.

And there was the hurry-call for the sheriff and a quick ride to the lock-up.

Crazy—so they said!

But who shall sit in judgment on such a case?

In the eyes of a just God, who knows but what the men who locked him up were a heap crazier than the prisoner?

In that great day of reckoning, when they see their "crazy man" pass in through the pearly gates while they are refused admittance, perhaps then they will know who was crazy.

A gang of men can go to a horse-race or a ball game, and they can get perfectly wild; they can wave their arms, throw up their hats and yell; they can act the infernal fool just as big as they doggon please—and they are never accused of being crazy.

A bunch of millionaire jackasses can jump into the society pasture and kick up their nasty heels and bray and bellow worse than a whole asylum of crazy folks—but they are never accused of being crazy.

A man can tank up on bad likker and cuss and abuse his family, and see snakes and devils, and wallow in the mud worse than a hog—and he is never accused of being crazy.

An old flinty-hearted miser can work and slave and pinch and save to pile up a big fortune which he won't take time to enjoy in this world and which he can't take with him into the next—but he is never accused of being crazy.

An infidel can stand here under the canopy of God's heaven, and look up at the stars, and see all the wonders of the universe and the beauties of nature, and then have the gall to rear up on his little hind legs and say there is no God—and he is never accused of being crazy.

In fact, there is no limit to the wild capers a man can cut, and the hair-brained, unreasonable fool talk a man can have, if he will just keep away from the subject of religion.

But just let a man get sorter worked up on the subject of religion; let him begin to take some unusual interest in his own soul or the souls of others, and see how quick you will hear some little shallow-minded sniperjack rear back on his dew-claws and yell, "Crazy!"

Paul was crazy—so they said.

Christ was crazy—so they said.

God have mercy on a poor, blind world!

THAT PICTURE.

Law, yes, honey, I had almost forgot. But I did promise you a few months ago that I would try to get a picture of myself to print in The Fool-Killer. I failed to get it ready at the time I promised it and as September is my birth-month I decided to wait and give it to you then. I will also give you a picture of the Fool-Killer office and perhaps some other pictures.

The 13th of September will be my birthday—I will be 32 years young—and I want all my subscribers and friends throughout the country to give me a birthday letter party and subscription shower on that day. Get up as big a club as you can, and send it in so as to reach me on or about the 13th. The September issue will not be mailed until after that date, and so all your friends who join you in the birthday club will get the September issue with the pictures in it.

Remember the date, and let me hear from you with a club.

MAN'S SUPERIORITY.

She goes down to the drygoods store
 and spends our good old dollars
For shirts just like her brothers wear,
 with regular standing collars;
She even has her hair cut short, and
 tries the best she can
To obliterate the difference between
 herself and man.
But when it comes to whiskers—by
 this idea we are cheered—
We've got dear Woman skinned a
 mile when it comes to raising
 beard.

* * *

To those who don't like The Fool-Killer I will just say this—the prisoner don't like the jail, either, but he has a poor way of helping himself.

* * *

The likker gang carried Texas by only six thousand. About one more round like that and the cowboy state will get decent.

* * *

We are always abusing the dukes, lords and ig-nobles who have carried off American heiresses to Europe. But we oughtn't to do it—they mostly take people whom it is good to be rid of.

* * *

Whoop to glory! Here is a new remedy for bald heads—just rub whiskey on the bald spot. Of course lots of bald-headed men put this good remedy about six inches too far south of the afflicted spot.

THE FOO
THE FOOL-KILLER
THIS IS THE REAL THING
THUNDER AND LIGHTNING!
THE TRUTH
MURDER! POLICE!

VOL. II. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, SEPTEMBER, 1911. NO. 9.

SONG OF DISSOLUTION.

You may dissolve old Standard Oil,
  You may kill it if you will;
But the same old Johndee gang
  Will run the business still.

A little change in the method,
  A slight reform in the name,
But the same old John in the saddle,
  And the motive power the same.

So don't you get too happy
  And think the millennium's come;
For Standard Oil will be your light
  For some time yet, by gum!

* * *

SATAN'S SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

Word comes from Hagerstown, Maryland, that a gang of soulless snoligosters in the shape of human beings held a regular break-down shindig and double-geared dance in a graveyard at that place one night recently.

It seems that some of the fast bucks and buckesses tanked up on red-eye and other delightful dopes till they lost what little conscience they ever had and felt able to fight a Kansas cyclone or drive the devil out of his den.

And in that glorious state of mind and body they wended their way to the old graveyard where their good old ancestors were resting under the sod. They hung lanterns on the monuments to cast a dim glimmer over the awful scene, and they locked arms and crow-hopped it over the grassy mounds till the place looked like where a tribe of savage Indians had held a war-dance.

When this shameful performance was discovered by the decent citizens of the community, there was something else doing. They called on the officers of the law to take charge of the gay young heathen, and if they don't make them see stars they will fail to do their duty. Such a set of wild and wooly barbarians ought to be stripped as naked as Adam and cow-hided till their miserable carcasses wouldn't hold shucks. And then they ought to be put in the pen and made to work eighteen hours a day making white oak paddles to be worn out over their western hemispheres.

* * *

This old life is nothing but a game of grab and run. Did that fact ever hit you in the solar complexion?

HELLO, SONG WRITERS!

Say, chicks, why don't you get rich? There is no longer any excuse for being poor. We have perfected a plan that gives every person a chance.

You can make just dead oodlins of money writing songs and song poems. The rottener they are the better. A grand prize of fifteen cents will be given to the gink who can carve out a song that stinks worse than the rest of the rot.

You may think you can't write a popular song but that's where your thinker steps on itself. Anybody who can peel 'taters can write a popular song. Any song or song poem that is accompanied by $35 in hard cash will be all-fired popular—with us. We don't care whether it rhymes or measures or has any sense to it or not. You can trim your toe-nails and send us the trimmings, together with $35, and we will guarantee to make a popular song out of 'em. The $35 is what counts.

Don't get the idea that we are going to make you rich and famous just for our health—not by a jug full. The truth is, we've bought the United States government on the installment plan, and we've just got to have your money to pay for it with. We can furnish you all the references you want as to our crookedness, and we will forfeit five cents worth of smoking tobacco to anybody who can prove that we are honest.

There are lots of red-hot titles for songs that no fool has yet thought of, and we'll just hand you a few samples to go by. Dig up your thirty-five plunks and then write your song to one of these titles: "It's awful to be Bald-Headed in Fly Time"—this one would make a big hit with the old maids—so touching and heart-rending in its tenderness. "Shooting Marbles With Grandma's Glass Eye"—here's a honey-cooler and don't you forget it. "Swat, Swat, Little Fly, That's Swat You Are"—isn't that cute? Dogged if we don't think it's almost too good to publish, but send along your money and we'll risk it. And this one: "Red-Eyed Sal, She's My Gal, and I'm Her Lemon Ade." Money put into that song would be safer than in the bank. Here's one of those light, airy, fairy, fantastic titles suitable for a young lady to reel off in the presense of her best feller: "Squeeze Me To Your Liver, Kid, For I'm Your Mustard Plaster." If that don't get him she'll have a perfect right to hit him with an axe.

These are just a few samples of the catchy, popular titles that we can furnish you on short notice. Special rates on car-load lots.

Don't put your songs in the fire—where they ought to go—but rake up $35 for each one and send them to us. Before sealing your letter be careful to see that the money is enclosed. It really don't matter so much about the songs—they can go to the devil for all we care. Address: Catchum & Skinum, Music Publishers, Chicago, What-a-noise.

O. HELL.

Hold on there—don't look at me in that awful tone of voice. Maybe you think I've lost my religion and gone to cussing, but I ain't. The above heading is simply the name of a merchant who lives in Brooklyn, New York, or else the newspapers have lied. And you surely don't think that a newspaper would be guilty of telling a fib. It is stated that O. Hell and his father, old man Billy Hell, are about to open up a candy store in Brooklyn. And I understand that Mr. Hell has petitioned the court to change his name to Hill, as it never would do to tell the folks to go to Hell for their candy.

* * *

'TATERS.

O 'taters, I love you,
  But we must part;
Three prices a peck
  Would break my heart.
—Elam's Olio.

The heart wouldn't matter,
  But what's still worse,
Such prices for 'taters
  Would break my purse.
—Pearson.

* * *

Ain't it awful funny to think about how dearly the dog does love the rabbit? Say, Rube, the silk-hatted plute loves you just like that.

* * *

Do good, and the papers won't mention your name to save your life. But go and commit some crime, and you will get a double-column scare-head on the front page. That's the kind of a hang-taked premium that the newspapers put on rascality.

A MATRIMONIAL DOG-FALL.

Bless my time! What messes they do have up in Swelldom! It's enough to make a turkey buzzard throw up his dinner of dead hoss.

Whenever two of these uppity nobodies take a notion to claw fleas under the same quilt, they have to make more fuss about it than a thousand old women at a quilting.

Now for the past month or so the papers have been full of that Astor-Force matrimonial farce, and if the horses didn't laugh it was because they didn't read the newspapers.

There was once a John Jacob Astor who would sorter do, but he gave his money and his name to a he-thing that has disgraced both.

I don't know how many times John Jake and his present honey-gal had been married before their goo-goo eyes rested on each other, but I think they had both been hitched and unhitched nearly as many times as a plantation mule.

And so they got the glad rags ready and sent for a long-coated Reverend to say the tie-up words. But the good man held his nose and begged to be excused. Then John Jake reached down in the neighborhood of his groin and fished out $500 and shook it at the preacher. But the preacher, who seemed to have a little self-respect, quietly informed the shameless couple that $500 in spondulix was no inducement for him to mix up in such a mess. Therefore John Jake and his jangle-jointed jularkie shouldered their dough and their duds and hit the high places in search of another sky-pilot. At last they found one who had lost his smeller and couldn't see good, and they finally persuaded him to take the job and the money. They told him not to tie it very hard, as they might want to get it loose next week.

And so John Jake and Flubbydub Force were pronounced hub and honey until one day after date.

And that's the sort of matrimonial dog-falls they have up there in the rotten realm of social snobocracy. How would you like to be one of that gang?

Gul-lup, gr-r-r-au-hookup! Oh, do bring me something to vomit in, quick!

* * *

One of the most sickening sights I ever saw is to see a full grown man smoking cigarettes.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

Idiotorials.

Loaf and stuff—and die with the gout.

It is easier to suppose than to think.

Every time we guess right we call it good judgment.

What a lawyer don't know ain't worth lying about.

Say, pard, how do you like this automatic sin-swatter, anyhow?

Old General Cussedness ought to have his infernal mouth mashed.

A doctor can take life easy, and still manage to not be arrested.

Labor is the daddy of Independence, and Economy is its mammy.

Say, kid, if your advice is so valuable, why in the thunder don't you keep it?

You never can tell what is in a man—until he gets sick enough to throw up.

Our modern civilization ain't a blamed thing but organized selfishness.

Whenever I meet a man with an axe to grind, I always offer to hold it on if he'll do the turning.

A Jew who was just going into business advertised that he would begin with a "Closing Out Sale."

Nat Goodwin says Maxine Elliot used him for a ladder. I reckon, by George, that's why Maxine didn't get very high.

Oh, they say big-bellied Capital is the friend of poor hollow-eyed Labor, do they? Now ain't that the pickled icecream with flies in it?

That terrible noise you heard the other night, away up toward the north, was nothing but the Johndee Oil Company dissolving.

Of course riches don't bring happiness, but then most of us blamed fools would rather be rich than happy.

Old Sam Gompers is still trying to carry water on both shoulders. Look out, Sam, or you'll stump your memory against a root and spill your reputation.

I'd rather be mired up in an old mill-pond, with a forty-pound mud-turtle hanging to my big toe, than to be so reeking rotten with party maggots as some folks are.

One thing that makes me sorter lean toward the Socialists is the fact that their ranks are made up almost entirely of common laboring people. There ain't no plutes among 'em.

That awful smell that you heard galloping roughshod across the country was a faint echo from the Astor-Force wedding.

A fetch-taked fool from Virginia wrote me three pages of sporific sputterings that sounded like bull-frog drowning in a tub of molasses, and forgot to sign his name, of course. Come again, old puke, and bring your nasty name along, so I can maul the eternal tar out of you and feed you to the buzzards.

J. L. PEARSON.

HOWDY! THIS IS ME.

The above picture is a beaut—no going back on that. Since the invention of the great art of printing, very few papers have had the honor of handing around to their readers such a bundle of beauty as I here present. And yet, pretty as this picture is, it conveys only the faintest far-away shadow of a hint of the surpassing loveliness and beauty of the gent who pumps his powerful personality through the pages of this paper. It fills me with 27 bushels of regret to print this picture, because it is bound to make you other men feel bad to know that you ain't as purty as I am. But you have requested me to stick my noggin up so you could get a peep at it—and so here sticks the doggon thing.

I was born at a very early age, my mother being present on the occasion. The first thing I did after getting my clothes on was to call for a pen and a ream of foolscap. I wrote out the story of how an angel grabbed me by the hind leg and dragged me down here to this old world of pills, paregoric and printing presses. I sent off the manuscript to the publisher by the granny when she started home. The success of my first effort was so great that I have been writing ever since.

In January, 1910, the clamor for the intellectual juice of my bubbling brain had become so great that I had to start The Fool-Killer to supply the demand.

The Fool-Killer has been a great success, having now a wide circulation in all the states of the Union, and still growing like a guinea pig fed on buttermilk.

Friends, you have been the cause of this wonderful success, and I thank you for it from the bottom end of my liver-pad. Take one more long, lingering look at the above beauty-spot, and then hike out among your old pals and tell them the good news. Tell them that I am just now getting my steam up and that if I don't blow out the cylinder head or break a belly-band I am going to just about raise the dead from now on. And so endeth my introduction to myself. Think you'll know me next time?

[illegible]

Well, boys, I've tongue-lashed every thing else I can think of just now, and I'm going to change ends with my mouth and talk good to you fellows who have been helping me along. I can spin the yarns and manufacture the sassy talk, but I can't get it circulated without your help. I must depend on my friends to show the paper to their friends and get up clubs.

A great many editors offer premiums to club-raisers, but I have put the price of The Fool-Killer so low that I can't give premiums. The premium business is a rather "Cheap John" sort of game, anyway, and I prefer to put the paper down as low as possible and let it stand on its own merits. I have been going it that way for several months and it has been a success, and I see no reason for making a change.

My regular club rate gives everybody a reduction of ten cents (giving them the paper at fifteen cents each) if as many as five will club together.

Now, friends, just for the fun of the thing, show this copy to a dozen or so of your friends and ask them to subscribe. Get in a crowd of fellows who like something funny and read them a few pieces from The Fool-Killer, and I'll bet at least half of them will say, "I want that paper for a year." Every blessed one of my present subscribers can get up a club of five or more if they will just half try.

Please do me this little favor, friends. It won't cost you a cent, and it will mean a whole heap to me. I thank you in advance, and shall expect to hear from every one of you with a great long list of subscribers.

PRAYERS, PENNIES AND PONES.

This is the time of year for protracted meetings. And if a sinner goes, the good old amen fellows will buttonhole him two at a time, yank him up to the altar and shed four gallons of salty tears down his back while they wrestle with God for the salvation of the poor sinner's soul. And if the same poor sinner goes to the same good brethren the next week and asks for the loan of five dollars to buy his poor widow and orphans some bread and breeches, the good amen fellows would kick him out at the back door and set the dog on him before you could say Jack Robinson. And that's the reason the poor sinners ain't got any more confidence in the sam-singing soldiers of the cross, and I can't much blame them.

You see it don't cost anything to make a devil of a fuss over somebody's soul, but when you sidle up to the solemn saints with a proposition that calls for a little cash—then the fat is in the fire and no mistake.

Say, you old grouchy goodikins, ain't you ashamed of yourselves? I declare it must make the devil laugh till his belly-band breaks every time he hears you cavorting around in that amen corner. Blame your old dried-up souls, get out and live your religion, or else get down on your pray-joints and confess that you ain't got any.

HE FOOLED IT.

Mike (in bed, to alarm clock as it goes off): "I fooled yez that time. I was not asleep at all."

The Fool-Killer is never sent on credit. If you are getting it somebody has paid for it for you, and when your subscription expires you will not get another copy unless you renew.

TEE-HEE!

Upton Sinclair had a wife,
And Harry Kemp admired her;
And that engendered such a strife
That Upton up'd and fired her.

And Up will write another book—
The best you ever saw, sir;
He has no need to keep a cook—
He eats his vittles raw, sir.

Then Harry kisses Mrs. Up,
And calls her his intended;
He buys for her a poodle pup—
Oh, golly—ain't it splendid?

TWO KINDS OF SOCIALISTS.

Some of the silly snickerbobs of Socialism are trying awful hard to get me to put on a red button and announce myself as a full fledged Socialist.

Sorry, my dear sheep, but there ain't nothing a-working but your tongues.

It's a fact that I preach a good deal of Socialist doctrine as I jog along, but every now and then I feel it my duty to lift up my big editorial foot and make some Socialist sorter sore where he sits down.

The Fool-Killer will continue to be as independent as a nigger at a corn shucking or a setting hen in the barn loft. There are a few good men in all parties and all churches, and there is also a dickens of a big bunch of bad ones in all of them. So my job is to stand off to one side and swing my club. Whoever gets in the way will go hopping off to the repair shop—if he is able to get there.

The above is my introduction to the following open letter to Fred Berry, Socialist, from a sure-enough Socialist in Fred's own state. If all Socialists believed and talked like the author of this letter it wouldn't take very hard begging to get me to join the ranks. J. W. Eaglin is the kind of a Socialist that I could call "Comrade." But read his letter to Berry, the big infidel blow-horn of the National Rip-Saw, and the author of an alleged novel that is too vile to circulate even in the basement of perdition.

Zadock, Mo., Aug. 26, '11.

Mr. F. F. Berry,
St. Louis, Mo.

My dear Comrade (in the Revolution):—Yours of the 23rd inst. to hand and contents noted. Will say I am glad you are going to start another Socialist paper. But say, what does Socialism have to do with religion? Isn't it strictly a bread-and-butter proposition? Now I read your "Torch of Reason" with great interest, and, as I said, I would have given two dollars for it in book form until you attacked the ordinance of baptism and the "Hard Shells," as you was pleased to call them. Now I don't care what you are—Hard Shell, Soft Shell, Methodist, Lutheran, Campbellite, Dowieite or Mormon, or whether you hold to any religion. As I understand it, Religion is one thing and Socialism is another, and as I have a conscience in all things, and since you have "flew the track" (Socialism) and are trying to force your religious belief on me, I beg to be excused.

You say Science is not satisfied with Belief. Now I believe the Socialist party will some day rule this whole world. Do I know it? No. Can you prove it with Science? You may, but you will have to believe awhile first. We live by Faith and Hope.

Now when you Socialist editors leave off your Bob Ingersoll rot, and quit attacking the Bible and men's religion, we may look for victory, and not until then. Now I have made quite a number of converts to Socialism and have spent several dollars of my hard-earned cash in the cause, and I am the Corresponding Secretary of the Zadock Local. And some of my converts are Regular Baptists, and I know one who ran for Representative on the Socialist ticket and came near being elected.

And in conclusion I will say, you have spoiled "The Torch of Reason." Don't spoil your paper by trying to force your religious beliefs on other people. I know of a great many good men—and Socialists, too— who have gone back on The Rip-Saw on account of yours and Dick Maple's belief concerning God. But Comrade Phil has declared he will work for Socialism and let the other fellow run his own religion. And if you aim to do this, I am a prospective subscriber to your new Socialist paper.

Yours for Socialism,
J. W. EAGLIN.

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

* * *

SOME FIGGERIN'.

Ha, there, you one-gallus laboring feller! Let's figger a little. Let's see if we can't scare up some scheme to get as rich as Johndee.

Now Johndee is said to be worth about five hundred million dollars. Put that down. Now suppose you had a job that paid you one thousand dollars a year—which is about three dollars a day. And suppose that you didn't have to spend a single cent of your wages and that you came out at the end of the year with one thousand cold plunks in the bank to your credit. You would soon have a lot of money, wouldn't you? Yes, you certainly would. In 500,000 years you would have as much as Johndee.

Easy as falling down stairs, ain't it? Just save a thousand dollars a year for half a million years, and that's all the secret there is about it.

Yow, yow—hang-take the luck—where did I see that advertisement that said "Three Dollars a Day Sure?"

35 cts. gets the hottest Democratic paper in U. S. one year. The Hornet, Advance, N. C.

AN IDOL FACTORY.

Sam Purvis gets off a yarn that is mighty full of interest. Sam was "doing" Philadelphia one day—just sorter going about to see what he could find in the City of Brotherly love. He hadn't hardly got out from under the shadow of Independence Hall when he stumbled unexpectedly into an Idol Factory.

Note the spelling. It was not an "idle" factory, like we had in the days of Grover, and like we still have in these days of "Republican prosperity" whenever some infernal trust wants to squeeze the life out of its army of wage-slaves.

An idle factory is not very busy, as a general rule. But this Idol Factory that Sam Purvis found was a very busy place. There were plenty of Idols but no idleness. In fact, they were rushing to complete a large order of Buddhist idols for Korea.

Gosh, Betsy, but don't that cap the stack? I knew we sent missionaries and corn likker to the slant-eyed heathen, but Idols is the limit. Think of a great "Christian nation" sending a ship-load of Idols to Korea, and then sending another ship-load of missionaries to tell the Koreans how foolish and sinful it is to worship idols. And no doubt in lots of cases the missionaries and the idols go on the same ship.

I'd hate like thunder to be an American missionary and be standing around when those boxes of idols were opened. I wouldn't want the job of trying to explain matters to those simple-minded heathen.

Of course we'd like to pump the almond-eyed rascals full of our good Christianity. That's religion. But if they want to pay us good money for making little flat-nosed mud-gods for them to bow down and worship, we just simply can't afford to turn down the job. That's business.

Don't it beat bobtail, anyhow?

* * *

I write this hot stuff just whenever and wherever the spirit moves me. Sometimes I dream out a good chunk of thunder and get up in the middle of the night and write it out on my shirt-tail.

* * *

Why must an army of poor people slave their miserable lives away in order to let one pot-gutted son-of-a-gun live in luxury and idleness? That's what puzzles my gizzard. In the great economy of nature, God has provided that the earth shall produce enough for all the people; and the fact is that a gracious plenty is produced. But the reason so many poor wretches have to go ragged and hungry is because a few hang-taked hogs have got it all.

Cornish [illegible]

Cornish instruments for real merit are unexcelled by any other, whatever the price or name or reputation.

This is our offer to you—a returning Cornish piano or organ, from the least expensive to the finest ever built and we, without one bit of obligation on your part, will send the instrument to you direct from our factory with the distinct understanding that if the instrument does not come up to your fullest expectations you are not to keep it, and that the

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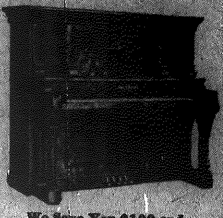

If the instrument does not prove better value for the money than you can get anywhere else—if it is not as good an instrument as you can buy for one-third more than we ask—if at any time within a year you feel that you have not a good bargain, send it back; we won't find one word of fault with your decision, and you will not be one cent out of pocket for freight or for use of the instrument.

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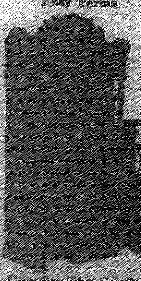

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and holds us strictly to this offer. You are to have the privilege of any terms of payment that you may choose. You risk nothing. We assume all responsibility, because we know all about the great beauty of material and workmanship in Cornish pianos and organs and we know all about the pure, sweet, rich tone quality of our instruments and we know what a quarter of a million satisfied purchasers think of them.

If you keep the instrument it will cost you the Rock-Bottom Factory Price, not one cent more, and you will receive with it our Bonded Guarantee which insures the instrument for 25 years against defect in material or workmanship.

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Don't think of buying before reading it. It is the handsomest piano and organ catalog ever issued. It explains things you ought to know whether you buy from us or not and it is yours for the asking. Write for it now and please mention which you are interested in—piano or organ.

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Life of Naomi Wise

A true story of the wrongs of a beautiful girl and how she was killed by Jonathan Lewis in Randolph county, North Carolina, about one hundred years ago. A masterpiece of passionate and thrilling interest. We include the song of "Naomi Wise" with the book which is neatly printed and substantially bound, all sent postpaid for 12c.

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SUBSCRIBE FOR
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The Famous Rascal Killer of the Age. Every shot hits the center of the blackness of all social and political sins and shams. Every chamber loaded with fire and brimstone, and shot off monthly for 15 cents a year.

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Campton, Ky.

"CASTLE GATES."
By James Larkin Pearson.

The above is the title of a little Book of Poems by your humble servant. My spare moments for the past 15 years have been spent in writing the book. I also printed it and bound it in cloth with my own hands. The book has 108 pages, and contains 93 poems, all of which are said to be very good. Price 50 cents, postpaid.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON,
Moravian Falls, N. C.

I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL (OF CAPITALISM.)

The Present Day Soldier's Mind and Hope.

I want to be a soldier,
And with the soldiers stand,
A rifle on my shoulder,
A sword within my hand.

And shoot and kill my brothers,
For what, I do not know;
I'll try to please my captain,
And on to Hades go.

"Thou shalt not kill," says Jesus,
"But good for evil do."
But Mammon says shoot and kill—
Do him or he'll do you.

Co-operation must be choked,
Or competition falls,
And Rockagee and Carnefeller
Will sure go to the wall.

You know we are their angels,
Their only sure retreat;
To them we've sold our life and soul
For clothes and what we eat.

J. W. EAGLIN,

Zadock, Mo.

THE BABY QUESCHUN.

Sleepy Holler, N. C.,
Sept. the 15, 1911.

Deer Mister Editur:

Iz it better fer a womern 2 not hav babiz, or 2 hav babiz an let um starv 2 deth?

That iz anuther side ov the racesewiside queschun. Mebby mi frend T. R. kan anser it.

I am led 2 maik thees remarks bi reedin whot ole man Charlz W. Ellyut, ov Harvurd, sed the uther da. Charlz W. opened hiz mouth an spoke sayin that is wuz the duty ov every womer 2 hav 1 baby every 2 yeers betwixt the ages ov 24 an 40.

An rite while ole man Ellyut wuz a makin ov them remarks, sumbody found a pore womern hoo had starved 2 deth in a Nu York hovel, an bi the side ov the ded womern lade her littul gal, jest about ded with starvashun, 2.

That pore womern had only 1 kid, an the infernal sistem that we liv under maid it impossibul fer hur 2 feed an klothe that 1.

Now the queschun bobs up—if every womern must hav 8 babiz, hoo iz a goin 2 garantee um a livin in this heer munny-mad, trust-ridden kuntry ov ourn?

Instid ov layin so much stress on gittin the babiz borned, I move that we maik sum pervishun fer keepin um alive an razin um desunt.

A fue ov the rich devuls hoo hav got awl the munny in thur klaws want 2 kompel us pore foaks 2 start big fambliz, an then tha wil pinch down on us an maik it impossibul fer us 2 raze um.

Bred an butter, shuze an shimmiz, kost munny thees daze, an the rich devuls regerlate the price.

Mister Munnybags gits a surtin pur sent ov prophit out ov every lik ov wurk that Mister Laburin Man duz. An if Mister Laburin Man haz 8 kids he wil hav 2 skratch 8 times harder than if he only had 1. An if Mister Laburin Man skratches 8 times harder, Mister Munnybags wil git 8 times az mutch prophit, [illegible] you see?

Now, you Kommon Plugs, taik mi advise an dont bekum the ansestur ov enny more kids than you air amply abul 2 fetch up az tha ort 2 bee fetch up.

If Charlz W. Ellyut sez ennything 2 you about it, tell him if he wil furnish the fude an kloze, you wil sine a kontrakt 2 furnish the babiz. I gess that wil put a muzzel on hiz ole gab-trap.

MACK OLIN.

VARDAMAN "RID" SOME.

The Great Horn Spoon full of tar to grease the axletree of creation! Jeeminy jabbers, hooly gooly, thunder and blue wool! If you don't think the devil has got a mortgage on American politics, I just invite you to prance your peepers over the following yarn which was daddied by the Associated Press and sent out concerning that old hypocritical huckster, Jim Kussed Vardaman, of Mississippi.

Old Jim used to rattle around in the governor's chair of Mississippi like a bean in a bladder, but he took a notion he wanted to break into that Millionaire's Club known as the United States Senate, and this is the kind of Jeffersonian simplicity he used in getting there:

"He rode into Meridian in a cart drawn by 80 yoke of white oxen. The cart was profusely decorated with flags, flowers and ribbons. On the back of each ox was a man shrouded in white. At each animal's head walked a white-clad torchbearer. A sort of throne was erected in the cart, and upon this sat Vardaman. The candidate was in immaculate white linen and had a big white hat. He did not wear that, however, but carried it in his hand and repeatedly waved it. His long hair fell around his shoulders and was set off by the linen. A most barbaric spectacle was the crowd which swarmed after him. Men threw away hats, canes and umbrellas and fought with fists to step up and place hands upon the cart. Women threw flowers from galleries. Horses plunged madly, and several persons sustained slight injuries."

Now as soon as the audience gets done spewing I'll submit a few remarks. But take plenty of time and spew till your gizzard gets easy, for this may be the best chance you will have soon.

Shades of Roman pomp and glory! Let the statue of Napoleon bow its head in shame! Let all the lordly characters of history get down and lick the dust that Vardaman's conquering chariot has passed over! For behold a 1x0 peanut politician is trying to puff himself up to appear greater than the greatest emperor that ever shook the earth with his tread. (Hold on till I spew some more).

And that's the kind of a puffed-up plunkerstinket that the common plugs of Mississippi are yelling their bloody gizzards out over. That's the kind of a pride-pampered plutocrat who calls himself the friend of the laboring man. June-apples in January! All who believe that such a strutting turkey cock as old Vardaman cares anything for the welfare of the common plug, please remove [illegible] Beside everything [illegible] in his [illegible].

Who can harmonize all that royal pomp and self-glorification with the humble interests of the common man? Old Vardaman likes to play to the galleries and wallow in the cheap applause of the ignorant mob. He's what I call a sham hero, a bogus benefactor and a bob-tailed bluff.

THEY WANT ANOTHER GOD.

Some of these fast, furious and fashionable preachers that are going around loose these days are getting just a leetle bit too smart for anything. I picked up a sermon the other day which had been pumped through the oracular orifice of that great golly-snorting, long-coated gazook known as Rev. B. Fay Mills. Now Mills is recognized as one of the big-up horn-tooters of the great modern Church of Mammon, and I wish I may die if he didn't just rear back on his dew-claws and make fun of the whole plan of salvation, from A to Izzard. He ridiculed the idea that man was a fallen and sinful creature, and laughed at the old belief that a Saviour was needed. He admitted that Christ was a tolerable good feller for his day and time, but he wasn't near smart like we are today. Jesus was just a man, and when he died that was the end of him. So said the great preacher.

And the sermon went on in that style for about four or five columns, and when I had waded through it I was reminded of the Irishman who got a job as helmsman on a sailing vessel. The captain set Pat down at the wheel and told him how to steer the boat. Then he ordered him to keep straight to the North. In order that Pat should not lose his bearings the captain pointed out the North Star and told Pat to plow straight in toward that star. Then the captain left Pat at the steering wheel and went to bed. Pat got along fine for awhile, but after midnight he got sleepy and dozed off into a sound slumber. The last thing Pat saw was the North Star, and the boat was going straight toward it. When Pat woke up the ship had drifted around to starboard, making a complete semi-circle, and he was looking due South instead of due North. He looked for his star, but it wasn't there. He searched the heavens carefully, and after some minutes located it away around behind him. So Pat left the steering wheel and ran to the captain, saying, "O Captain, you'll have to pick me out another star—I've done passed that other one you gave me." And the angry captain picked Pat up by the slack of his Irish breeches and fed him to the fishes.

And so it occurred to me that some of these big preachers are like Pat. Only it isn't a star they want—they want another God. They have already outgrown the God of our fathers. They have passed Him in the path of progress and gone on in search of a God more to their notion.

"Law me, Brother Ben, but ain't we going some? It won't be long till the preachers can join hands with the infidels and ask God to resign. God's ways are sorter old-[illegible]thing [illegible]

Wh[illegible] Get out of the [illegible] watch the new-fashioned world go by. Men have put God on the retired list and took hold of the ropes.

Get up there, Salum!
Clear the track!
Mind your eye!
Whoa!
O!

BEATTIE, BLOOD AND BONES.

Must I say anything about the Beattie case? The good Lord knows there has been enough said, and altogether too much, unless it was better.

But The Fool-Killer's business is to take a shot at all such disgraceful doings as it goes along, and so I'll proceed to knock up a little dust around old Beattie's bloody heels.

No use to repeat the story. You all know it by heart. It was one of the blackest crimes ever committed in this crime-ridden country, and if there is any excuse for calling on Judge Lynch in the case of a nigger rape-fiend, it seems to me Hizzonner might just as properly have disposed of Henry Clay Beattie, Jr.

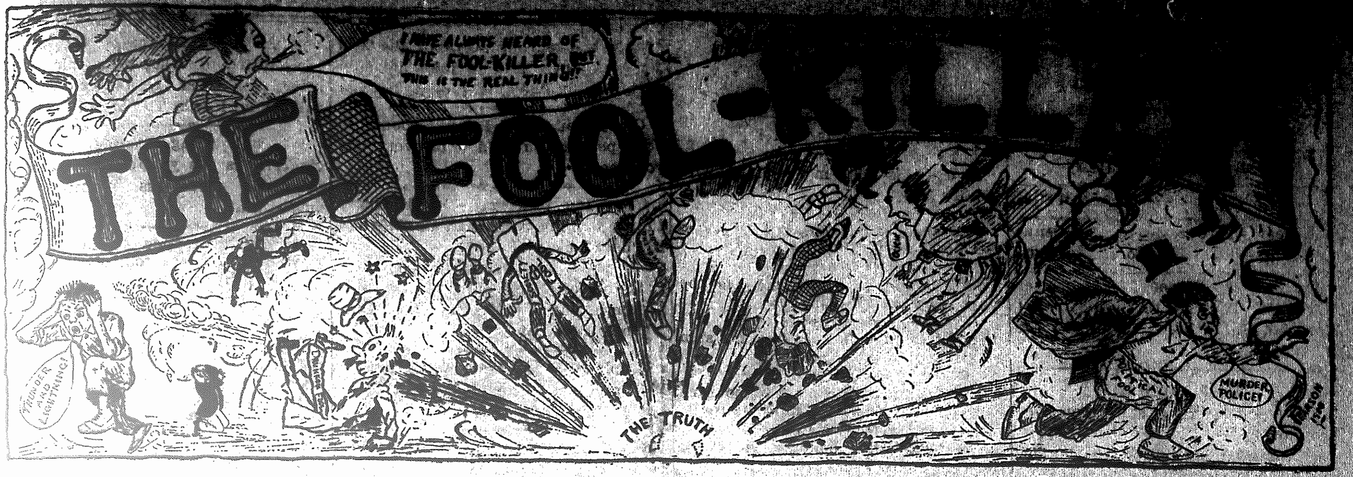
But there was no sort of excuse for the papers to make so thunderation much fuss about it. The horrible and bloody details of such a crime should not be spread before the people, page after page and day after day. Newspaper men ought to be excluded from the court room and let the stink die out as soon as possible. No human being has been made better by reading all that rot. On the other hand, many young minds have been poisoned with the morbid and blood-curdling story, and some other young buck may think it would be nice to jump into fame and get himself talked about in the same manner.

Let a poor man kill his wife, and he is stretched up and put out of the way and very little said about it. But because Beattie was lousy with money the papers had to play it up in Harry Thaw style and make a great fuss about it.

Did you know the daily newspapers would like to have such a mess as that on tap all the time? Well, it's a fact. It makes "a good story," don't you see? If there were no sensational crimes the newspapers would have a hard time of it. But as soon as the Beattie trial was over some kind-hearted demon was thoughtful enough to murder a beautiful young lady by the name of Hawkins and throw her in a lake. So the papers will still have a picnic and the people will get blood and carnage till the cows come home.

◆

Well, I'll be mortally hornswoggled and double doggoned! If here ain't the lambastingest piece of news that my optical hay-rake has picked up in several full moons. That great Republican paper, the Texas Republic, published in San Antonio, has hopped up on a pickle barrel and declared for Joe Bailey for governor of Texas on the Republican ticket. And Joe, being a devil of a Democrat, would make an equally loud-smelling Republican, and maybe Mose Harris can get the job of official spittoon-cleaner in the governor's mansion. Hee-ee, sickum!


I HAVE ALWAYS HEARD OF THE FOOL-KILLER, BUT THIS IS THE REAL THING!"
THE FOOL-KIL
THUNDER AND LIGHTNING!
THE TRUTH
POLITICAL FOOL
MURDER POLICE!

VOL. II. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, NOVEMBER, 1911. NO. 10.

NOT MUCH DIFFERENCE.

Old Aaron made a golden calf—
He made it, I allow,
Because he hadn't gold enough
To make a full-grown cow.

We're not much wiser than they were—
Those Israelites of old;
We don't make ours up into calves,
But still we worship gold.

* * *

THE BIBLE AND ITS ENEMIES.

A great deal of hot air is being shot off these days about defending the Bible against the attacks of the atheists and infidels. Why, bless your soul, mister, the old Book don't need any defending. Through all the past centuries of darkness and doubt the Bible has been taking care of itself, and it is quite able to keep on doing so.

Every generation contributes its little coterie of warty-souled wiseacres who swell up on their own little bigness and try to disprove the truth of the Bible. Each one has a new method by which he is going to lambast the eternal tar out of the old Book and relegate it to the limbo of the dim and shadowy past. He makes a great splutter while he is at it, and some of the weak-kneed brethren get scared and think the Bible is in danger. But it isn't. These great thunder guns of infidelity, who turn themselves loose against the Word of God, always manage to blow their own saw-dust brains out first. They spin around a few times like a horse-fly with a pin in the seat of his pants, or a fice dog with a bone hung in its throat, and then their little earthly spasm is over. They have not injured the Bible a particle, but they have played everlasting smash with their own poor, puny souls.

Any fool can go out in dry weather when the sun is shining and wallow in the dust and kick up his heels until he is enveloped in a cloud of dust and can't see the sun. But the sun is shining right on, nevertheless. The Tom Paines and the Bob Ingersolls of this world are just like that—they paw and scrape in the black dust of unbelief until they get their eyes full and can't see the glorious light of truth. The darkness is not in the Book, but in the man.

So many of these worldly-wise wiggletails have tried to destroy the Bible and failed that it looks like they would quit after awhile. But the poor old addle-pated fools haven't got sense enough to know when they are beaten.

See here, you self-made Solomons of the doubting persuasion, you just might as well save your breath to cool your dumpling. Your kick against the eternal truth isn't paying dividends. You remind me of an old razor-back sow trying to root the Rocky Mountains down.

KEEP YOUR GUN LOADED.

Bust you infernal gall-bag yelling "Peace!" Peace!" but keep your gun loaded.

Yes, that's the dinktum.

That's the way this high-stepping, hell-bent generation looks at it.

Send a great gang of howling Hobsons to Congress, and let them rip, rant and raise general hell trying to double the appropriations for battleships and other death-dealing devilment. Pay these fellows fat salaries for doing this, and pat them on the back and say, "Go it, boys! Give us war! Feed us on blood and thunder! Spend our money for guns and battleships and let us kill and be killed! Great business! Bully fun. Hurrah for war!"

And then spin right around on your heel and announce the opening of an International Peace Congress at The Hague or some place else, and appoint a delegation of long-coated legal lights to go there and pound the air into fine dust pleading for peace and disarmament. The Czar of Russia was the daddy of the first peace congress, but when the second meeting came around old Czar Nick was engaged in war with Japan and was too busy to attend the peace meeting. And such is life. While your peace congress is over there whooping it up for peace, your war congress is over here tearing its shirt for war. One raises money for a peace palace, and the other digs up the dough for a few more Dreadnaughts, and it's nip and tuck to see which can talk the biggest, spend the most money and get the least done.

And the flying-machine! Bless your blooming soul, the first thing after learning to fly a little, they began to speculate about how useful the thing would be in war. If the airship can't be used to commit wholesale murder in the name of war it must be pronounced a failure. That's what they would have us believe. It's a great bloody calamity when one lone daredevil gets his headlight telescoped in trying to do the turkey-buzzard stunt across the eternal Alps, but if the thing can be used to swipe out whole armies or cities in the twinkle of a sheep's tail—that will be the stuff, Foxie.

In that beautiful and wicked city of Washington, where more hell happens in a minute than in hell itself, we have a great Peace Palace standing right dab in the shadow of a still greater War Palace, and the flutter of the Dove's wings is drowned in the rattle of the guns.

Wave an olive branch and yell "Peace!" till the rafters of heaven ring, but keep your gun loaded.

* * *

It is stated on good authority that 17 multi-millionaires own and control this country. Neither the President nor Congress would dare to do anything against the wishes of these 17 men. And yet there are some people foolish, enough to call this a free country. Oh, the dickens!

SISTER CHURCH AND BROTHER WORLD.

Time was when you could distinguish the difference between a church member and a sinner by their daily walk and conduct, but you can't do it any more. Sister Church has taken the arm of Brother World, and they go galloping around together like two young fools at a country dance. They galavant up to the house of God together, and there they sit snuggled up in the amen corner looking as innocent as two pet rabbits. A stranger would be sure to think that the angelic pin-feathers were sprouting out behind their shoulder blades. While the poor old preacher is working for dear life at the handle of the old gospel pump, the Church and the World sit there with their mouths open like a gang of young cat-birds, looking as sanctified as an angel's grandmother. But as soon as the benediction is pronounced these two inseparable companions, the Church and the World, go hiking off to the devil's stomping-ground, where the gossips and the toughs congregate, and there they almost rupture their leather lungs trying to see who can reel off the biggest and nastiest yarns.

Some people seem to have an idea that religion is a thing that they can put on and off with their Sunday coat—that they can be a saint in the church house and a devil everywhere else. But they can't cram that sort of doctrine down old Saint Peter's wind-pipe. When these double-faced hypocrites get to the Golden Gate and try to slip through on the sly, old man Peter will grab a chair-post and frail the devil out of them.

There's no seventeen ways about it, a man simply can't serve God and the Devil at the same time, neither can he serve God one day and the Devil the next. He must choose one side or the other, and then stick to it like a puppy to a root.

The professed Christian who tries to stand in with the world by doing as the world does, will discover sooner or later that he never did have religion enough to save the soul of a chicken-louse.

I like to see a man show his colors by getting down in the dust with his new pants on to lead in prayer. And it's all right for him to bellow "Amen!" every minute during the sermon if he wants to. All that looks good to me. But when I see the same sanctified sniperjack set himself up as the ring-leader of a gang of neighborhood rowdies, cracking coarse jokes and spinning vulgar yarns for the amusement of said rowdies, I feel that somebody ought to get busy with a blacksnake whip or a two-handed paddle with holes in it.

* * *

We American hypocrites send ship loads of Bibles to the heathen Chinese, and they make them into firecrackers and send them back for us to celebrate the birth of Christ with.

SNUFF-DIPPING GIRLS.

Look here, you little old ignorant, backwoodsy, snuff-dipping goslings, I'm talking to you now. I know how you slip out behind the house and smear your mouths with that infernal old nasty stuff. Gee whizz! You must have a dog's stomach. A snuff dipper's mouth reminds me of the back door of a tanyard. If you have seen other fool girls swabbing their tattle-traps with a solution of snuff and slobber, I can't imagine what you saw about it worthy of imitation. The habit is so nasty and repulsive that any decent girl ought to be ashamed of it, and no respectable young man wants a sweetheart with a bale of snuff caked in each corner of her mouth.

You wouldn't dare let your mammy catch you dipping snuff, and you are fools enough to think she will never know. But that's where you are mistaken. Any mammy with sense enough to grabble taters or feed the pig will not be long about catching up with you. And when she does find it out, if she is the mammy she ought to be, she will remove everything but your hide, and then get a peachtree limb and proceed to remove about half of that.

* * *

PROVERBS REVISED.

1 The proverbs of Pearson, the editor of The Fool-Killer.

2 My son, hear the instructions of this paper, and forsake not the advice of its editor.

3 The editor by wisdom hath founded The Fool-Killer, and by understanding hath built up its circulation.

4 The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, but the reading of The Fool-Killer is funny.

5 A wise man readeth and handeth to his neighbor, and a man of understanding getteth up a big club.

6 Blessed is the man that sayeth unto his neighbor, "Look here! This is a good paper. Don't you want to subscribe?"

7 And why wilt thou be cheated by a strange paper, and pay thy [illegible] to a stranger?

8 Say not to the club-raiser, "Go, and come again tomorrow, and I will subscribe," when thou hast the money in thy pocket.

9 A funny paper maketh a glad subscriber, but a foolish paper is a heaviness to the reader.

10 The fining pot is for silver and the furnace for gold, but The Fool-Killer killeth the fools.

11 As vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes, so is The Fool-Killer to the rascals and hypocrites.

12 The fool wanteth his paper sent on time, but the wise man payeth in advance.

13 Commit thy nickels and dimes to my pocketbook, and thy subscriptions shall be recorded.

14. Whosoever subscribeth to The Fool-Killer showeth wisdom, and he that getteth subscribers is wise.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

IDIOTORIALS.

The devil loves a cheerful liar.

Wind is air that is in a hurry.

A dude is an empty place with clothes on.

The spoon that stirs the gravy is the spoon that rules the world.

The smaller a man's soul is the more meanness it will hold.

Pulpit thunder is not always a sign of spiritual rain.

The millionaires own the country and the devil owns the millionaires.

The Fool-Killer believes in giving the under dog a chance.

Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he come down kerflop!

A deck of cards is nothing but a bundle of admission tickets to hell.

Nearly every man you meet is for sale—if you have the price.

If only the guiltless threw stones, nobody would get hit very often.

Wonder if Up Sinclair's wife and Harry Kemp have gone to housekeeping yet?

About the only place the Dove of Peace can find to roost is on the top of a battleship.

The Dove of Peace is again on the wing. That Turk and Dago racket sorter scared the poor thing.

A gang of girls playing baseball would look about as much out of place as a cow hitched to a buggy.

Fashionable singing is the kind that sounds like the expiring wail of a dying calf.

And it so happens that I am still alive and publishing this little old Fool-Killer.

A citizen of this county died last week, leaving all he had to his wife's folks. All he had was his wife.

I know a rich and rheumatic rascal who would like to swap his automobile for my legs. But I won't swap.

Don't be too allfired anxious about getting justice—you might happen to get it.

Men's noses were probably placed on their faces as a handle for the women to lead them about by.

Do some missionary work—get your friends to subscribe for The Fool-Killer.

The man who sells his vote is almost as mean as the man who buys it, but not quite.

If the church wants to prosper spiritually it must quit hanging on to aristocracy's shirt-tail.

When you stop to think about it, people are awful funny things. It tickles me.

The Booger-Man will get you if you don't subscribe for The Fool-Killer.

The Fool-Killer is a double-geared, self-acting buzz-saw with teeth all over itself. It can rip off more dog-hide from the carcass of the floundering fool in thirty minutes than will grow back in thirty years.

If you love your neighbor the best way to prove it is to take his subscription to The Fool-Killer.

Carry your Fool-Killer about in your pocket and read it to everybody you see.

Your ten toes are much nicer things to play with than an infernal old deck of cards.

The Fool-Killer only comes once a month, but it raises the Old Harry when it does come.

A place of amusement that isn't fit for a girl to go to, isn't fit for a boy to hang around.

The kids of this country would not be so mean if they had better daddies and mammies.

If you like The Fool-Killer, say so; and if you don't like it, just keep your old mouth shut.

Step inside the tent, boys, and see me apply the mustard plasters for a whole year. Admission only 25 cts.

The biggest rascals usually live in the biggest towns. The country is the place to find old-fashioned honesty.

Some of the new automobiles have now got to using a tooter-horn that sounds like a bull team running away with a canning factory.

A Florida preacher says the United States Senate was once a respectable body. My! But ain't that preacher got a long memory?

I know a woman who has a dimple in her cheek so deep that it looks like a gimlet hole. And it gives her an awful bored expression, too.

Some people who are too good to fish on Sunday consider it all right to dig worms all day so they can fish on Monday.

About the only thing that we poor devils get out of life is the fun of seeing the rich devils worry over their wealth.

Old Satan has bought him a new silk hat and paid his pew rent. He will be at church every Sunday this winter.

I asked a fellow if he was in favor of Woman Suffrage, and he replied: "Yes, by gum! Let the women suffer same as the men!"

When I hear people bragging about their distinguished ancestry, I can't help wondering what made the stock run out so quick.

A kiss is a big mouthful of nothing that tastes like heaven and sounds like a cow pulling her foot out of the mud.

Just a very little rain can keep people away from church, but they could almost wade a flood to go to a shindig or a circus.

The Fool-Killer is printed once a month, because its fool editor wants to print it and the other fools can't help themselves.

The fact that so many deaths occur in the early morning may be explained on the theory that some people would rather die than get up.

Did you ever read about where Jesus built a fine church, installed a pipe organ, and then charged pew rent? No, I don't think you ever did.

[illegible] lamp, [illegible] along the street puffing at a [illegible] cigar, I'll bet he laughs till his belly hurts.

The only thing cheaper than a cigarette is the yellow-fingered, foul-mouthed, brainless biped that smokes it.

If all the knee-grease that is wasted in college football could be used in lifting the burdens of the world, what a difference it would make!

Did you ever try to pull your foot out of a wet boot? Then yu can understand the agony of trying to coax a real thought from the clabbered cocoanut of a mental eunuch.

I've just read about a man who spent large sums on perfume for himself, but wouldn't buy his wife any shoes. It would take a thunderation big sight of perfume to keep that kind of a brute from stinking.

The married man who hikes off to the red-light joint about twice a week will have no kick coming if something goes wrong at home during his absence.

If any of these tobacco-chewing, ambear-squirting church members ever get to heaven, the angels will have an awful time cleaning up after them.

I reckon they call it "full dress" when a society woman appears at a swell blow-out with her dress so full and running over that half of her naked body sticks out at the top.

One of my correspondents wants to know why a giraffe has such a long neck. That's easy. The giraffe's head is a good piece off from its body, and the neck had to be made long enough to reach it.

A lot of know-it-alls over the country insist on telling me how to edit this gospel trumpet. Let me tell you something, honey—if you don't like the way I spoon it out, just get mad and start a paper of your own.

The Fool-Killer has already been a bigger success than I ever dreamed it would be. And you, my dear readers, have been the cause of it. I thank you from the bottom of my liver-pad, and hope you will continue to roll in the clubs.

If you have an enemy, send him The Fool-Killer for a year. It will make him love you. Next time you meet him he will fall on your neck and shed tears of joy as big as horse-apples.

Look here, madam, if you are tied up for life to a thing that drinks likker, chews tobacco, smokes, cusses and plays cards, I'll tell you what I'd do—I'd just spit on the thing and drown it.

The little old green-eyed fool who goes sneaking around with a pistol swinging to his hindquarters may think he is brave, but he is the most contemptible coward this side of perdition.

Lots of the male kids of to-day seem to think that the sooner they begin to smoke cigarettes and cuss, the sooner they will become men. Poor little silly fools! What they need is a mammy with a backbone like a Hercules, a right arm like a blacksmith, and a shoulder-load of switches.

THE LASH MAN ON A SPREE.

L. B. Laws, he prints The Lash,
  And makes it awful sassy;
He tears his English all to smash,
  And sometimes he talks nassy.

He takes delight in slinging slang
  At this great family journal;
And though he can't write worth a dang,
  His yawping is eternal.

But let me tell you one on him,
  As true as any Bible;
If he don't like it, then, by gim,
  Just let him sue for libel.

Into a clothing store one day
  The Lash's daddy entered;
And on a dummy, by the way,
  Was his attention centered.

He thought it was a lady's back
  On which his optics rested;
But it was just a wooden rack
  With human shape invested.

They have 'em in the clothing stores
  To show their stylish dressing,
With all the ruffles, tucks and gores,
  Such loveliness expressing.

Now L. B. Laws this vision spied,
  And he was sorely smitten;
He straightway hurried to its side,
  As loving as a kitten.

He spake and said, "Dear Miss, I hope
  You'll be my little fairy;
I love you; therefore let's elope—
  Let's run away and marry."

The dummy gave one frightened look,
  And tried to say, "You trollop!"
And then with awful fear it shook,
  And backwards fell kerwhollop.

Laws didn't like the looks of that—
  It seemed so awful tragic;
And so he grabbed off his old hat
  And got away like magic.

He grinned and said, "I ain't no fool—
  I really didn't mind it;"
Then went and bought a kicking mule
  And stood himself behind it.

LIARS AND HYPOCRITES.

If all the liars and hypocrites of the present day were suddenly jerked bald-headed and snatched into Eternity, there wouldn't be enough people left on earth to hold an inquest over a dead dog. David said in his haste that all men were liars, and when he had time to think it over he found that he had hit the bull's-eye.

Jesus Christ was honest, and he was not a hypocrite, and you know what the world did to Him. Well, it would do the same thing to-day to any man who might attempt to live as Christ lived. We have whole cow-pastures full of men and women who call themselves Christians and who claim to be following in the footsteps of Christ. But let me tell you—if Christ should come back to earth just as He used to be, these hypocritical "followers" of His would be the first to yell, "Crucify Him!" They will get up in prayer meeting and tell how they love the Lord, and how they are looking and longing for Him to come, and if the Lord should suddenly make His appearance in the heavens, in power and great glory, it would scare the last one of them to death.

Whenever these hypocritical high-flyers of the gold-plated church of Mammon get to wanting the Lord to come as bad as they pretend to, they will quit kangarooing around over the community telling lies on their neighbors and making fun of their betters.

I believe in a man professing religion, and then living what he professes. A religion that won't keep a fellow out of devilment in this world will be a poor dependence in the world to come.

People these days "get religion" and join the church because it is fashionable to do so, and they are profaning the holy name of Christ every time they do it. The man who joins the church with no other motive and for no other reason than to "be in fashion" would just as freely steal a horse if horse-stealing were in fashion. Such a man knows no more about the saving grace of genuine Christianity than a blind hog knows about heaven.

When the final shake-up comes, and the sheep are parted from the goats I'm afraid lots of church letters will have to be used as through tickets to hell.

Whoa, there, you old sanctified gossip-wagon and prayer-meeting sinner! You had better pin up your robe of profession with the pins of practice. If you don't do it you will appear naked at that Great Day.

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

THE SMOKING PREACHER.

Perhaps this editorial will stir up another racket. Don't care if it does. The Fool-Killer is an expression of my own views and opinions, and if other people don't agree with me, that's none of my fault. As old John Ploughman says, if you find a hoe on these premises, weed your own garden with it. To change the figure, if the cap fits, wear it.

My text for this sermon is, "The Smoking Preacher," and if my remarks happen to raise a few blisters on your beloved pastor, don't come to me about it—go to him. Next time you see your smoking preacher coming down the street with his nicotine stove running at full blast, you go to him and tell him what The Fool-Killer says. Tell him that smoking is only one form of sinful dissipation, same as drinking likker or cussing. And any preacher who can't subdue his sinful nature and cut out all such habits is not fit to be entrusted with the care of human souls.

I would just as soon have my preaching done by a respectable drunkard—one who wants to quit and can't—as to have it pumped through the tobacco-scented lips of a preacher who loves his cigar.

How in the name of Tom Walker can a poor sinner be expected to reform and cut out his pet sins, when the so-called man of God who stands up as his righteous pattern and teacher is not able or willing to practice what he preaches?

If the preacher has a right to make a smoke-house of his mouth and a chimney of his nose, then his congregation has a perfect right to drink likker, play cards and cuss—and they generally do it.

Any kind of smoking—whether pipe, cigar or cigarette—is a degrading habit, a worldly dissipation, and the man who indulges in any form of it has not got loose from his sins. His actions prove to the world that he has not been regenerated and is not fit to preach the gospel.

◆

The one-gallus hill-billy who sells his vote for a pound of hog-corpse is just as good a citizen as the great corporation lawyer who smothers his conscience and sells his brain to a set of thieves for a fat salary. And that's no lie.

PETER POORDEVIL'S PRAYER.

Peter Poordevil went to church last Sunday. The preacher's text was, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." As soon as the sermon was over, Peter Poordevil rose up and said: "Let us pray."

When people are in church, the motion to pray is a privileged motion and is not subject to debate. So there was nothing to do but listen, and Peter prayed as follows:

"O Lord, I've got to pray or bust. I know the people here don't want to hear me pray, but I can't help it. The preacher's text has taken the muzzle off of my mouth. O Lord, I'm getting awful uneasy about this here earth of yours. Lord, I ain't right certain it's yours. That's what's a-bothering of me. I want to know if you still own any property here, and if so, where is it? I want to know if you ever come here on a visit any more? They told me you was here and helped to run the protracted meeting last winter and did sich a grand and glorious work. But, O Lord, that work has all gone to pieces, and I'm afraid it wasn't yours. What I want to know is, do you guarantee your work not to rip, ravel or run down at the heel? If so, I know you wasn't here last winter. Sallie Perkins has done ravelled, Bill Jones is a-running down at the heel, and a whole lots of others is a-rippin'.

O Lord, I just want to tell you this because I know they are imposing on you in these here diggins. It makes me mad to see it. If there is any real old-fashioned, blue-jeans Christianity around here they never put it out where a feller can see it. O Lord, ain't that kind of Christianity gittin' mighty scarce, and what are you going to do about it?

O Lord, if these people about here have got any religion, it has got so many flounces and ruffles, ribbons, tucks and gores, that you wouldn't know it yourself if you should meet it in the road.

O Lord, one thing more and I'll quit. I want to know if it is Christ-like to make fun of people because they are poor and can't dress fine? Is it Christ-like to back-bite and run down folks in their absence and then try to eat 'em up when you meet 'em? You never done that when you was here on earth, did you? Which is right, to go with the crowd or to be on the Lord's side?

Lord, you needn't answer this publicly here today, as it might break up the meeting, but if you feel like answering it in some way, I wish you would. Amen."

◆

An exchange says the devil is gaining on the churches. Gaining nothing! He's done caught up and joined and been baptized.

◆

How any decent woman can have the stomach to kiss an old nasty, tobacco-smeared mouth is more than I can understand.

◆

If you get hold of a sample copy of The Fool-Killer you are hereby invited to read it over carefully, show it to your friends and get up a club. The only way I have of spreading the paper's circulation is to depend on the kindness of those who know a good thing when they see it, and who are willing to help push it along.

Here is [illegible] Why do people who [illegible] ways stick their wad up on the wall when they get done with it?

◆

One newspaper writer is awfully troubled. He says there won't be anything to write about when the Goulds all get married. Shucks, man, what are you talking about? Ain't their divorces good for more copy?

◆

A man may be so rotten mean and low-down that the devil wouldn't have him, but he can always find some woman who is willing to yoke up with him for life. And that's what puzzles me.

◆

And now listen here if you please! They do say that the doctors are curing natural born thieves by operating on them. They cut open the skull, and then the "stealing bump" on the brain is whacked off, and—presto!—the thief is an honest man. If they were to try that remedy on some of our big trust magnates and political grafters, doggoned if they wouldn't have to cut their blamed heads off.

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If you own a farm anywhere in the South and will sell it cheaply, we can put you in touch with a home-seeker who will buy it from you direct.

If you are a home-seeker and want to buy a farm cheaply anywhere in the South, we can put you in touch with an owner who will sell you exactly what you want direct. We will pay your railroad or boat fare to any Southern farm you purchase through us. Write us to-day, telling us your wants.

Southern Homeseekers' Bureau,
Wilkesboro, N. C.

(It gives me pleasure to state that I am personally acquainted with the head of the above concern, and know him to be strictly all right. I am sure he will carry out in good faith any agreement he enters into.—J. L. Pearson, Editor Fool-Killer.)

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By James Larkin Pearson.

The above is the title of a little Book of Poems by your humble servant. My spare moments for the past 15 years have been spent in writing the book. I also printed it and bound it in cloth with my own hands. The book has 108 pages, and contains 93 poems, all of which are said to be very good. Price 50 cents, postpaid.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON,
Moravian Falls, N. C.

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A true story of the wrongs of a beautiful girl and how she was killed by Jonathan Lewis in Randolph county, North Carolina, about one hundred years ago. A masterpiece of passionate and thrilling interest. We include the song of "Naomi Wise" with the book which is neatly printed and substantially bound, all sent postpaid for 12c.

E. P. NEWSUM & CO., DEPT. 65,
KING, N. C.

PLATONIC LOVE.

Look-ee here, you slab-sided slang-whangers, let your Uncle take one whack at this Platonic Love question. Ever since Heck was a pup they have been talking about this thing, and it strikes me sorter perpendicular side-ways that it is time the question was settled. "A question is never settled until it is settled right," once wisely remarked your Aunt Ella Squeeler Pillbox, and so The Fool-Killer is going to settle this great Platonic Love question if it takes five whole minutes to do it.

This old wobbly world, in its efforts to be broad-minded and magnanimous, has just about staggered into its own cavernous mouth and swallowed itself. In modern straddle-bug society a married masculine mollycoddle feels that he isn't exactly bong-swong until he gets up a case of Platonic Love with about sixteen pretty married women who never heard of Plato.

The way-up social set thinks it is quite the proper caper for married men to temporarily swap wives and go hugging some other man's buxom spouse around over the ballroom floor. And then "after the ball," when the lights burn low and the fairies get sleepy, you might find these "Platonic friends" coupled off in corners, every man courting his neighbor's wife till the roosters crow for day.

And yet there's nothing but mere friendship in it all! Just Platonic friendship and nothing more! They belong to the same club, have been reading the same book, or in some way their interests run in the same channel, and they are just talking it over. Sex attraction and that old serpent of carnality have nothing to do with it. Say, if you believe that, you are a bigger fool than Thompson's colt. There is the same force at work that always draws men and women together, and when you connect the wires and turn on that current there's going to be some "sparking" in spite of the devil.

Perhaps the sweet sixteen might Platonize with the old grey-headed patriarch who taught her grandfather his A B C's; and perhaps the gosling boy might have a purely disinterested affection for the dear old wrinkled-faced woman who lives next door; but when a man and woman in the bloom of youth or the strength of middle age get to playing on that old Platonic fiddle, they are going to wind up with an "affinity jig," and that little green-eyed imp you call Cupid is going to dance to the music.

◆

Work hard, and cheat your fellow-
men;
Live on the scraps you cannot sell;
And there's nine chances out of ten
That you'll die rich and go to hell.

◆

K. Lamity's Harpoon, published at Austin, Texas, is firmly convinced that the nigger ain't got no soul. Now, look here, K. Lamity, suppose the nigger ain't got no soul, and suppose the white man has—how are you going to fix it about these saddle-colored mulattoes that are so plentiful in this country? I reckon they have just got a half-soul. Now a half-soul wouldn't be worth sending to hell, and it would look mighty odd walking about in heaven. When the Great Judge goes to sort out the sheep from the goats, it looks to me like he is going to run against a snag right there.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF ANANIAS.

Ananias was the first man. He lived in a garden, but one day he fell out of an apple tree and killed his brother, and then he ran away to a distant country and built the Tower of Babel. One day Samuel Gompers came along and organized the Free Masons and ordered the hands to go on a strike. After that Ananias employed non-union labor and built the Ark, and it rained fire and brimstone forty days and Sodom and Gomorrah were turned into a pillar of salt.

After many years of wandering in the wilderness, Ananias took his son Isaac up into a high mountain and hid him in the bullrushes that grew on the banks of the ocean. Then Ananias put on a coat of many colors and went down to Egypt and ran for Governor on the Republocrat ticket, and was elected by a large majority. Then he organized a trust and bought up all the corn in Egypt and there was a great famine, but Ananias and his family lived high. One night while they were feasting they saw the handwriting on the wall, and Ananias was cast into the fiery furnace, but an angel came and shut the lion's mouth and Ananias came up straightway out of the whale's belly.

About this time Ananias fell in love with Abraham's daughter, and because the old man wouldn't let him hang around there he picked up the house with the girl in it and carried them away to the next town. There the Philistines tried to steal the girl away from him and he slew 'steen thousand of them with the jaw-bone of a mule's father.

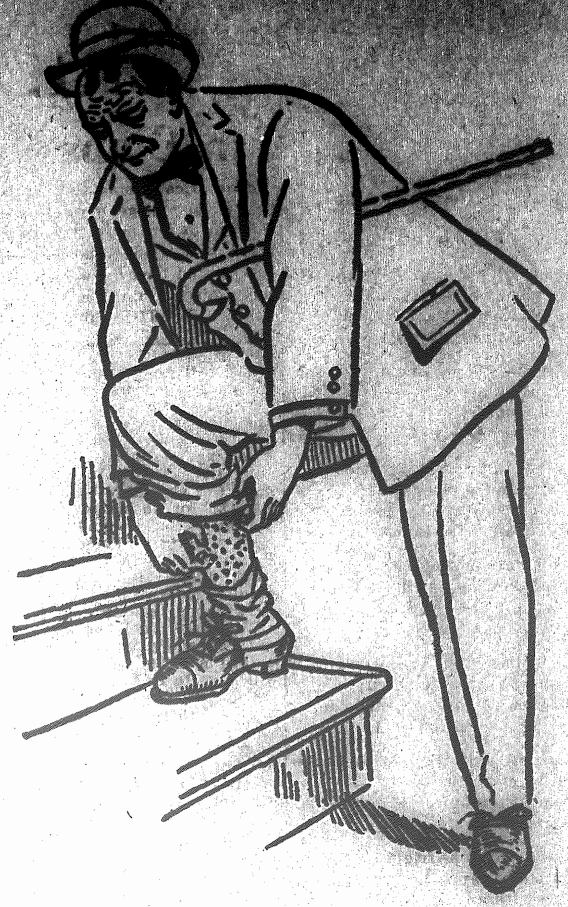
Ananias's first marriage was such a success that he joined the Mormons and kept on marrying until he had three hundred wives. Ananias was known as the wisest man in the world and he built a great temple, but he was terribly afflicted with boils, and his wives begged him to curse God and die. But instead of doing that he went and washed his boils in the pool of Siloam and was soon able to fiddle while Rome burned.

About this time there was a great demand for America to be discovered, and so Ananias fitted up three small vessels and crossed the Delaware on the ice. Then after cutting down a cherry tree and writing the Declaration of Independence, he sunk the battleship Maine on Bunker Hill. Just now he is president of the Ananias club and the livest news item of the day.

◆

A BABY IN PRISON.

I have just read in the papers about a case that makes me want to wade in with a hand-spike and frail the eternal tar out of everything in sight. The story goes that Albert Dewey Carter, a poor little 12-year-old boy working in the postal department has been sentenced to five years in prison for stealing five dollars from the government. Albert ought not to have stolen the money. It was wrong to steal five dollars from Uncle Sam. He should have waited until he could carry off five million dollars, and then he could have bought the lawyers and the court, and been acquitted, and gone to Scotland and bought a castle, and lived happy ever after. I am not defending a thief, nor trying to minimize the wrong-doing of that poor little, pitiable, erring boy; but when I consider the drastic punishment meted out to this near-babe, and then remember the millions that are stolen by the pot-gutted trust kings who get no punishment at all, unless it be a paltry fine with no disgrace attached, my very soul cries out in protest against such infernal discrimination and unfairness. How long, O Lord, how long must the poor suffer and the rich go free? Has Justice, disgusted with the actions of men, torn off the bandage from her blinded eyes, thrown away her scales and fled back to her home in heaven? Has God, in His wrath, given America over to be pillaged by the unscrupulously strong, and left the honest weak to their fate? It certainly looks like it.



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Dermol will prove a revelation and God-send to anyone suffering—and needlessly enduring—any skin affection. It is daily giving evidence of its remarkable healing power in permanently curing thousands of the worst cases. **Eczema, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Scaley Heads, Barbers Itch,** etc., and eradicating facial and other disfigurements of years standing.

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Try Dermol Just Once

on a small part of the skin affected with any disease and note the marvelius results over night by comparison with surrounding skin not so treated. This simple test will enable anyone to understand the wonderful merit through which Dermol has been brought to a success greater than any other remedy for similar purposes. Remember Dermol's healing power begins with the first application.

Dermol is sold by mail only. Two sizes, 50c and $2.00. No one is asked to purchase Dermol without first obtaining a free trial treatment, which is mailed on request.

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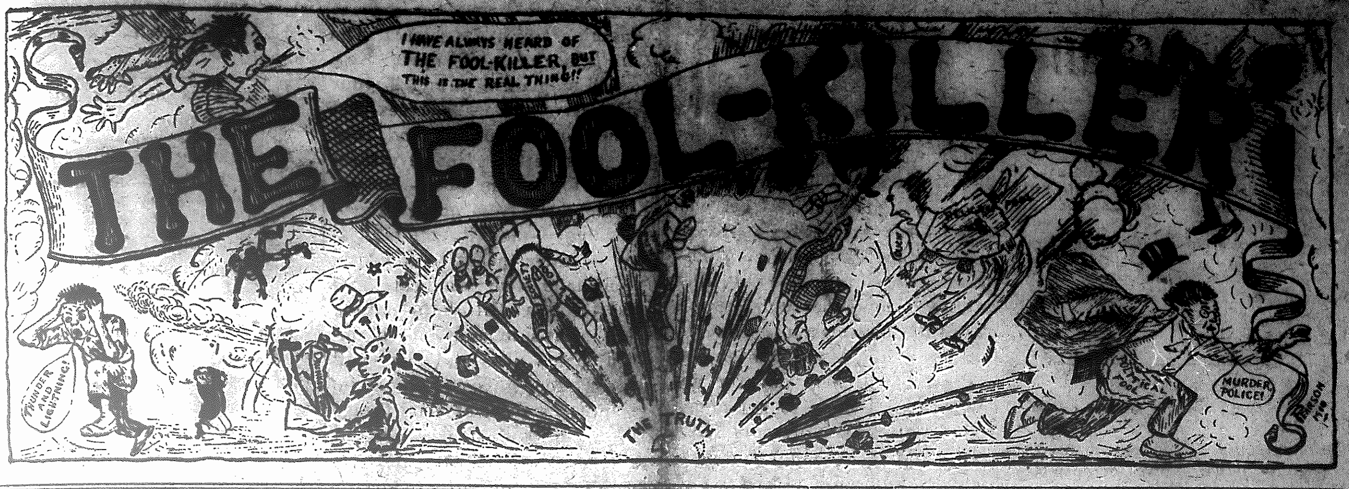
I HAVE ALWAYS HEARD OF THE FOOL-KILLER, BUT THIS IS THE REAL THING!!
THE FOOL-KILLER
THUNDER AND LIGHTNING!
THE TRUTH
MURDER, POLICE!

VOL. II. MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, DECEMBER, 1911. NO. 11.

I RECKON IT'S RIGHT.

I've wondered much at the way things go
In this old wobbly world below,
Where the man who toils from day to day
Has lots more debts than he can pay—
Always in a poverty-stricken plight—
But I reckon it's right.

It seems so strange when we recall
That the man who does no work at all
Is the very chap who dresses fine
And goes to the best hotel to dine,
And gets his choice of all in sight—
But I reckon it's right.

The poor old dirty son-of-a-gun
Who digs in the mine from sun to sun
Can't claim enough of the yellow dross
To pay his cruel and heartless boss
For a decent place to spend the night—
But I reckon it's right.

I don't think God, in His heavenly plan,
Intended to rob the laboring man,
And give the wealth his hands produce
To the non-producing idler's use;
But they've improved God's plans a sight—
And I reckon it's right.

J. L. P.

* * *

A New York school principal says he couldn't help it when one of his female teachers "sat in his lap, clasped her arms about his neck and kissed him." Of course not, and I would have a mighty poor opinion of him if he had so much as tried.

AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE.

Dear readers and friends of The Fool-Killer, please lend me your ears. I will return them in about two minutes. I have an important message that I must deliver, and I want it to stick in the minds of my readers like a cuckleburr in a mule's tail.

And the sum and substance of my message is this:

I AM JUST LITERALLY BOUND AND COMPELLED TO BUY ME A NEW PRINTING PRESS AT ONCE.

The circulation of The Fool-Killer has become so large that I can't possibly handle it much longer with my present facilities.

There is only one of two things I can do—buy a larger and faster press or stop the paper. And I can tell you flat down that I am not going to let The Fool-Killer die. I'll kick my old press till I wear my legs off up to my hip pockets before that awful calamity shall happen.

Such a press as I need, together with power to run it, and some more type, will cost me at least five hundred dollars. That sounds like some money to the feller that ain't got it—and that's me.

To be sure, The Fool-Killer has paid me more than $500 during the past year, but the part that didn't go for grub has all been used up in fixing the widow and myself a little stay-place.

So you see I must raise another $500 at once, and I must depend on my army of readers to help me raise it. If you enjoy the music of my editorial fiddle, you can surely afford to give me a little extra lift in a case like this. The receipts have been very good for some time, running from five to fifteen dollars a day, but in order to get the new press put in and paid for RIGHT AT ONCE I want you good friends to push the subscription receipts up to fifty dollars a day. That will remove all financial embarrassment and enable me to give you a bigger and better Fool-Killer, and get it to you at the proper time every month. There have been some unavoidable delays, due to my poor facilities for getting the printing done. Now I aim to do away with all that trouble and get down to business right.

Now, comrades, here is what I want you to do: Stick your Fool-Killer in your pocket and take it with you wherever you go. Show it and read it to everybody you see, and get them to subscribe. It oughtn't to take you more than twenty minutes to get up a club of ten at fifteen cents per sub. Among 30,000 of you there ought to be at least 5,000 who could do that much. Try it, please, every one of you. Don't excuse yourself by saying that there will be enough without your help. If everybody said that there wouldn't be anything done. See?

Now, boys, I shall expect to hear from at least 5,000 of you right away with a club of five, ten, or as many more as you can get. Call your club the "New Press Club," and make it just as big as you can.

And then when I get that new press set down here and ready for work, if I don't make Old Man Devil and his plutocratic bastards have bad dreams it will be a wonder.

Now, altogether, boys! Roll in the clubs, and let's get this Fool-Killer business in shape so we can make the plutes think the devil has got 'em sure enough. Hurrah!

HUGGING TO MUSIC.

The young people who like to indulge in the giddy mazes of the waltz will hear with interest that the heads of Washington and New York society have declared that "setting" a waltz will be more fashionable from now on than dancing. The "sitting out" embodies the same position as dancing, the only difference is that you sit instead of dance. The man's right arm is around the girl's waist, while his left hand holds her right. Her left hand is placed on his shoulders, while her head rests lovingly upon his bosom, and all they have to do is to sit and listen to the music. Now that is something like it. I have always thought it was a heap of useless trouble to have to gallop a mile or two to get a hug or two. A room full of people sitting on sofas hugging to music is more to my notion. This will give the old rheumatic brethren another chance. Men waltz, not for the dancing, but for the hugging, and while a man may lose his appetite for dancing, he has to get powerful old before he loses his appetite for hugging a pretty girl.

* * *

Society etiquette is the science of making a fool of yourself to please other fools.

* * *

The Fool-Killer does not give premiums to club-raisers. But instead of that, it puts the premium money into giving you a better paper. My friends love to get up clubs just for the fun of it, and for the good they can do. They are not so little and stingy that they have to have a "premium" every time they speak a word for me. Are you that kind of a friend? If so, please let me hear from you with a big club.

The Fool-Killer

A Pungent Periodical of Thrilling Thought.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

J. L. PEARSON, - - - - - - EDITOR.

One year to your heart, 25 Cents.
In Clubs of Five or More, 15 Cents.

Entered as second class matter March 30, 1910, at the postoffice at Moravian Falls, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TAKE NOTICE!

Do not send postage stamps on subscription.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be careful to write your own name and address plainly, and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Moravian Falls, - - - North Carolina.

Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I own this entire establishment, and Rockefeller isn't rich enough to buy one share of it.

Does that sound strange?

Well, bless your soul, I am a great deal richer than old John.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

I have also writ a few books which I know are great, because they don't sell worth a cent.

Great books never do.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer will be a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It will be salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line will cut like a whip, and every word will raise a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT WANTED.

Say, friends, I never did get a Christmas present in all my life, and I would just like to know how it makes a fellow feel to get one. So I am going to ask you to send me a Christmas present in the shape of a great big club of subscribers to The Fool-Killer at fifteen cents per sub. Don't wait till Christmas to send it, but fire it in just as soon as you can, so it will help pay for my new press. I hope to get about 5,000 Christmas presents like that. And in exchange for your kindness I promise to make The Fool-Killer at least 100 per cent better than it has ever been before. Don't forget about this!

PERKINS, PROFIT & PUKE.

Here is a great joke. The United States Steel Company has adopted what it calls a "profit-sharing plan" and is going to give its wage-slaves just a tiny speck of its billion-dollar profits.

"The men will appreciate it," said George W. Perkins, head of the steel trust. "If we act in good faith, we will be willing to take the men into our confidence, for they will be our partners. This profit-sharing plan puts an incentive on individual initiative, and it will get the best there is in the men. Theoretically it is right—practically it must be."

Oh, he-haw! haw! haw! haw! For the Lord's sake, do come and rub my belly. I am just about to die with pure tickledness.

Law, yes, Perk, that is a great thought you have thunk out with your little thinkeratus. To open up your old dough-bag and let the men who created your great wealth get just a tiny smell of what they have created—that will work wonders. It will be a great incentive to individual effort, and will cause the men to do their best. O yes! Sure!

But hold on there, Perk! It seems sorter like I read in The Yaller Jacket t'other day something about how dangerous it is to give the workers too much of what they produce. If you give the laborer the full value of what he produces—that is, if you give him ALL the profits—it will destroy his incentive to work and fill the land with idlers and deadbeats. You must give labor just enough of its own earnings to sorter half-way keep soul and body together, and you millionaires pocket the rest. So says the all-wise Yaller Jacket.

Now we are getting down to the facts. We are going to learn something pretty soon. The light is beginning to dawn. Now it is all as plain as a bug in your soup. Give the wage-slaves just a smell of the profits and they will work better. But give them enough to do some good—enough to keep them from going ragged and hungry—and it will take away all their incentive to work, fill the land with deadbeats, and cause the downfall of the nation. Fry a meat-skin and hold it under a man's nose and he will work his fool guts out to get it; but spread a feast of good things before him and it destroys all his "incentive" to eat and he just lies down and goes to sleep.

I say, Perk, that is a great idea! Why don't you and the Yaller Jacket and the rest of the plutes get a patent on it?

And that's what tickles me so.
Haw! haw! haw!
Durn a fool!

NOW DIDN'T THEY FIX IT?

The so-called dissolution of the American Tobacco Company, in which the company itself was allowed to draw up all the plans, is about the biggest joke of the season. It reminds me of the Irishman who was sentenced to be hung, and the court gave him permission to choose what kind of a tree he wanted to be hung on.

"B'faith in me Jasus," said Pat, "and I believe I'll choose a gooseberry bush."

"Oh, that's too small," said the court.

"Then b'faith in me Jasus, I'll wait till it grows," replied the prisoner.

Now, I'll bet it was a sin to the crickets to see the tobacco trust whetting a knife to cut its own throat with? Does the nigger chicken-thief get a chance to say how his case shall be decided? Does the small criminal in any line get to have it all his own way and advise the court just what kind of a sentence he wants? Not on your sweet life, John Henry. Then why must the Supreme Court discriminate in favor of the tobacco trust? Simply because the tobacco trust is able to buy the Supreme Court and pay for it, and for no other reason. Such an infernal mockery of justice is enough to make the angels weep their eyes out.

Wouldn't it be a douse of a pity if the devil was to quit loaning his tools to the churches to raise money with? All these doggon gambling games they have are the property of old Satan, but the churches couldn't any more get along without them than hog could root without a rooter.

Too much fresh air is just enough.

Dancing is nothing but hugging set to music.

It is wrong to tell a lie that you are liable to get caught in.

Read that piece about the new press, and then get busy among your friends and roll up some big clubs to help me pay for it.

If we had as many Christians on Monday as we have on Sunday, there wouldn't be so blamed much rascality and cussedness in the land.

If you want to see The Yellow Jacket have a conniption fit, just whisper the word "Socialist" in its ear. It has the same effect as shaking a red rag at a bull.

Feathers are fashionable with the girls, but those bucks out in Kansas who added tar to the feathers and applied them to a young lady teacher will perhaps wish they had not butted into the fashion business.

The Yellow Jacket thinks Tom Watson is crazy on the subject of the Catholics. Not half so doggon daffy as The Yellow Jacket is about the dangers of Socialism.

In New Orleans recently a great storage tank holding one million gallons of molasses bursted and flooded one of the main streets with molasses for two miles. Lordy, if a-body had only been there with twenty carloads of buckwheat flap-jacks!

Ha, Mister Farmer! Here is a little problem for you to work out on your boot-leg while the old mare blows a little: If you sell pork for seven and a half cents a pound and then pay twenty-four cents a pound for bacon, how long will it take you to get rich selling pork?

THE 23RD PSALM REVISED.

The politician is my shepherd; I shall not want any good thing during the campaign. He leadeth me into the saloon for my vote's sake; he filleth my pockets with good cigars; my glass of beer runneth over. He prepareth my ticket for me in the presence of my better judgment. Yea, though I walk through the rain and mud to vote for him, and shout myself hoarse, when he is elected straightway he forgetteth me. Lo, when I meet him in his own office he knoweth me not. Surely the wool has been pulled over my eyes all the days of my life and I will kick myself forever.

A CHRISTMAS EDITORIAL.

No doubt I am expected to write something about Christmas. Editors usually do, of course, at this time of year. Now Christmas is a good subject, all right, but it has been haggled over by so many editorial Jack-knives that I am loth to disfigure it further with any remarks of mine.

It's awful hard to be original when you write about Christmas. Everything seems to have been said, and in most of the Christmas gush there isn't any more originality than there is in a chair's leg. But I will try to call your attention to just a few thoughts that have never had printer's ink smeared over them. These thoughts are not only very original, but they are also very funny. I thought best to tell you this, as you would not be apt to find it out any other way.

This is the time of year that the thirsty inhabitants of prohibition territory are looking for express boxes on every train, and the Sunday School girls buttonhole a fellow and make him cough up for the Christmas Tree graft. And when the fruit of the tree is gathered the presents go to a few pets and nobody says "Howdy" nor "Kiss my foot" to the rest of the gang.

We had it hammered into us in our pinafore days that there was an old white-bearded guy who came around at Christmas with a pack of candy and other junk for the kids. He came down the chimney, they said, and it was wonderful to us that he didn't get smutty all over. A few more years brought to us the knowledge that all this was a lie, but as it was a very pretty lie, we didn't make any fuss about it. The myth of the older folks is still the Santa Claus of the children, and maybe it is worth while to keep the old lie going. I don't know.

I guess Santa Claus will come in a flying-machine this time—an aeroplane, perhaps — and just drop the little trinkets down the chimney as he flies over.

But the thirsty will get their express boxes, and that will be Christmas enough for them. The birthday of the Christ will be given over to drunkenness, rowdyism and deviltment as usual, and the world will be just one year closer to hell than it was last Christmas. That's all.

◆

"The elections are not particularly comforting to any party, save the Socialists." A big Republican paper said that, and it means something.

Club Rates!

In Clubs of Five, 15c a Year.

The price of single subscriptions to The Fool-Killer is 25 cents a year, but if you will get several of your friends to go in with you and send in a club of five or more at one time, you can all get the paper at 15 cents a year. The Fool-Killer is creating great excitement wherever it is introduced, and it now goes into every State in the Union. Join the army of club-raisers. Do it now. Address:

THE FOOL-KILLER, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

A SERMON ON MARRIAGE.

A green boy without a dollar, present or prospective, sparking a girl regularly and talking about marrying is a spectacle for gods and men. He should be reasoned with, and if he will not quit it until he is able to support a wife and to know who he loves, and the difference between love and passion, then he should be quarantined or put in a convent erected on purpose for such cases.

Nine-tenths of the unhappy marriages are the result of such green human calves being allowed to run at large in the society pasture without any yokes on them. They marry and have children before they do mustaches; they are fathers of twins before they are proprietors of pants; and the little girls they marry are old women before they are twenty. Occasionally one of these gosling marriages turns out very well, but it is a clear case of accident.

If there was a law against young galoots sparking and marrying before they have cut all their teeth, I suppose the little cusses would evade it in some way, but there ought to be sentiment against it. It is time for these bantams to think of finding a pullet when they have got money enough by their own work to buy a bundle of lathes to build a coop for her.

But they see a girl who looks cunning and they are afraid there will not be girls enough to go around, and they begin to get in their work real spry, and before they are aware of the sanctity of the marriage relation they are hitched up for life, and before they own a cook stove or a bedstead they have to get up in the night and go after the doctor, so frightened that they run themselves out of breath, and then abuse the doctor because he don't run too. And when the doctor gets there he finds that there is not enough linen to wrap a doll baby in.

About this time the young fellow begins to realize that he has been a collossal fool, and he flies around to heat the water and bring the bath-tub, and goes whooping after his mother or her mother. He turns pale around the gills, his hair turns red in a single night, and he calls on high heaven to witness that if he lives till morning, which he seriously doubts, he will turn over a new leaf and never get married again until he is older.

◆

FLEAS, RATS AND BIG BUGS COMING TO JUDGMENT.

Hello, Fool-Killer, how are those fleas up around the Falls by this time? They must be awful bad by the way you roared about them. But I'll eat biscuit for breakfast for a year if they are any worse there than they are here.

Say, Pearson, I saw something the other day that was a sin to the cats. I saw a rat baptized into the Christian church. Now, what do you think of that? I think it was a sin to the cats, and I believe the rat would as soon the cats had got it, anyway. But you see it was tangled up in a young lady's hair and it didn't know it was going to get saved until it was almost drowned, and then it tried to get away, but she grabbed it.

I tell you these rats bother me about as bad as the fleas. In fact I haven't got a thing against the little pesky fleas, for they always flee before I get a chance. But I wish I had a car-load to turn loose in every Church of Mammon in the world. Law, wouldn't the big bugs twist and scratch?

But back to the rats. A young lady where I was boarding not long ago had captured one of those poor little rats and was fastening it in her hair, when her papa said, "Mam, it won't be long till we will have a good way to travel." The old lady said, "Why, pa?" He said, "Daughter is making a flying-machine of her head."

But I wouldn't have said a word if they had kept the rats out of the church. And I believe if the daughters of Zion will read Isaiah 3:16-24 and see what the Lord is going to do with their "chains, bracelets, headbands, earrings, and the changeable suits of apparel, clasping-pins, glasses, veils, etc.," and how "it shall come to pass that instead of a sweet smell there shall be a stink; and instead of a girdle a rent; and instead of well-set hair baldness; and burning instead of beauty," they will at least modify their rats a little.

J. W. EAGLIN,
Zadock, Mo.

THE BEST WAY TO SELL OR BUY A SOUTHERN FARM.

If you own a farm anywhere in the South and will sell it cheaply, we can put you in touch with a home-seeker who will buy it from you direct.

If you are a home-seeker and want to buy a farm cheaply anywhere in the South, we can put you in touch with an owner who will sell you exactly what you want direct. We will pay your railroad or boat fare to any Southern farm you purchase through us. Write us to-day, telling us your wants.

Southern Homeseekers' Bureau,
Box 118, Wilkesboro, N. C.

(It gives me pleasure to state that I am personally acquainted with the head of the above concern, and know him to be strictly all right. I am sure he will carry out in good faith any agreement he enters into.—J. L Pearson, Editor Fool-Killer.)

The Bayonet

The paper that prints what it thinks, and is not afraid to think as it pleases. It is sharp at both ends and sticky in the middle. It catches 'em on both sides and in the middle too. An electric shock in every line for fools, thieves and rascals. 25c a year. 6 months 15c. FLETCHER O. BAXLEY, Chief Point-Grinder, Clanton, Alabama.

THE LIFE OF NAOMI WISE

A true story of the wrongs of a beautiful girl and how she was killed by Jonathan Lewis in Randolph county, North Carolina, about one hundred years ago. A masterpiece of passionate and thrilling interest. We include the song of "Naomi Wise" with the book which is neatly printed and substantially bound, all sent postpaid for 12c.

E. P. NEWSUM & CO., DEPT. 65,
KING, N. C.

SUBSCRIBE FOR
"THE BIG PISTOL."

The Famous Rascal Killer of the Age. Every shot hits the center of the blackness of all social and political sins and shams. Every chamber loaded with fire and brimstone, and shot off monthly for 15 cents a year.

Address: THE BIG PISTOL,
Campton, Ky.

"CASTLE GATES."
By James Larkin Pearson.

The above is the title of a little Book of Poems by your humble servant. My spare moments for the past 15 years have been spent in writing the book. I also printed it and bound it in cloth with my own hands. The book has 108 pages, and contains 93 poems, all of which are said to be very good. Price 50 cents, postpaid.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON,
Moravian Falls, N. C.

A SERMON TO THE SOCIALISTS.

And so this, then, is a sermon to the Socialists. Be seated, boys, and we'll have a good old heart-to-heart talk right here by ourselves. I have other sheep that are not of this fold, but I have fed them enough orthodox fodder to keep them busy while I get acquainted with you fellows.

I went out fishing for subscribers a few weeks ago, and I happened to drop my hook right kerdab into the Socialist pond, with the result that more than two thousand Socialists have been added to my books within the past month.

Of course you Socialist comrades are anxious to know where The Fool-Killer stands on Socialism, and right here is where you find out. I am going to tell you in the plainest language I know how to use.

In the first place, I beg to say that I started out to make The Fool-Killer strictly an independent paper. And that is still my aim. But in carrying on my work of "fool-killing" I have had to preach so much good Socialist doctrine that some of the comrades have marked me as their own.

Some of my friends advise me to keep The Fool-Killer out of politics altogether. That would be mighty nice. But how in the very Old Scratch is a fellow going to do it? Nearly all the biggest fools are in politics, and I've simply got to wade in after 'em. What's the use to have a Fool-Killer if we are going to let all the biggest game get away?

Being a poor devil myself, my sympathies are naturally with the under dog in the fight. For fifteen years I have been hunting for a good sound reason why one set of people should do all the work of the world and another set reap all the benefits. I have wondered why the hardest workers have the least to show for it. And my comments along these lines have been sorter Socialistic. And why not? Confound a man who is too big a coward to speak his mind and stand up for his honest convictions.

I don't agree with everything that some Socialists advocate—not by a dickens of a sight. For instance, there's Dick Maple and Fred Berry with their blasphemous infidel dope—their denial of God and their scoffing at all things religious—and they say you can't be a Socialist unless you swallow all that rot. All right, then, if infidelity is the only credential that lets a man into the Socialist party, I'll just hoof it around on the outside, thank you. There's no sense nor reason in trying to drag religion into politics, but these fellows insist on doing it, and that's why so many good people oppose Socialism. The word has come to be a great "booger" that the plutes try to scare people with. But the plutes are not scared because it opposes religion. What in the deuce do they care for religion, anyhow? They are scared because it threatens to stop their high-handed robbery of the laboring class. And that's the gospel truth. What in the thunder is the use to go on denying a thing when we know it IS the truth?

Our capitalistic bosses stick out their big bellies, puff their cigars and very solemnly inform us that "the Socialists are a gang of dissatisfied sore-heads, kickers and disturbers." It must be a terrible crime to be dissatisfied. You must let some pot-gutted son-of-a-gun go through your pockets, knock you down and run over you, but you must not kick. If you raise any objection to being mistreated, you will "disturb" the big rascals, and, worst of all, you will be a "Socialist." Oh, my!

I wonder how long the money lords would stand for such treatment as the poor laborers have borne through all these years? I wonder if they wouldn't get "dissatisfied" and do some "kicking" and "disturbing?" You bet your Sunday sox they would. But as long as they are on top it is a great crime for the under dog to howl. And yet if these same plutes were in the under dog's place they would howl just as big as he does. And they know it, too, confound their lazy, good-for-nothing hides.

And so that's the kind of a Socialist I am, and if any of my readers don't like it they can just pour it back in the jug.

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The doctors have got so smart these days that they can cure all diseases known to the human race except old age and politics.

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We spend some little money to send missionaries to China, India, Africa and even Mexico, while the Christian (?!) people of the United States spend two billion dollars for Old Booze, and four billion dollars more to keep up the poor-houses, jails, law courts and insane asylums made necessary by the use of Old Booze. Yes, your uncle wanted to ask some sort of a mean question about this, but he has forgotten what it was.

THAT ITCH AD.

If an honest confession is good for the soul, I'll just take my 30,000 readers into my confidence and do a little stunt of medical practice on my inner man.

I got myself and The Fool-Killer into an awful scrape last month. I guess you saw that ding-busted itch advertisement that I printed on the last page, with an old hellian clawing his old rusty shin like the devil a shovelling brimstone. Well, boys, there ain't no dickens if I wouldn't rather have taken a good beating than to have printed it. But I had walked into a trap with my eyes shut and got caught, and there was no way of getting out only to print the blamed thing.

And this is how it all happened: That "great family news paper" known as "Grit," published at Williamsport, Pa., contracted for some ad space in The Fool-Killer, and paid me in advance for a double-column advertisement. I signed an agreement to print their copy in the space they had paid for, never dreaming that "Grit" was in the business of selling itch medicine. I took for granted that they wanted to tell my readers about "Grit," their "great family newspaper," as they call it. But, Lord help my soul, when the copy came it was that awful itch ad, and I was mad enough to fight my own shadder. Yet according to contract I had to print it. Never hated to do a thing so bad in all my born days. But I bought me a keg of twenty penny nails to bite on and went to work. When I started the press I thought I was as mad as a Christian could possibly get, but I kept on getting madder all the time. Didn't get more than half done printing till I had to stop and go to the store after more nails. Every time a sheet went through and came out with that devil of a looking scratch-ankle picture frowning up at me like Bob Ingersoll spending his first day in hell, I wanted to rip the mortal guts out of the old press and cram the whole blamed thing down the throat of the rascal who sent me that ad.

Then I sat down and wrote "Grit" a letter. I told 'em to take their old itch medicine and go to Hel—ena, Montana, with it—that I wouldn't print the nasty thing again for love nor money. And I meant it, too. If you ever see another itch ad or any other kind of nasty medical dope in The Fool-Killer, I want you to come and wear out the toe of your brogan over the first fellow you see in my office. I'll try to be gone to dinner.

A SERMON ON TATTLERS.

Hello there, Old Lady Tattletrap! The Fool-Killer is out after your scalp this trip. You old long-tongued social viper and neighborhood nuisance, if you don't want me to run a red-hot pitchfork through your old slimy tongue, you had better reel in about 85 yards of it and tie a blanket over your mouth.

The tattler's tongue is the nearest approach to perpetual motion that has ever been discovered. It is loose at both ends and limber in the middle, and forked poison plays over it like lightning on a telegraph wire. It is the devil's Jewsharp, and he plays on it all the time.

The only thing a tattler knows to talk about is her neighbors, and she never lets one escape. If she hears something good about somebody she is very careful to forget it, but anything that can be twisted into a scandal is her greatest delight. She begins early and talks late, and the more she tells it the bigger it gets, until some innocent life is wrecked by the poison of a tattler's tongue.

A tattler is a gossip; a gossip is a liar; and a liar is the devil's yaller dog.

Wherever you find a tattler you find trouble—unless she is the leading lady at a funeral, and then everybody is glad and in a good humor.

And say, you old breeches-wearing Gabbyjacks, I ain't through till I give your old rusty simlins a few whacks. I know some of your kind of tattlers who are just as bad as the petticoat variety, and you every one ought to be shot in the mouth with a 48-calibre bucket of mud.

Yes, doggon your hateful pictures, you've always got your big dog-ears propped open to catch a bundle of news, and everything you catch is multiplied by four times the length of your venomous tongues and published in The Tattler's Trumpet, which circulates all over the world.

Friends, beware of the tattler's tongue. The man or woman who will backbite other people to you will backbite you to other people. Don't forget that. Treat a tattler as you would a rattler—keep out of its way.

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One or two of the exchanges I get are printed so dim that I can't read them above a whisper.